

AUTHORS DIGEST

THE WORLD'S GREAT STORIES IN BRIEF, PREPARED
BY A STAFF OF LITERARY EXPERTS, WITH
THE ASSISTANCE OF MANY
LIVING NOVELISTS

ROSSITER JOHNSON, PH.D., LL.D.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



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AUTHORS DIGEST

VOLUME VI

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE

TO

CHARLES DICKENS

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FRANÇOIS COPPÉE

(France, 1842-1908)

A ROMANCE OF YOUTH (1897)

This romance was written in 1896, and was crowned by the French Academy. While it is not strictly an autobiography, it chronicles the inner life of the poet, playwright, and novelist, François Coppée. Many of the outward circumstances also, by a slight kaleidoscopic change, may be made to fit the writer's own history. Like Amédée Violette, his father was a government clerk on a pitiful salary, his mother died in his youth, to be followed by his father some years later, leaving the family to struggle with poverty. The litterateurs, poets, and politicians who move in its pages are the men who made the era of the third Napoleon and the Commune: under the assumed names it is easy to read their identities. The poet owed much to the reciting of his verses by great actors, as in the story he gives credit to Jocelet (Coquelin) for having made his fame in a single night.



S far back as Amédée Violette could remember, he saw himself in an infant's cap upon a small balcony covered with convolvulus. Amédée had received a present of a box of water-colors, and was coloring the old prints in a magazine. Louise Gérard, one of the little girls next door, was playing Marcaillou's *Indiana Waltz*. Amédée never afterward was able to hear this waltz without tears of homesickness coming to his eyes. Suddenly his mother's soft voice called him to make ready for the evening meal. Then his father came home, and after their simple meal the three sat upon the high balcony and talked with their neighbors, Monsieur and Madame Gérard, on the other side. M. Gérard was an engraver, and was always to be seen bending over his work, while Madame Gérard cooked delicious meals in the little kitchen.

Winter came, and the two families no longer spent the evenings on the balcony. Amédée's frail and beautiful young mother was sinking in consumption, and the little home was

very sad. Every night when his father, a mild, unpretentious man, who let everyone run over him, returned from his work in the government office, he inquired of his wife, "Have you coughed much to-day?" In spite of her invariably cheerful reply, "No, not very much," she failed steadily, and then Amédée was sent every day to play with the little Gérards next door, while she lay dying, and at last the terrible time came that Amédée never forgot, although he was a very small child—the day when his father awoke him in a passionately sad embrace, and they took his mother away, never to be seen by him again.

Monsieur Violette, whose union with his wife had been one of deep and sincere devotion, was so dispirited by her death that the care of his son became a burden, and he placed him when very young in a day-school, that his education might begin in earnest. He himself, by the most enormous self-denial on the part of his own father, a watchmaker, had risen to a government place, where his days were passed in dull routine, and he destined his son for the same occupation. The child hated school, and learned more from the little Gérards—Louise, older than himself, who taught him, and Maria, growing to be a beautiful and fascinating girl. His happiest hours were passed in that little home of four rooms, while his father, who could not be consoled for his loss, became a victim of absinthe and avoided the society of his son.

Amédée's mother had had an uncle, a Monsieur Gaufre, who had made a fortune in the business of supplying sacred books and religious objects to the clergy. This *Bon Marché des Paroisses* was famous among them. The business was carried on in an old hôtel, and all day long priests, bishops, and even cardinals, might be seen going in and out. The grand salons of the old house were filled with the glittering luxury of the Church's symbols. As M. Violette had hopes that this uncle, who was a widower and childless, might remember Amédée in his will, the two paid him occasional visits, although they were treated by the old man with the scant courtesy given to poor relations. This uncle, moreover, although making his fortune by the sale of religious objects, was a libertine, and was completely under the domination of his housekeeper, Bérénice, a

girl of great beauty and insolence, remarkable for her talents as a cook. It did not look as if Amédée would receive much assistance in his career from him. M. Violette allowed himself to become more and more depressed by these circumstances, and more confirmed in the absinthe habit, each day recalling by its power the few years of happiness with his lost wife.

Amédée grew from boyhood to youth and, changing from his old school to the Lycée Henri IV, met a handsome and fascinating youth, named Maurice Roger. This young man, of a gay and pleasure-loving disposition, was the son of a rich officer's widow and had been indulged from infancy. A devoted friendship sprang up between the two which lasted, notwithstanding the strain of many circumstances, through life. Maurice asked Amédée to his house, and there the timid youth was introduced to the elegancies of polite society. Madame Roger, Maurice's mother, a handsome woman, except for the signs of mourning for her dead husband, was kind to him, and he met Colonel Lantz, an old soldier of the Crimean campaign, and his three portionless daughters, all pretty and dressed with daintiness, exactly alike. Maurice was evidently the idol of this little group, and Amédée admired anew his graceful manners and generous disposition. The latter had noticed, however, on entering, the pretty maid who waited on the door and at the table. When the two young men left the house this maid spoke familiarly to Maurice, who answered her in the same strain. As the door closed upon them, Maurice uttered some words about this circumstance that opened Amédée's eyes to his friend's character. The latter was in truth, although kind and open-hearted, an avowed pleasure-seeker, and utterly unprincipled so far as women were concerned.

This discovery disturbed Amédée, himself innocent, but with the natural impulses of youth. An element of uneasiness which he could not put from his mind was the evident impression his friend had made upon the Gérards, in a short visit, at which he had been particularly courteous to the younger girl, Maria, now an exquisite beauty, with whom Amédée himself, all unconsciously, was falling in love. Louise was absent during this visit, as she was teaching music, but M. Gérard showed him all his treasures of cameos and engravings, and the simple

family were enthusiastic over him. He later, in response to Amédée's inquiry as to how he liked Maria, responded in but one word, "delicious," and changed the subject.

Amédée received his degree at graduation, and his father, repenting his former resolve to devote him to the dulness that office work implied, took him to his uncle, Gaufre, hoping he might be started on a business career. This uncle made him a careless offer, insolent to a degree, telling him he might do errands for the business, and asking Bérénice if he might possibly be allowed to eat with them. M. Violette took him at once back to his own office, where they were received with a dry cordiality, and Amédée was provided with a place at the very respectable sum of one hundred and twenty francs a month.

Here he was bored by the heat of the office and the musty odor of old books, but he had time to dream, and in the many leisure moments between tasks, as well as in the early morning hours, he began his literary life by working at sonnets, principally in honor of the beautiful Maria. Yet she was not the only one. Amédée was in love with love, and his susceptible heart was stirred at the sight of any beautiful girl. He had a sensitive and refined nature and was frightened and repelled by the gay crowd that Maurice gathered around himself, although his friendship for the latter grew with the years.

There were many things in Amédée's life to deter him from passing his time in gaiety. He became uneasy about his father, whose fatal habit was increasing in strength. He sought counsel and help of the gentle Louise Gérard. This young girl, not pretty, but with fine eyes, was already marked for a life of self-sacrifice. She truly loved Amédée, under her gentle and self-contained manner, and devoted herself to her family, teaching music that she might add to their resources. Her talk was very comforting to the young man. She told him that he must cultivate confidence in life and a sincere devotion to his loved ones, as all true happiness consisted in making them happy. After this he had a short talk with his father, who told him to live his life of youth and pleasure, and not to trouble about himself, whose happiness was all in the past.

Accordingly, Amédée accepted an invitation to a restaurant dinner, given by Maurice. At this dinner he renewed his ac-

quaintance with his old schoolmates, Jocelet, studying at the Conservatoire to be an actor; Arthur Papillon, formerly an excellent Latin scholar, now entering on a legal and political career, and Gustave, a rich man's son, giving himself up to wild dissipation. Their talk and revelry opened Amédée's eyes still further to the life of the world around him, to the distaste of the young man, already growing in his intellectual powers and grasp of the ideal life. His reflections on going home were upon the nature of a true and high love in contrast with the follies of dissipation.

He was warm with the pleasures his fancy called up, when a fearful shock awaited him on entering his own door. A stream of light was shining under the door of his father's sleeping-room. Amédée opened the door, and there lay his father dead. His shirt was covered with blood, and a razor was held in his right hand. Weary of his lonely life, M. Violette had committed suicide.

Changes in life seldom come singly. The good friend, M. Gérard, soon succumbed to a stroke of apoplexy, leaving his widow and daughters to face extreme poverty alone. They moved to a distant locality, Montmartre, and lived a life of extreme economy. In his own sorrow and the inability to see these friends daily as heretofore, Amédée threw himself with ardor into the expression of his inner life, tasting the glorious delights of pure enthusiasm and joy in the conscious power of creation, when the artist lives for his work alone, unaffected by the illusions of popularity and worldly success. He arose at six and worked by candle-light, and was proud to see that his mind expanded rapidly and was ready to receive the germs that were blown to him by the mysterious winds of inspiration.

His Sundays were spent with the Gérards. He now was in love unmistakably with Maria, and constantly thought how he might help them all in their poverty. Maria, petted and beautiful, wished to assist her mother and sister by earning, and went daily to copy pictures at the Louvre, notwithstanding the imprudence of her being there alone. She had a stroke of good fortune in that a dealer in antiquities gave her an order to paint a dozen "ancestors" for his *nouveau riche* clientèle—a paying business in the days of the exaltation of the *bourgeoisie*.

At this time Amédée had composed some fine verses on a military subject. While still in the glow of enthusiasm over them, he ran across Jocelet, already famous as the coming actor. Jocelet, an egoist, inquired about his work and asked whether he had some verses fit for recitation. He instantly recognized the genius in the copy Amédée showed him, and promised to recite them the next day at a benefit, which he did, and made an intoxicating success for himself and for the young poet. Jocelet introduced Amédée also to the group of young poets and politicians who frequented the famous *Café Séville*. The poets all had long hair, and the politicians long beards, and they received Amédée fraternally. His progress, guided by these new friends, particularly Paul Sillery, the journalist, was rapid, and he began to know the joy of earning substantially by his writings.

He then made up his mind to marry Maria Gérard and care for her and the family. But to his horror he learned from Louise that his friend Maurice, benefiting by the freedom of finding Maria alone in the Louvre, and the innocence of her youth, had ruined her, and that she was about to become a mother.

Amédée, in his misery, went to Maurice and accused him of this. Maurice admitted its truth, and said he had intended to marry her, but feared his mother's displeasure. Amédée urged him to repair the wrong he had done, and so influenced his volatile friend that he at once went to the Gérards' and married Maria without delay. Madame Roger forgave the young couple, and Maurice made a kind and loving husband to the adoring Maria. Their son was born, and Amédée found a melancholy pleasure in visiting their home.

With a bitter disappointment in his heart, Amédée now plunged into some of the pleasures of the world. His uncle had died, leaving him his property after all, and he was able to gratify his desires. But he soon wearied of this and settled to a life of quiet work. So matters went on until the breaking out of the Prussian war of 1870, when Amédée entered the military service. Maurice also entered it and the aged Colonel Lantz as well. Maurice, now freed from the restraints of domesticity, plunged again into dissipation.

At length, in an act of bravery, Colonel Lantz and Maurice were mortally wounded, and were carried where Amédée could comfort them at the last. The last words of Maurice were a charge to Amédée to marry his widow and take care of her and of his son.

Married to the woman he had always loved, successful in his chosen career of literature, possessed of a competence fully equal to his modest needs, Amédée would seem in the years that followed to have all that man could wish. Yet he was conscious of a melancholy, a sadness of the soul, that never could be cured. His wife, while gentle and loving with him, was in her heart Maurice's widow, and she kept his shrine forever guarded. His son was Maurice's son and promised to inherit the charms and faults of his father. The melancholy of autumn was upon him. As he stood in the garden of his pleasant home the leaves fell about him, and all Nature sympathized with the gentle sadness of his inner life.

MARIE CORELLI

(MINNIE MACKAY)

(England, 1864)

A ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS (1886)

This was the author's first book, and in reference to it she has said: "I wrote it simply because I strongly felt the force of the spiritual suggestions I have sought to convey in its pages." After its appearance the book became the subject of much discussion, and the author was subjected to no little cross-questioning concerning its theories; but she disclaimed all sympathy with hypnotism, clairvoyance, or mesmerism, and declared that in the teachings of Christ alone could be found the secrets of occult science.



N the winter of 188- I was afflicted by a series of nervous ailments, brought on by overwork and worry. Chief among them was a protracted and terrible insomnia, accompanied by the utmost depression of spirits and anxiety of mind. Work was impossible; music, my one passion, intolerable, and even books became wearisome to my sight.

In such a condition of health medical aid became a necessity, and I sought a physician of great repute who tried all his remedies upon me without avail. Finally, realizing that drugs were unable to meet the requirements of my case, the doctor suggested change of air and scene and urged me to leave London, with its darkness and fogs, and to try a winter among the sunshine and roses of the Riviera.

The idea was agreeable to me, and I determined to take the proffered advice and set out at once. Hearing of my intention, some American friends, Colonel Everard and his charming young wife, decided to accompany me, and I was only too glad to have such pleasant traveling companions.

We left London one damp and foggy evening, when the cold

was intense, and arrived in Cannes two days later, to find roses and orange-trees in full bloom and casting their fragrance on the warm, delicious air. Amid these new and delightful surroundings I hoped to throw off the physical and mental misery against which I had fought for so many weary months; but, struggle as I might, I could not get away from the wretchedness of my condition.

I began to lose hope of ever recovering my once buoyant health and strength, and the prospect of a brilliant career which once stretched brightly before me seemed shattered forever. I was still young, nevertheless I saw before me only a life of miserable invalidism, in which I should be a burden to myself and to those about me.

But a rescue was approaching—a rescue so sudden and marvelous that in my wildest fancies I never could have dreamed it possible.

Staying at the hotel with us was a young Italian artist, named Raffaello Cellini, whose pictures were beginning to attract much attention both in Paris and Rome, not only for their faultless drawing but for their wonderfully exquisite coloring. Indeed, so remarkable were the hues that Cellini transferred to his canvases that other artists declared he must have invented some foreign compound, or else discovered the secrets of the old masters.

My friends and I were fortunate in forming an acquaintance with Signor Cellini, and our visits to his studio proved most delightful. Especially to me were these visits enjoyable, as, strange to say, they had a remarkably soothing and calming effect upon my suffering nerves. Cellini himself had a fascination for me, for he seemed to radiate serenity, and when in his presence I felt a sense of absolute rest. On one occasion, when seized with an attack of nervous agitation, I was pacing restlessly up and down the garden, I saw Cellini approaching; as he drew near me, he raised his eyes and regarded me steadfastly, then passed on, saying nothing. The effect of his presence upon me was remarkable; I was no longer agitated, but soothed and almost happy.

I was utterly unable to account for the remedial influence Raffaello Cellini exerted over me, but so grateful was I for any

respite from my sufferings that I counted my daily visits to his studio a privilege not to be foregone.

One afternoon while Mrs. Everard and I were with Signor Cellini, he requested me to allow him to paint my portrait. I was filled with astonishment and expressed my surprise that he should desire a subject so unworthy. He responded that he sought intelligence and inward refinement, and added: "Mademoiselle, you have the face of one whom the inner soul consumes, and I plead that you will give me a little of your spare time; you will not regret it, I assure you."

These words were said so impressively that a strange thrill ran through me, and I at once acceded to his request and agreed to come for a sitting the following day.

At the appointed hour I entered the studio and found it deserted save for the presence of a magnificent Newfoundland dog; feeling somewhat thirsty I was about to drink some clear water, which sparkled temptingly in a decanter on the table, when the cup was suddenly snatched from my hand by Cellini, who had just entered and who forbade me to drink.

He afterward explained to me that to have drunk of that liquid would have proved fatal, as it was a powerful elixir which would have rushed through the veins with the swiftness of electricity, bringing instant death, as I was not prepared to receive it.

He then offered me some wine, which was delicious, and which I sipped with great satisfaction.

I questioned Cellini with regard to the dog, and he told me he was only visiting him, having arrived from Paris bearing a message the evening before. He added: "He does not belong to me, Mademoiselle; his master is my master, one who among men is supremely intelligent; among teachers, absolutely unselfish; among thinkers, purely impersonal; among friends, inflexibly faithful. To him I owe everything—even life itself. For him no sacrifice, no extreme devotion would be too great, could I hope thereby to show my gratitude. But he is as far above human thanks or human rewards as the sun is above the sea."

My sitting followed, and during it a strange sensation took possession of me, which caused me to think I was affected by

the wine I had taken, as I felt an unusual elation, accompanied by a feeling of calmness and peace.

After leaving the studio, however, and returning to my room, the sense of exhilaration that had possessed me seemed to leave me and I was overcome with an intense weariness. I threw myself upon my bed and soon fell into a deep and tranquil slumber, during which I was visited by three wonderful visions.

The first was of a mass of roses and, in the distance, the golden crescent of a new moon, which, as I gazed upon it, broke into a thousand points of vivid light and then met in blazing letters of fire. These letters formed the word *Heliobas*, and soon all became darkness and only this name in burning gold was written on the blackness of the heavens.

I next found myself in a vast cathedral where priests in glittering raiment were conducting the service, while the tones of a magnificent organ were swelling through the incense-laden air. I was approached by twenty beautiful maidens, crowned with myrtle, who gazed at me with joyous eyes and murmured: "Art thou also one of us?" Then one of the number, leaving her companions, came to my side, holding a tablet in her hand, and said in a thrilling whisper: "Write, and write quickly! for whatever thou shalt now inscribe is the clue to thy destiny." I obeyed her mechanically, and some unknown, powerful force within me caused me to trace on the tablet the one word—*Heliobas*.

My third vision was of a man of noble features and commanding presence seated at a table covered with books and manuscripts. He was in the full prime of life; his dark hair had no thread of silver to mar its luxuriance; his face was unwrinkled; his forehead unfurrowed by care; his eyes, deeply sunk beneath his shelving brows, were of a singularly clear and penetrating blue, with an absorbed and watchful look in them. His hand rested on the open pages of a massive volume, and he was uttering words that held me spellbound.

"Azul!" he exclaimed, "messenger of my fate, thou who art a guiding spirit of the elements, thou who ridest the storm-cloud and sittest throned on the edge of the lightning! By that electric spark within me, of which thou art the Twin Flame, I ask of thee to send me this one more poor human soul; let me

change its unrestfulness into repose, its hesitation to certainty, its weakness to strength, its weary imprisonment to the light of liberty! Azul!"

His voice ceased, his extended hands fell slowly, and gradually he turned his whole figure toward me. He faced me—his intense eyes burned through me—his strange yet tender smile absorbed me. Yet I was full of unreasoning terror; I trembled, I strove to turn away from that searching and magnetic gaze. His deep, melodious tones again rang softly on the silence. He addressed me:

"Fearest thou me, my child? Am I not thy friend? Knowest thou not the name of Heliobas?"

At this word I started and gasped for breath. I would have shrieked but could not, for a heavy hand seemed to close my mouth, and an immense weight pressed me down. I struggled violently with this unseen Power—little by little I gained advantage. One effort more! I won the victory—I woke!

I came to myself feeling somewhat drowsy, but thoroughly rested and marvelously tranquil. Upon arising I was amazed to see the change that had taken place in my appearance, for, as if by magic, the marks of illness had left me and my face had assumed the look of one in perfect health.

At my next meeting with Cellini, he told me that he had given me the remedy as an experiment, and its beneficial effect upon me had exceeded his anticipations, but unfortunately it would prove only transitory. He said that after forty-eight hours I should relapse into my former prostrate condition and that he would be powerless to prevent it, but that I could be helped by a friend of his who had cured him from a long and hopeless illness.

Laying my hand on his arm, and looking him full in the face, I said slowly and distinctly:

"This friend of yours that you speak of—is not his name Heliobas?"

Cellini started violently; the blood rushed to his brows and as quickly receded; his dark eyes glowed with suppressed excitement, his hand trembled. Recovering himself slowly, he met my gaze fixedly; his glance softened, and he bent his head with an air of respect and reverence.

“Mademoiselle, I see that you must know all. It is your fate. You are greatly to be envied. Come to me to-morrow, and I will tell you everything that is to be told. Afterward your destiny rests in your own hands. Ask nothing more of me just now.”

The following morning at the appointed hour I went to Cellini’s studio, and he unfolded to me the wonderful experience that had come to him and changed his life. He told me that, broken in health by overwork, fearing madness, and discouraged because he could not discover the secret of mixing colors like the old masters, which had been his one aspiration, he had decided one day to end his life.

He was saved from this fatal step by the interference of a stranger, who took him to his home and by his marvelous magnetic powers cured him of his ill health, showed him the art of mixing colors, and—most inestimable of all—taught him a religious faith that was the joy of his whole existence.

This stranger was one Heliobas, a rich and influential Chaldean, residing in Paris, who, by exerting his powers as a “physical electrician,” could bring about wonderful results.

Cellini also informed me that he had felt, from his first meeting with me, that I possessed this same magnetic power; and now my visions proved that I was already in connection with Heliobas, who was beginning to exert his influence over me.

He advised my going at once to Paris and putting myself under his master’s care; and, being only too glad to follow his advice, I parted with my friends, the Everards, and set out on my journey. After reaching Paris I hastened at my earliest opportunity to the house of Heliobas, and found it magnificent in every detail. Indeed, so luxurious was it in all its appointments that I was almost bewildered by the loveliness that surrounded me, and felt as I gazed about as if I had entered upon a dream of the Arabian Nights.

I was soon shown into the presence of the master, and I realized instantly that he was the man I had seen in my vision, and I felt that I knew him well. My interview with him proved most satisfying, and he assured me that if I would trust myself to him and follow his rules I should be well in a fortnight. He also informed me that his soul and mine were placed in the same

circle of electricity; for that reason a strong connection existed between us, he said, and he was compelled to help me by some inner force that could not be explained.

When I tried to question him further with regard to this mysterious force he said:

"All other explanations, if you desire them, shall be given you in due time. In the power I possess over you, and over some others, there is neither mesmerism nor magnetism—nothing but a purely scientific fact, which can be clearly and reasonably proved and demonstrated. But, until you are restored to health, we will defer all discussion."

The following day I sought Heliobas again, feeling already greatly benefited by his treatment, and looking forward with pleasure to dining with him and meeting his sister Zara, as he had invited me to do.

My host greeted me cordially, and, telling me he was pleased to see that I was already feeling better, conducted me at once to his sister's apartments. Here a room of such wondrous beauty met my eyes that I should have been overwhelmed by its sumptuousness had it not been wholly surpassed by the loveliness of the woman that occupied it. Never shall I behold again any face or form so divinely beautiful! She was about medium height, but her small, finely shaped head was set upon so slender and proud a throat that she appeared taller than she actually was. Her complexion was transparently clear and her eyes were large, luminous, yet dark as night, fringed with long silky black lashes. Her rich black hair hung down in one long, loose, thick braid that nearly reached the hem of her dress; and she was attired in a robe of deep old-gold Indian silk, which was gathered around her waist by an antique belt of curious jewel-work, in which rubies and turquoises appeared to be thickly studded. On her bosom shone a strange gem, the color and form of which I could not determine. It glowed with many various hues and its luster was intense, almost dazzling to the eye. Its beautiful wearer gave me welcome with a radiant smile and a few cordial words, and, drawing me by the hand to a low couch she had just vacated, made me sit down beside her.

Before long dinner was announced and we joined our host

and his friend, Prince Ivan Petroffsky, who was a handsome man, and evidently an ardent admirer of the beautiful Zara, who as evidently did not reciprocate his affection.

After dinner Leo, the dog I had seen in Cellini's studio, made his appearance, and later his master explained to me what wonderful power he had developed in the animal, and how, by forcing him to receive a thought, he could make him do anything he desired.

Before leaving my new friends I was invited by them to stay at their house during my sojourn in Paris, which invitation I gratefully accepted, and shortly after took up my abode with them.

Under the treatment of Heliobas, my health improved rapidly, my musical ability returned, and I was able to improvise and perform as I never had before.

At last the day arrived when a wonderful experience was to come to me; my soul was to be released temporarily from this earthly body, through an electric trance into which I was to be thrown by Heliobas, and I was to have a glimpse of the wonders of the celestial world.

Just before entering into this state, which was brought about by my taking a draught of a wonderful electric fluid, given me by Heliobas, I realized that he stood before me with arms extended, repeating the following words:

“Azul! Azul! Lift up this light and daring spirit unto thyself; be its pioneer upon the path it must pursue; suffer it to float untrammeled through the wide and glorious Continents of Air; give it form and force to alight on any of the vast and beautiful spheres it may desire to behold; and, if worthy, permit it to gaze, if only for a brief interval, upon the supreme vision of the First and Last of worlds. By the force thou givest unto me, I free this soul; do thou, Azul, quickly receive it!”

A dense darkness now grew thickly around me; I lost all power over my limbs; I felt myself being lifted forcibly and rapidly up, up, into some illimitable, terrible space of blackness and nothingness. I could not think, move, or cry out—I could only feel that I was rising, rising, steadily, swiftly, breathlessly, when suddenly a long, quivering flash of radiance, like the fragment of a rainbow, struck dazzlingly across my sight.

Darkness? What had I to do with darkness? I knew not the word; I was only conscious of light—light exquisitely pure and brilliant—light through which I stepped as easily as a bird flies in air. Perfectly awake to my sensations, I felt somehow that there was nothing remarkable in them; I seemed to be at home in some familiar element. Delicate hands held mine; a face far lovelier than the loveliest face of woman ever dreamed of by poet or painter, smiled at me, and I smiled back again.

From that instant the scenes that I witnessed, guided by this wonderful spirit, were such that they remain beyond the power of human description. I learned that my celestial guide was Azul, the twin soul of Heliobas, and I realized that I was formed of an indestructible essence which was to exist forever, and that I was a part of the great universe which was constructed on so marvelous a plan.

I began to understand the illimitable electrical force that governs the universe, and saw clearly how this spirit emanated from my Creator, whose power was so far beyond human conception.

The religious doubts which previous to this time had assailed me were cleared away by the wonderful visions that were given me of the celestial world, and when I awoke from my trance I realized that at last I had come into a perfect faith.

Upon recovering consciousness I saw Heliobas standing beside me, and learned that I had been absent for thirty-six hours, which was an unusually long period for the soul to be separated from the body. I related the scenes I had passed through to my master, and he told me mine had been a most wonderful and exceptional experience.

The following day I received word that my friends the Everards had arrived in Paris, and I hastened to call upon them, accompanied by Zara, who charmed them with her beauty and invited them to dine with us the next evening.

On this occasion Zara was so gloriously beautiful that no words can adequately describe her. She was dressed in a clinging robe of the richest white satin, her only ornament being the dazzling electric jewel, which was supported by twelve rows of priceless pearls clasped around her slender throat.

Before the arrival of our friends, I was impressed by some-

thing unusual in Zara's manner, but, knowing of her spiritual sympathies, and how closely she was in touch with her brother, who had imbued her with his own occult powers, I did not try to fathom the mystery.

She asked me to kiss her before going down-stairs, and begged me never to forget her, even though she were no longer in this world.

These remarks had a depressing effect upon me, though I tried to treat them lightly, and I could not fail to connect them with the assertion she had made to me earlier in the day that she was soon going on a long journey, in the event of which she asked me to execute certain commands for her.

After the dinner, which was a most superb affair, we adjourned to the drawing-room and had some music, during which Zara withdrew from her guests and went out on a balcony to watch a thunder-storm, which had come up with much violence.

Suddenly a tumultuous crash of thunder made us look at one another with anxious faces. Horror! What was that? A lithe serpent of fire twisting venomously through the dark heavens! Zara raised her arms, looked up, smiled, and fell—senseless, with such appalling suddenness that we had hardly recovered from the blinding terror of that forked lightning flash before we saw her lying prone before us on the balcony, where one instant previously she had stood erect and smiling! With exclamations of alarm and distress, we lifted and bore her within the room and laid her tenderly down upon the nearest sofa. Everything within human power was tried to restore life to the inanimate form lying before us, but without avail; Zara's spirit had soared to the celestial world with which she had been so closely connected while upon the earth.

While we were hoping against hope that she might be restored, the physician that had been called in gave the terrible verdict that life was extinct, and, moving aside from her breast the electric jewel—which now appeared merely a lusterless pebble—he showed a small black spot where the fatal electric current had entered.

In a short time Zara's body was prepared for burial and carried to the private chapel of her family, where I knelt heart-

broken beside it. Suddenly the sound of an organ fell upon my ears, and a flood of music drowned the noise of the storm without.

I hid my face in my hands and was praying earnestly when a touch aroused me, and looking up I beheld an airy brightness, like the effect of sunlight streaming through a cloud, hovering over Zara's bier. A face looked at me—a face angelic, beautiful! It smiled. I stretched out my hands; I struggled for speech, and managed to whisper:

“Zara! Zara! you have come back!”

Her voice, so sweetly familiar, answered me:

“To life? Ah, never again! I am too happy to return. But save him—save my brother! Go to him; he is in danger; to you is given the rescue. Save him; and for me rejoice, and grieve no more!”

The face vanished; the brightness faded; and I sprang up from my knees in haste. For one instant I looked at the beautiful dead body of the friend I loved, with its set mouth and placid features, and then I smiled. This was not Zara—she was alive and happy; this fair clay was but clay doomed to perish, but she was imperishable.

“Save him—save my brother!” These words rang in my ears. I hesitated no longer, but determined to seek Heliobas at once. Swiftly and noiselessly I slipped out of the chapel. As the door swung behind me I heard a sound that first made me stop in sudden alarm, and then hurry on with increased eagerness. There was no mistaking it—it was the clash of steel!

I rushed to the study door, tore aside the velvet hangings, and faced Heliobas and Prince Ivan Petroffsky with drawn weapons, prepared for deadly conflict.

With much difficulty I succeeded in restraining the combatants, and the message from the dead which I delivered to them had the desired effect of quieting their angry excitement. I learned afterward that the Prince, upon hearing of Zara's death, had become frenzied with grief, rushed to Heliobas and accused him of causing his sister's death by his experiments, calling him a murderer and striking him violently in the face. Such an outrage had called forth the righteous wrath of

Heliobas, who had commanded him to choose his **weapon** and defend himself.

After Zara's funeral I took leave of my friend and master, Heliobas, to whose influence I owed my recovered health and my strong belief in things spiritual and eternal. In bidding me farewell, he brightened the parting by assuring me that we should meet again in the future many times, and also by asking me to write to him and keep him informed of my movements.

The last glimpse I had of Heliobas was his stately form as he stood on the steps of his mansion, watching my carriage out of sight; and the picture of his noble figure, erect in the light of the winter sunshine, was destined thenceforth to remain unfading forever in my memory.

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD

(United States, 1854)

MR. ISAACS (1882)

Son of the American sculptor Crawford, this author was born in Lucca, Italy, and his adventurous spirit has made him a true cosmopolite, not only as a traveler but as a sojourner in many lands. Thus his novels, with the truthfulness of a keen observer, give varied pictures of social life and local color in Italy, Bohemia, Russia, England, Turkey, and India, while he has written two fine historical and descriptive works on Constantinople and Rome. *Mr. Isaacs* was his first tale. In it he introduces the figure of a capable American newspaper man abroad—Paul Griggs by name—who tells the story, and who reappears in other tales in a similar convenient rôle. *Mr. Isaacs* well fulfils its sub-title as *A Tale of Modern India*, and the modernism of the characters combines with the antiquity of the adept philosophy of that venerable land to make an impressive and fascinating narrative. It is held by many the best as well as the first of Mr. Crawford's many prosperous essays in the broad field of fiction.



N September, 1879, I was at Simla, in the lower Himalayas, in the interests of an Anglo-Indian newspaper. In India there is only one health-resort—"the hills," and chief of "hill-stations" is Simla. Thither in the summer migrates an endless variety of the Anglo-Indian population.

Having established my servants and luggage in one of the hotels, at dinner I was placed opposite a man who arrested my attention. He was above the medium stature, and an easy grace marked every movement. An oval face of olive tint showed strikingly handsome features; but I was entranced by his large, dark eyes, full of life and light. I addressed him in Italian, but he did not understand until I spoke English, when he replied with ease. We readily became acquainted, and I accepted his invitation to smoke in his rooms after dinner. Learning from the hotel office that he was a "Mr. Isaacs," I went to his apartments. It seemed as if I had entered Aladdin's cave, so resplendently did

the room gleam on all sides with gold, jeweled ornaments, and weapons. The floor was covered with rich rugs; divans and cushions heaped the sides and corners. Mr. Isaacs smiled at my amazement, but soon we were smoking on the veranda, and after a little he told me something of himself.

He was a Persian: his name was Abdul Hafiz-ben-Isâk, simplified to "Mr. Isaacs" for business convenience, as he was a dealer in precious stones. He was the son of a wealthy and learned father, but had been stolen and sold as a slave, and after many adventures in Turkey, Arabia, and India, had found friends and utilized opportunities of learning, and finally of trading, that had yielded him vast wealth and much knowledge of the world.

For several days we were often together. I am not prone to confidences, but something about this man seemed to banish distrust, and I longed to know the fine spirit, while he seemed also ready to seek me. One day we talked of marriage. He had three wives, he said (he was a Mohammedan), and, finding it hard to keep peace among them, he wondered whether a fourth might act as a regulating fly-wheel. But suddenly he proposed a ride, and off we went, on two of his superb Arabian horses. As we rounded a sharp corner, we ran into an elderly man on a pony, and after suitable apologies, Mr. Isaacs introduced me, Mr. Paul Griggs, to Revenue Commissioner Ghyrkins, and then to his elegant niece, Miss Katherine Westonhaugh, and her companion, Lord Steepleton Kildare, a fine, soldierly cavalry officer—both handsomely mounted—all of whom he knew well. Mr. Ghyrkins and I were soon on friendly terms. The lady, fair as a Swede, but with dark eyes and heavy lashes, was a splendid young Englishwoman, and I thought what a wife she would be for my delightful young Persian, to make him a real home and genuine happiness. Yet there was an incongruity in the idea, and I dropped it as absurd. We rode home with them, and parted after cordial invitations to call. In our talk that evening Isaacs talked again of marriage, affirming woman to be "a thing of the devil, jealous and hard to manage"; while I, though a bachelor, was eloquent on the joys of a life-companionship with the ideal woman. As the talk continued, I began to think him desirous of being con-

verted; and when we became silent I mentally pursued my fancy of a union of those two interesting beings, at last asking myself: "Why not?"

"You are right. Yes: why not?" said Isaacs in a sleepy voice.

But his eyes were dreamy, and I went on wondering whether he were really converted, really sincere.

"Yes—I think I am," he said, in the same mechanical tone.

Startled by this reading of my thoughts, I scrutinized him, and saw that he was asleep with his eyes open—in a trance. I spoke: no answer. Then, having learned of such matters from my old Brahman teacher, I made the necessary passes; and on awaking he told me of a dazzling vision he had had of the fair Englishwoman. He ended by saying: "Griggs, this is all very strange. I believe I am in love for the first time. Good night!"—and I left him.

As the days passed, Isaacs and I called repeatedly on Mr. Ghyrkins, with whom I discussed Anglo-Indian politics, while it was evident that my friend was making a strong impression on Miss Westonhaugh. Lord Steepleton was often there, too—no mean rival—and the tactics of the young men were exceedingly interesting. One day a game of polo was proposed, in which they, I and Mr. John Westonhaugh, the lady's brother, were to play. Isaacs had discovered in the latter the Englishman who had given him, during his poverty in Bombay, his first rupee, which he insisted was the foundation of his immense fortune; and he expressed his gratitude to the elder man, who made little of it, yet was pleased.

I had a plain talk with my friend that night, and, on his asserting that he meant to divorce and provide for his Indian women (the English hardly regard their facile relations as marriage) and to win and wed Miss Westonhaugh, holding to her alone in English fashion, I pledged him my aid.

He took me one afternoon as witness to an interview with the Rajah of Baithopoor, then in Simla, concerning a large sum he had loaned the Rajah during the last famine. We were ushered into the presence of the old Maharajah in a darkened room, where he sat smoking cross-legged on his cushions. After the usual Oriental flatteries, Isaacs talked very plainly.

The Rajah had offered to sell him the famous Afghan chieftain, Shere Ali, who had escaped from the English after his defeat at Ali Unsjid and taken refuge at Baithopoer, and the treacherous old man had imprisoned him. Showing him that, by informing the English about Shere Ali, he could plunge Baithopoer into danger, Isaacs demanded that the Emir of Afghanistan be safely delivered to him at Keitung, three weeks from that day, offering in return to remit the large amount of interest due on his loan, giving time for repayment of the debt itself. The trembling old rascal perforce agreed.

When we had left, I asked Isaacs what he would do with Shere Ali, the "jewel" he had bought.

"Do with him? He is a true believer and a brave man. I will give him money and letters, and he shall depart, free as air."

On our return we met the Ghyrkins party, including Lord Steepleton, who had proposed to Mr. Ghyrkins a tiger-hunt, the party to consist of the commissioner, his niece, her brother, Isaacs, Kildare himself, and me. The careful uncle at first violently opposed taking his niece, but, as we all approved of it, and I recalled his old exploits with tigers, which had had some notoriety, the old fellow became as enthusiastic as any, and the affair was agreed upon. As Isaacs and I were riding home in the darkness, the horses suddenly reared, stopped, and trembled. Presently a low, musical voice on the other side of Isaacs said: "Peace, Abdul Hafiz." "And with you peace, Ram Lal," replied Isaacs quietly. Further saying that he had business with Abdul and would see him in the evening, the tall figure disappeared. Isaacs told me the man was a Brahman by birth, a Buddhist by religion, and an adept (Buddhistic miracle-worker) by profession. "A very wise man, who comes and goes like a shadow, and often advises me. He speaks many languages, was educated as a physician in Edinburgh, and has great knowledge in all directions."

In the evening I went to Isaacs, and he said smilingly: "So you would like to see Ram Lal. He will be here presently, unless he changes his mind." A voice outside was heard inquiring for Isaacs, and a tall figure in a gray caftan and plain white turban entered.

"I never change my mind," said the stranger in excellent

English. "I am here. Is it well with you?" After seating himself on a divan, he proceeded: "Abdul, you have done a good deed to-day. I trust you will complete it before you alter your purpose."

"I never change my mind," said Isaacs, smiling at the repetition.

"Pardon me if I contradict you," replied Ram Lal. "Who was it that lately scoffed at women, their immortality, their virtue, their intellect? And do you now think of anything, sleeping or waking, but the one woman for whom you have changed your mind? I congratulate you. You have made a step toward a higher understanding of the world you live in."

Evidently this was a seer and a knower of men's hearts.

"I have come to give you some good advice," pursued the Buddhist. "Do not let this projected tiger-hunt take place if you can prevent it. No good can come from it, and harm may."

Isaacs thanked Ram Lal for the counsel, which nevertheless he must disregard, but asked for some hint about getting Shere Ali off safely. "He will be escorted by a band of sowars; and, while I am alive to disgrace the Rajah with the British, he is safe, but the sowars could easily kill us both, since I must go without escort."

Ram Lal promised to help him, though he would not say how. Then, pointing to the wall behind us, he said: "What a singular piece of workmanship is that *yataghan*!" We looked, and Isaacs turned again to reply, but the divan was vacant. Ram Lal was gone!

"He would not allow this or any of his marvels to be a miracle," said Isaacs. "The Buddhist 'adepts' claim only a better knowledge of natural forces than others possess. They believe that by attenuating—through fasting and meditation—the bond between soul and body, the soul can be liberated, and can temporarily identify itself with other objects, animate or inanimate, besides the special body to which it belongs, acquiring thus direct knowledge of those objects, while also they cultivate a highly analytical knowledge of external nature through the senses, which they train to an infinite refinement of susceptibility by rigid abstention from indulgences not indispensable

to maintaining the relation between the physical and the intellectual powers."

With this, and much other talk, during which I spurred him on by questions, Isaacs gave me a clearer understanding how the Asiatic mind differs from our Occidental pursuit of facts and inductions; and his personality impressed me more and more.

At the polo match Westonhaugh and Isaacs distinguished themselves; but the latter received an accidental blow on the back of the head which stunned him for a while. He was able to ride home, later, and under his direction I applied a powerful unguent to the wound, which was so effective that by morning he declared himself as well as ever, and on that day our party of six set out for the tiger-hunt. The first day we rode in *longas*—a strong-wheeled cart—changing horses every five or six miles; that night we spent in a railroad express train; and another day on horses brought us to Pegnugger, where Isaacs and Ghyrkins had accumulated great store of tents, weapons, ammunition, edibles and potables, with guides and *shikarries*—the native huntsmen—and the little Collector of Pegnugger, a famous tiger-slayer, to go with us. The first night in camp was gay with stories and songs; and the next morning, with four elephants for our party and twenty-odd to crush through and open the jungle and to beat up our game, we went to the field. Kildare shot the first tiger, a huge beast that had sprung upon his elephant's head. The Collector shot the second, and then we returned to camp.

That evening a *ryot*, or peasant, told Isaacs where there was a great man-eating tiger. Miss Westonhaugh had laughingly wished for a pair of tiger's ears, which the natives always promptly purloin as a charm against evil spirits. This was enough for Isaacs, who quietly went out alone, that night, with knife and gun, and the trembling *ryot* as guide, and returned before dawn with the ears, which he sent to Miss Westonhaugh in a beautiful silver box. Old Ghyrkins was indignant with his niece to have wished for tiger's ears, and she, poor girl, was shocked to find a life risked for her careless word. But the exploit again glorified Isaacs.

Thus passed a week—shooting, and resting every other day

—while the love-affair of our young folk prospered, even Kildare mournfully seeing it. There was a mango grove near our tenting-place, and a well with a small temple where a Brahman dwelt, receiving the gifts of the neighborhood. One afternoon as I sat before my tent, reading, I saw Isaacs and the lady sauntering toward the well, and soon the beautiful couple were joined by the old priest. Isaacs called me, and I went over, and offered the Brahman money if he would perform some wonder.

“I will do no wonder for the unbeliever’s bucksheesh,” he replied, “but I will do it for the lady with shining hair, whose face resembles Chunder.”

At his direction I called a servant to draw water from the well; but while the old priest looked intently at the man he could not by the most violent efforts raise the bucket, until the priest’s lips moved silently, when the bucket rose with a bound and the man fell backward, sprang up, and ran off, shouting, *Bhut! Bhut!* (“devils”) at the top of his voice. The old Brahman then turned to Isaacs, and said:

“I have done a wonder for you. I will also tell you a saying. You have done wrong in not taking the advice of your friend. You should not have brought the white-haired lady into the tiger’s jaws. I have spoken. Peace be with you.” And he moved away.

I left them together. At dinner the lady was very serious. Isaacs had told her that he must go away on urgent business, although without mentioning the affair of Shere Ali; and, when he told the party, there was strong protest and regret.

After all had separated for the night Kildare and I strolled about for a while, when suddenly we saw among the trees the figures of a man and a woman, his arm about her, and her head on his shoulder. We turned away to our tents. That night Isaacs acknowledged to me that the old Brahman’s words, showing that Ram Lal’s warning had been for Miss Westonhaugh, had shocked him, and he concluded:

“The light of life is woman; the love of life is the love of woman—*my* light, *my* life, and *my* love!”

It was a long and cheering talk, and at last, he getting my promise to join him if Ram Lal should need me, we separated. Before dawn he was in the saddle. Suddenly a figure swept out

of the shadows to his side; he halted, bent over—a whisper—the sound of a kiss—the figure disappeared, and he rode away. What I could do to cheer Miss Westonhaugh I did, and in a long morning together I told her our friend had gone to do a very noble deed—to save the life of a man he never had seen; and her pale cheeks flushed with joyous color. That afternoon a messenger galloped up, and handed me a letter from Isaacs, informing me that Ram Lal desired that I should meet them below Keitung on the afternoon of the day when the moon should be full—"for friendship's sake, for love's sake, come!" At dawn next morning I set out. At the same spot where Isaacs had been halted stood the same shadowy figure, awaiting me. "Give him this from me. God be with you!" And, putting into my hands a small package, she was gone.

In order to reach Isaacs, I must ride more than two hundred miles up into the vast wilderness of the Himalayas. But, leaving the railroad at Zulinder, I found that relays of horses had been arranged, so on I galloped, getting a fresh pony every six or seven miles. In twenty-four hours I had climbed a hundred and thirty miles; after which relays of mountaineers bore me up into unimaginable heights, along the brink of profound abysses. At my journey's end I met the one man on earth who seemed worth having as a friend; and when he had beamed over the splendid tress of hair I had brought him in the silver box of the tiger's ears, we found Ram Lal, who greeted me in friendly fashion.

The delivery of Shere Ali was to be in a neighboring valley. Ram Lal said the intention of the band was to murder both the prisoner and Isaacs; the captain giving the signal by laying his hand on Isaacs's shoulder. At that instant, he said, I must seize and cripple or kill the captain, and Ram Lal would attend to the rest. And so it fell out. While the captain pretended to compare two copies of the agreement with the Rajah, Abdul told Shere Ali of the plot. Presently the captain handed Isaacs a receipt to sign. Ram Lal stood, leaning on his staff and gazing intently at the moon. As Isaacs took the receipt the captain laid his hand on his shoulder, raising his other arm toward his men. Instantly I gripped the captain by his throat and the upraised arm, and held him helpless as he writhed and

struggled, sinking my fingers ever deeper in his throat and bending his arm back until it snapped like a pipe-stem, and he collapsed. Meantime, while Isaacs and Shere Ali struck down the two nearest sowars, a heavy pall of freezing fog came down and hid all things. Isaacs seized Shere Ali, Ram Lal laid hold on me, and we rushed far up the stony pass.

"Friend," said Isaacs to the Afghan, "you are free. Praise Allah, and let us depart in peace."

The savage old warrior grasped the outstretched hand of the Persian, and yelled aloud:

"*Illallaho-ho-ho-ho!*"

And Isaacs responded in clarion tones: "*La illah il Allah!*"

"Thank God!" said I.

"Call Him as you please, friend Griggs," answered Ram Lal serenely.

And the next morning, provided with money, the grateful Shere Ali departed with Ram Lal, who would conduct him to Thibet.

Isaacs and I returned slowly back to Simla. On my table were letters—one from Mr. Ghyrkins, dated two days before, begging me to come to him immediately, adding that his niece was seriously ill. I thought the poor girl had worried herself into sickness, but that in this clear air and with her lover's return, all would be well. I told Isaacs that I should be back in an hour to breakfast, and galloped to the bungalow. Mr. Ghyrkins, on my asking after Miss Westonhaugh, broke down, saying that she was desperately ill of jungle fever, and he feared the worst. Learning that she wished to see me, I found her lying on a long cane-chair, her face startling in its emaciation. She greeted me sweetly, and, inquiring after my friend, said:

"Tell him to come to me—*now*. I am dying. I shall be dead before night. Don't tell him that. Did he save the man's life?"

"Yes, the man is safe and free in Thibet."

"That was nobly done. You have always been kind to me, and you love him. Good-by, dear Mr. Griggs. God keep you!"

I tore back to the hotel, and as gently as I could I told Isaacs of the jungle fever. He was brave, and of surpassing endur-

ance, but great purple rings came out under his eyes, as, suppressing his profound emotion, he hastened away. And I sat thinking of his piteous case, and, bearded man as I was, I wept in bitterness of heart.

"Oh, Ram Lal," I cried aloud, "you are a wise man. What shall come of this?"

A cold draught passed over my head, and in terror I saw Ram Lal quietly sitting by the door.

"I come opportunely, it seems, Mr. Griggs, since you pronounce my name."

"Will Miss Westonhaugh recover?" I asked.

"No, she will die at sunset."

"Why can you not save her?—if I am talking to you at all. Perhaps you are in Thibet with Shere Ali, and this is your astral body."

"Quite right, Mr. Griggs. My body is quietly asleep in a monastery in Thibet, and this is my astral shape, which I am getting to like almost as well. But I am not omnipotent. Given certain conditions and I can produce certain results; but my power, as you know, is merely the knowledge of laws of nature, which your wise Western scientists ignore. I can replenish the oil in the lamp, and while there is a wick the lamp will burn; but if the wick is consumed—as in Miss Westonhaugh's case it is—the lamp must go out. And yet even this is better for both of them. She is not suffering in body, and, as for 'the untold agony of soul' you attribute to Isaacs"—for we had altogether a long conversation—"it is a wholesome medicine for such a soul as his. Believe me, these two will be happier far, and far more blessed, in a few short years, than ever you and I shall be."

Ram Lal sighed as he spoke the last words, and was gone.

After a miserable night of thinking and distorted dreaming, I awoke to find Isaacs standing by my bedside, himself grayer than the dawn. His hands were icy. I led him to the outer room, not knowing how to comfort him.

"It is all over, my friend," said he.

"It has but begun," said the solemn tones of Ram Lal from the door. He entered, and continued: "Friend Isaacs, I am not here to weary your strained heart-strings with petty con-

dolences. But I love you, my brother, and have somewhat to say to you. Let me show you three pictures of yourself."

And the tenderly eloquent old man depicted the beauty and vigor of his first phase of life, its power, and wealth, and material enjoyment; then passed with sympathetic insight to his second destiny, learning the worth of a noble woman and the wealth of a true love; and finally he laid before the thoughtful, suffering man a third destiny, great and awful, but grand beyond telling.

"Take my hand, brother," he continued, "and seek with me the path to the heights. You have endured too much to mix again with the world. Come forth, and your soul shall live forever, your grief shall be turned to joy, and the sinking heart be lifted above earthly sorrow. Remember the past, think also upon the future. Be bold, aspiring, firm of purpose. Tenfold is it truer now than when you said it, that with her was your life, your light, and your love; for with her is life eternal, light ethereal, love spiritual. Come, brother, come with me!"

Gently Isaacs raised his head from his hands and gazed long on the old man, while over his pale face the burning spirit came and went and came again, like flashes in the northern sky. Slowly he rose, and, laying his hand in the Buddhist's, spoke at last.

"Brother, I come. Show me the way."

Then, turning to me, he said: "My friend, I bid you farewell. You will never see me again. I thank you for your friendship and kind offices, for the strength of your arm in time of need, for the gold of your words in time of uncertainty. I shall bestow my worldly possessions on the one man to whom, besides yourself, I owe a debt of gratitude, John Westonhaugh. Only this I beg of you: Take this gem, and keep it always for my sake. Think of me not as mourning for the departed day, but as watching longingly for the first dawn of the day eternal."

One last loving look—one more pressure of the reluctant fingers, and those two went out hand in hand, under the clear stars, and I saw them no more.

A ROMAN SINGER (1883)

This romantic tale first appeared in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It abounds in realistic touches which reproduce with great fidelity Italian home life. Modern Rome is vividly presented to the reader, who is given little glimpses of the side streets and of the quaint people, artists as well as artisans, who live in unbeautiful surroundings while evolving beautiful creations. Nino lived with the gentle old Count, who tells the story, in the Via dei Funari. The palace of one of the greatest nobles in Rome lies across the way, and the ancient Palazzo Gabrielli is not far distant.



CORNELIO GRANDI, who tell you these things, was not always poor, nor always a professor of philosophy, nor a scribbler of pedantic articles for a living. Many of you can remember why I was driven to sell my patrimony, the dear castello in the Sabines. But now that Nino is growing to be a famous man in the world, and people are saying good things, and bad, about him, I think it best to tell you the whole truth and what I think of it.

Nino is just like a son to me; I brought him up from a little child, instructed him, and would have made a philosopher of him, but he had set his heart on being a singer. His mother used to sing and her voice was wonderful; but I never heard her sing after her husband was killed. One day the fever took her, and Nino was left a little baby. About the time of her death I came to live in Rome, for I had sold Castel Serveti, and a few years later Nino was brought to me here; he was an ugly little boy with great black eyes. Mariuccia, my old servant, begged that he should be left with us until the following day, and we could never let him go away again; that is how Nino came to live with us.

The day came when the great singer, De Pretis, who had heard his voice, claimed him for his pupil. "He has a voice

like a trumpet and the patience of all the angels. He will be a great singer," said De Pretis, later.

One Sunday afternoon I had gone with Nino to St. Peter's to hear Maestro de Pretis sing; in the crowd I found myself pushed against a tall man with an immense gray moustache standing out across his face like the horns of a beetle. When I apologized for crowding against him he said something with a German accent, which seemed to be courteous.

The lady with him was dressed entirely in black, and her fair face stood out wonderfully clear and bright against the darkness. Truly she looked more like an angel than a woman. And now, as the people kneeled to the benediction, imagine a little what Nino did! He just dropped on his knees with his face to the white lady and his back to the procession, looking as if his heart would break.

Nino, who had never before cared to look at a woman, learned afterward from De Pretis that she was a Prussian, daughter of the Count von Lira, a retired colonel. The name of the lady was Edvigia, or Hedwig, and the maestro had her upon his list of singing pupils.

As we walked home Nino said: "I swear to you, here, that I will marry the Contessina di Lira—if that is her name—before two years are out. Ah, you do not believe me. Very well. I have nothing more to say."

Nino appealed to De Pretis to aid him in meeting the Contessina, and the maestro consented when he detected the new quality which the young man's ardor had imparted to his voice; he said to himself: "In order to be a great artist, Nino must be in love always."

And so De Pretis arranged with the Prussian Colonel to procure for his daughter an instructor in literature; and the enraptured Nino found himself engaged by the pompous foreigner to teach his daughter three times a week. The training that I had given Nino in the Italian classics now stood him in good stead, and enabled him to act well the part of a professor of literature; and what days of happiness those were for him when he might sit close beside the lovely Contessina, reading Dante and at the same time studying her expressive face!

One day the Contessina began asking questions about the

Pantheon, which she declared she must see at night, with just one ray of moonlight falling through the opening in the top of the rotunda. Nino volunteered to guide a party thither upon some moonlight night; and so it came about that on a certain evening four people were conducted through the little entrance at the back of the Pantheon by the sacristan, who struck a light to show them the way, and then put out his taper and left them. While they stood in the lonely place, illuminated only by the one ray of moonlight, a wonderful voice broke the silence; hidden by the darkness, Nino sang, putting his whole soul into those waves of sound. All were tremendously impressed and longing to meet the singer; but Nino said the singer was a cousin of his who had withdrawn as soon as he had finished singing.

A charming Baroness in the party joined Hedwig in inquiries about the singer; and learning of Hedwig's lessons, engaged Nino to instruct her also, and made an appointment with him for the following day, which he kept with reluctance.

Upon reaching the house of the Baroness he found her at the piano studying a certain song; she begged him to help her with it, and when he denied any understanding of music, urged him at least to assist her in pronouncing the words; as he followed the music, Nino unconsciously began to sing, when suddenly the Baroness turned on him, clapping her hands: "I have found you out," she cried. "You are the tenor of the Pantheon!"

Nino was thoroughly alarmed by her discovery, for it portended the loss of everything most dear to him; let it once be known what he was, and there would be no more lessons with the lovely Hedwig.

Then ensued a heated discussion with the wily Baroness, who, though ten years Nino's senior, had taken a sudden fancy to him. As she could easily reveal his secret to the irascible father of Hedwig, and so destroy his happiness, he agreed to come often to sing to her while she promised to aid him to the best of her ability.

In the days that ensued Hedwig was by turns studious and neglectful of her lessons, and often asked Nino about his cousin with the wonderful voice.

As the time approached for Nino to make his *début*, announcements were placarded that "Giovanni Cardegna, the

most distinguished pupil of the Maestro Ercole de Pretis, will appear in Donizetti's opera, *La Favorita*." As he read these announcements Nino's heart sank, for he felt that the moment had almost arrived which was to separate him from his adored Contessina.

Hedwig was filled with keen anticipation at the thought of hearing again the voice which had entranced her, and talked continually to Nino of his talented cousin, for whose performance she and her father had secured the best possible seats.

At last the crucial night arrived, and Nino, although disguised by his monk's costume, stood revealed before those who had thought him the humble professor of literature. His success was instantaneous; the audience sat entranced, and the maestro watched with delight the public recognition of the master-singer he had discovered and trained. But Nino sang only to one person in the crowded theater, and Hedwig saw him, the singer of her dreams, looking straight at her as if to say: "I have done it for you, and for you only." Nino, in the young innocence of his heart, had prepared such a surprise for his lady as might have turned the head of a hardened woman of the world, much sooner an imaginative German girl.

On the morning following his début, a note summoned him to breakfast with the Baroness. During their conversation Hedwig was ushered in and stood transfixed to hear from the Baroness:

"You are free now. Your appearance in public has put an end to all. You are not tied to me now—unless you wish it."

The Baroness, seeing Nino's sudden change of expression, turned to her feminine visitor with a ready explanation of her remark; but the effect was embarrassing to all concerned. Hedwig became cold and silent, and Nino soon withdrew.

Nino's success was followed by advantageous offers from operatic managers in other cities, and he found himself all at once in affluent circumstances. This was, however, to him but a slight matter compared with the necessity for reinstating himself with Hedwig, whom he fancied offended with him. A serenade under her window gave him a chance to express his emotions; and she in response dropped him a rose.

Another note, filled with protestations of friendship, sum-

moned Nino again to the side of the Baroness, who now exerted every wile to win from him some response to her passion. Being repulsed, she turned upon him like a tiger, vowing to ruin his chances with the woman he loved. The interview was interrupted by the sudden appearance of the Conte di Lira, which gave the Baroness her coveted opportunity to denounce the man who had humiliated her.

"This man, sir," she said, in measured tones, "this low-born singer, who has palmed himself off on us as a respectable instructor in language, has the audacity to love your daughter. For the sake of pressing his odious suit he has wormed himself into your house, as into mine; he has sung beneath your daughter's window, and she has dropped letters to him, love-letters, do you understand? And now he has the effrontery to come to me—to me of all women—and to confess his abominable passion for that pure angel, imploring me to assist him in bringing destruction upon her and you."

This outburst so roused the anger of the Count that he rushed upon Nino, brandishing his stick wildly to strike him; the other, seizing the sharp dagger which the Baroness used as a paper-cutter, forced the elder man to a seat and made him listen while he indignantly denied the false accusations of the jealous woman, stating his own position truthfully, and boldly asserting his love for the Count's daughter, whom he declared his intention of marrying if she would consent. This dramatic scene concluded with the fainting Baroness prostrate upon the floor, and with the angry retreat of the Conte di Lira.

A tragedy followed this exciting day; for the next morning found the passionate and disappointed Baroness dead from poison taken in a moment of despair. Foul play was suspected; and Nino, who had been the last one to see her alive, was accused of murdering her; but it was soon ascertained that the poison must have been taken some hours after he left her.

Nino now thought of nothing day or night but how he might see Hedwig, and at last hit upon the plan of visiting her during the funeral of the Baroness, when he knew the Conte di Lira would be absent; this he accomplished by bribing the servant to admit him to the room where his mistress was having her music-lesson with De Pretis. This amiable friend discreetly

withdrew to the background while the young people conversed; and during this brief interview Nino made the most of his opportunity to declare his love to Hedwig, who acknowledged that she returned it. According to agreement he waited under her window that night; a few words scrawled on a handkerchief told him to do nothing until he heard from her.

The same night Nino made the acquaintance of the eccentric Baron Benoni, whom he chanced to encounter in the street and who persuaded him to spend a few hours with him that he might hear a great musician play on the violin. Nino returned with him to his palazzo, where his host himself proved to be the marvelous musician, and also a man of extraordinary age and experience, who now seemed brimming with youthful vitality, and anon aged and withered. From this time the Baron became a menace to the young man's happiness; he made the acquaintance of Hedwig and her father and proceeded at once to pay marked attention to the beautiful girl, who from the first shrank from him, while her father encouraged the aged suitor on account of his reputed wealth.

A few days after Nino's interview with Hedwig the Conte di Lira disappeared from Rome with his household. A parting line from Hedwig had told Nino that their destination was Paris, and he immediately accepted an engagement in that city; but no trace of Hedwig and her father could be found; and then he sang in London, searching that city also in vain. He was ill and worn with anxiety, and begged me to aid him, if it were in my power to do so; and I, Signor Grandi, made up my mind that I would leave no stone unturned to restore my boy's happiness and peace of mind. During a visit I had had from the eccentric Baron Benoni (who, some say, is no other than the Wandering Jew himself), I learned that in all likelihood the Conte di Lira had never left Italy, but had sought some mountain stronghold in which to immure his obstinate daughter. In the watches of the night I thought over my resources, which were but meager. In order to undertake my quest I must have at least a thousand francs; how was I to obtain such a sum? Then I bethought me of my little vineyard beyond Porta Salara; and after some difficulty, and by taking considerably less than my land was worth, I found myself in possession of the necessary

funds, and started for Palestrina, because all foreigners go there, and also because there one gets news from all other parts of the mountains.

I had not been long in this vicinity when I heard of a "*gran signore*, who had gone to live at Fillettino—a crazy man, with a daughter as beautiful as an angel."

It was a tiresome journey, but at last I found myself at Fillettino, and secured lodgings close by a certain frowning castle that loomed up high above the town; its new tenant had taken it for a year, I was informed, having already expended much money in furnishings.

I learned also, that there was a third inmate of the castle: an elderly gentleman who rode out with the others frequently. This proved to be Baron Benoni, who had told me he was off for Austria.

On the third day after my arrival I called upon the Baron; our interview was not marked by cordiality on his side, or friendliness on mine; but as I left the outer hall I had a glimpse of the sad countenance of Hedwig; I had in my pocket a letter to her from Nino, which I had promised to deliver whenever the chance arose. After being bowed out by the Baron, I rang the bell again and when the servant reappeared gave him the letter for his mistress, and with it a hundred francs to deliver it to her. "If you bring me an answer here at this hour to-morrow," I told him, "I will give you as much more."

The following morning I learned from the servant that at the earliest opportunity I should have an interview with the Contessina. He would come for me some evening after eight and would conduct me into the castle by a secret passage.

A whole week passed without the coming of the summons, but I had cheering news in a letter from Nino, which told me his engagement was over and that he would join me at once.

Picture to yourself how I looked and felt, a sober old professor, stealing out at night wrapped in a cloak, as dark and shabby as any conspirator's, threading my way behind the servant who had come to guide me. It was a perilous trip, skirting rocks and mounting winding stairs and hurrying through narrow passages; at last I stood in the presence of Hedwig von Lira. In the brief interview that followed I learned of the mental

sufferings which were her portion. Her father intended to keep her here a prisoner until she consented to marry the abhorred Benoni, who made her life miserable by his hated attentions. I learned from her sweet lips that she loved Nino madly and would love him forever. Poor, beautiful, tormented Hedwig! I did my best to cheer her and told her that Nino was on the way and might be there to-morrow. I asked if she could meet me at this place upon the following night; and she assured me she would do her best to be there.

The next morning brought Nino, whose first words, after greeting me, were those of anxious inquiry concerning Hedwig; after I had told him my story, we discussed what course was best for him to pursue. Nino declared that he would see the Count once more and would again make honorable offer of his hand in marriage, from which I tried in vain to dissuade him.

"Take my advice, Nino," I said. "Carry her off first, and ask permission afterward. It is much better."

But he insisted that his was the more honorable way; and that Hedwig would be more inclined for flight after it had been tried if it should prove fruitless.

Nino rode out planning to meet the Count, and before he returned the fateful meeting had taken place. Once more the young man had asked the Count for his daughter's hand, assuring him that he had now an ample income and an assured position as an artist. To all this the Count had responded that he would have none of an alliance with a "man of the people," a "plebeian," who was also a man of uncertain fortune, and, worst of all, an "artist." And so they parted.

Hedwig meanwhile was left alone with Baron Benoni, who took this opportunity to press his suit, which the young lady coldly refused. Then, angered by her dismissal, the Baron became intolerably insulting, insisting that she must marry him to reclaim that reputation which she had thrown away for the young singer, who was not worth a thought from her; but his slanders did not trouble Hedwig, who loved and trusted Nino.

Promptly upon the Count's return his daughter poured into his ears an indignant account of the Baron's insulting conduct and high-handed method of trying to wring from her a consent to his proposal. The Count, although himself something of a

tyrant, did not relish the treatment of his daughter by the Baron, and promised her that he would dismiss his suit at once and take her wherever she chose to go if she would relinquish all thoughts of the singer. Hedwig's gentle pleading proved of no avail; and so she made up her mind to take her happiness into her own hands, which meant to place it in those of Nino.

Briefly, then, on this very evening Hedwig stole quietly down the long winding staircase, leaving a note to tell her father that she had gone; and a few moments later the lovers were locked in each other's arms. What Nino said, and what responses were made by his adored one, need not be chronicled by one who stood close by merely to keep guard over the stout mules which had been provided for the flight. The gorge we had to descend was steep and most precipitous; but there was some light from the moon to guide us and the trusty mules carried us safely. At last we reached a place where Nino could find lodgings for us at a little inn. Here we had rest and some refreshment, and here till dawn Nino kept guard outside his lady's door lest they should be overtaken and discovered; then early in the morning the ceremony was performed, at which I was a witness.

This is the story of the Roman singer whose great genius is making such a stir in the world. I have told it to you, because people must not think that he did wrong to carry Hedwig von Lira away from her father, nor that Hedwig was so very unfilial and heartless. I know that they were both right, and the day will come when old Lira will acknowledge it.

As for Benoni, the Count himself became convinced during a heated interview which took place between them, that he was hardly sane; and this belief was soon verified by the following line in a certain paper: "Baron Benoni, the wealthy banker, who was many years ago an inmate of a private lunatic asylum in Paris, is reported to be dangerously insane in Rome."

They are happy and glad together, those two hearts that never knew love save for each other, and they will be happy always. Perhaps you will say that there is nothing in this story but love. And if so, it is well; for where there is naught else there can surely be no sinning, nor wrong-doing, nor weakness, nor meanness; nor aught that is not pure and undefiled.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD CROCKETT

(Scotland, 1860)

THE LILAC SUNBONNET (1894)

This was its author's fourth novel, and it is one of the most popular and characteristic of his pictures of Scottish life.



RALPH PEDEN lay well content under a thorn-bush that grew beside the Grannoch water. It was the second day of his sojourning in Galloway, as on the previous day he had arrived at the home of Allan Welsh, minister of the Marrow Kirk, in the parish of Dullarg, bearing with him a quaintly sealed and delicately written letter from his father in Edinburgh.

This letter, which Ralph duly delivered, explained that the bearer was being fitted for the ministry and was trysted to "the kirk of the Marrow, the sole repository of orthodox truth in Scotland." It also requested the recipient to take the young man under his guidance for a season, and to assist him with his studies, and also to discover whether the lad had a heart; "for," added the writer, who was Allan Welsh's old friend and fellow-minister, "he shews it not to me."

The subject of these remarks was a tall, clean-limbed young fellow, with a student's pallor on his handsome, clear-cut face; he had dark-brown curls clustering over a white forehead, and eyes that were steadfast and true. He had lived all his life with his father in an old house in James's Court, Edinburgh, and had been trained to think more of a professor's opinion on his Hebrew exercise than of a woman's opinion on any subject whatever.

Ralph, being a natural student, had devoted himself to his

books, and had found in them his greatest pleasure and recreation. He was reserved and distant with his companions, and although he had reached the age of twenty-four years he never had felt aught but indifference for the other sex.

On this summer day Ralph had come out into the morning air with his note-book and his Hebrew lexicon, prepared for a day of uninterrupted study. But soon his peace and quietude was disturbed by the arrival upon the scene of two young women carrying pails of water and other necessary adjuncts for a Galloway blanket-washing. This interruption, which was not at all pleasing to the devout student, would have had the effect of driving him away at once, had it not been that his attention was arrested by the beauty and charm of one of the maidens.

This was Winifred, better known as Winsome Charteris, a very important young person, to whose beauty and wit the poets of three parishes did vain reverence.

She had golden hair, crisping and tendriling over her brow, blue eyes, to which no poet ever had done justice, and a mouth the description of which had already wrecked three promising literary reputations. Her figure was tall and shapely, and she wore a light summer gown and a lilac sunbonnet, which hung by the strings upon her shoulders.

This seemed to Ralph a singularly attractive bit of color in the landscape, and he did not resent it, but continued to gaze upon it with increasing interest.

Soon the blanket-washing reached a point where the delicacy of the onlooker's feelings would not allow him to linger longer, as he saw one maid tuck up her skirts in a professional manner and step barefoot into the tub, at which spectacle he fled precipitately.

His departure was noted by Winsome just as he was disappearing from view, and she was much amused at the apparent timidity of the young stranger, who in his haste had left his books behind. These were at once discovered by the merry lass, who immediately appropriated them and took them home, prepared to restore them to their rightful owner the following day—all but the note-book, in which she read these words faintly penciled: "Of all colors I do love the lilac. I wonder all maids do not wear gowns of that hue!"

Winsome sighed a little and looked at the lilac sunbonnet.

"At any rate, he has very good taste," she said, but the lilac sunbonnet said never a word.

The following day Winsome returned to the scene of the blanket-washing, taking with her the books, and came face to face with their owner, who had come in search of his property. He introduced himself to his fair companion, who returned his books, and when he began his search for his missing note-book he was aided in his quest by the deceitful Winsome, who had this property safely tucked away in the bosom of her gown.

So Ralph and Winsome continued the search, and when from time to time they came close together, the propinquity of the girl's flushed cheek and mazy ringlets stirred something in the lad's heart that never had been touched before, and his father, had he witnessed the scene on that "broomy knowe," might have been fearful of that heart's too sudden awakening.

Winsome, who found herself strongly attracted to the young stranger, conducted him to her home and introduced him to her grandparents, with whom she lived. Here Ralph received a cordial welcome; his father was an old and valued friend of the aged couple, and they offered the hospitality of their house to Gilbert Peden's son.

Ralph's admiration for Winsome warmed rapidly into a love so intense that everything else paled before it, and his devotion to his books and his calling seemed completely overshadowed.

The ministry of the Marrow Kirk, which called for his entire allegiance and forbade his thoughts to dwell on worldly things, no longer appealed to him, and he realized that the love Winsome had awakened in his heart took precedence over every other emotion he had experienced.

The only obstacle to his love-making, besides Winsome's own reluctance to acknowledge her surrender, was Jess Kissock, a young and pretty serving-maid who had conceived a violent affection for the young student and did everything in her power to come between him and her mistress. She intercepted notes and did various things that caused trouble between the lovers, and endeavored to make Winsome believe that Ralph was disloyal to her.

While affairs were in this unsettled condition, Ralph received a letter from his father requesting him to return to Edin-

burgh to go before the presbytery of the Marrow Kirk to pass the examination for his license. Upon the receipt of this communication Ralph felt a tingling sense of shame, as he realized that he had of late neglected his studies, and had paid more attention to his growing volume of poems than he had to his discourses for a license. He spent a night and a day in silent self-accusation, during which he searched his heart and questioned whether, indeed, he were fit for the high office of minister in Marrow kirk, and whether he could now accept that narrow creed and take up conscientiously the work for which he had been prepared.

He recalled the years spent upon his Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and in acquiring the knowledge of the great truths of the protesting Kirk, though he realized that through it all his bent had really been toward literature. The books of verses that he kept under lock and key were the only things he ever had concealed from his father, and since he had come to man's estate, the articles he had covertly sent to the *Edinburgh Magazine* were manifest tokens of the natural trend of his mind.

This call to Edinburgh, he reflected, did not mean the giving up of Winsome; his father could not utterly refuse his consent; and though he might urge a long delay, he surely would not blight his son's happiness.

Ralph decided to write Winsome at once, asking her to see him again before his departure, and despatched a letter in which he said:

“I am at the cross-roads, and I cannot tell which way to go. But I am sure that you can tell me, for your word shall be to me as the whisper of a kind angel. Meet me to-night, I beseech you, for ere long I must go very far away, and I have much to say to thee, my beloved. Believing that you will grant me this request—for it is the first time and may be the last—and with all my heart going out to thee, I am the man who truly loves thee.

“RALPH PEDEN.”

This note fell into the hands of the unfaithful Jess, who opened it, perused it, and then, for reasons of her own, resealed it and delivered it to her mistress. With a tumultuous heart Winsome read her lover's words, and without a moment's hesitation sat down and penned the following line, “I shall be at the gate of the hill pasture at ten o'clock to-night,” and gave it to Jess to deliver to the messenger who waited for an answer.

But, before doing this, the wily Jess, who was clever with her pen, substituted another message, which read: "Meet me at the water-side bridge at ten o'clock."

Thrilled with the subtle hope of strange possibilities, Ralph waited at the place of his love-tryst, and soon heard a light foot-step and saw a dark shape coming toward him against the faint gray glimmer of the loch. It was his love, and she had come out to him at his bidding; he opened his arms to receive her, and for the first time in his life drew them to him again not empty.

The thrill electric of the contact, the yielding quiescence of the girl whom he held to his breast, stilled his heart's tumultuous beating. She raised her head, and their lips drew together in a long kiss. What was this thing? It was a kiss in which he tasted a strange alien flavor even through the passion of it. A sense of wrong and disappointment flowed round Ralph's heart.

"Beloved," he said tenderly, looking down, "you are very good to me to come!"

For all reply a face was held close pressed to his. He passed his hand across the ripples of her hair.

It was harder in texture than he had fancied Winsome's hair would be. He had thought a woman's hair was like floss silk —at least Winsome's, for he had theorized about none other.

"Winsome, dear!" he said, again bending his head to look down, "I have to go far away, and I wanted to tell you. You are not angry with me, sweetest, for asking you to come? I could not go without bidding you good-by, and in the daytime I might not have seen you alone. You know that I love you with all my life and all my heart. And you love me—at least a little. Tell me, beloved!"

Still there was no answer. Ralph waited with some certitude and ease from pain, for indeed the clasping arms told him all he wished to know.

There was a brightness low in the west. The shawl fell back like a hood from off the girl's shoulders. She looked up throbbing and palpitating. Ralph Peden was clasping Jess Kissock in his arms! His heart stopped beating for a tremendous interval of seconds. Then the dammed-back blood-surge drove

thundering in his ears. He swayed, and would have fallen but for the parapet of the bridge and the clinging arms about his neck. All his nature and love in full career stopped dead. The shock almost unhinged his soul and reason. It was still so dark that, though he could see the outline of her head and the paleness of her face, nothing held him but the intense and vivid fascination of her eyes. Ralph would have broken away, indignant and amazed, but her arms and eyes held him close prisoner, the dismayed turmoil in his own heart aiding.

“Yes, Ralph Peden,” said Jess Kissock, cleaving to him, “and you hate me because it is I and not another. You think me a wicked girl to come to you in her place. But you called her because you loved her, and I have come because I loved you as much. Have I not as much right? Do not dream that I came for aught but that. Have I not as good a right to love as you? Yet I know you will despise me for loving you, and hate me for coming in her place.”

“I do not hate you!” said Ralph, striving to go, for in spite of his anger and disappointment his heart was somewhat touched by the girl’s confession.

Suddenly out of the darkness came a cry, a woman’s cry of pain, anger, and danger, which said, “Ralph! Ralph! come to me—come!” and recognizing the voice of his love, Ralph Peden sprang from the hands that were holding him and plunged into the darkness of the wood whence the cry had come.

True to her promise, at the appointed hour Winsome had come to keep her tryst, and had found waiting for her a cloaked figure who instantly enclosed her in his strong arms. Suddenly she felt her breath shorten. She panted as if she could not get air, like the bird as it flutters and palpitates.

“Oh, I ought not to have come!” she said, “but I could not help it!”

There was no word in answer, only a closer folding of the arms that encircled her.

When for the first time she looked shyly upward, Winsome found herself in the arms of Agnew Greatorix, a rejected suitor of rich and influential connections, who, on account of his unprincipled life, was held in hatred and dread by those who knew him.

Wrapped in his great military cloak, with a triumphant look in his handsome face, he smiled down upon her.

“Winsome, my darling!” he said, “you have come to me. You are mine”—bending his face to hers. She pushed against him with her hands, straining him from her by the rigid tension of her arms, setting her face far from his, but she was still unable to break the clasp of his arms about her.

“Let me go! let me go!” she cried, in a hoarse and laboring whisper.

“Gently, gently, fair and softly, my birdie!” said Great-rix; “surely you have not forgotten that you sent for me to meet you here. Well, I am here, and I am not such a fool as to come for nothing!”

The very impossibility of words steeled Winsome’s heart.

“I send for you!” cried Winsome; “I never had message or word with you in my life to give you a right to touch me with your little finger. Let me go, and this instant, Agnew Great-rix!”

“Winsome, sweetest girl, it pleases you to jest. Have not I your own letter in my pocket telling me where to meet you? Did you not write it? I am not angry. You can play out your play and pretend you do not care for me as much as you like; but I will not let you go. I have loved you too long, though till now you were cruel and would give me no hope. So when I got your letter I knew it was love, after all, that had been in your eyes as I rode away.”

“Listen,” said Winsome eagerly; “there is some terrible mistake; I never wrote a line to you—”

“It matters not; it was to me that your letter came, brought by a messenger to the castle an hour ago. So here I am; and here you are, my beauty, and we shall just make the best of it, as lovers should when the nights are short.”

He closed his arms about her; a numbness and a deadness spread through her being as he compelled her nearer to him. Her head spun round with the fear of fainting.

“Ralph! Ralph! Help me—help! Oh, come to me!” she cried in her extremity of terror and oncoming rigor of unconsciousness.

The next moment she dropped limp and senseless into the

arms of Agnew Greatorix, and he, laying her senseless body on the heather, was about to take his will from her lips, now pale and defenseless, when something that had been crouching, beastlike, in the heather for an hour, suddenly sprang upon him and gripping him by the throat bore him backward to the ground. This opportune interference came from demented Jack Gordon, usually harmless and inoffensive, but a warm champion and admirer of Winsome, who, hearing her cries, had rushed to her rescue, and in his insane fury had almost killed Greatorix before he and his victim were dragged apart.

Ralph reached the scene in time to carry his unconscious love to a place of safety, where she soon recovered her senses, and except for the shock was none the worse for her terrible experience.

The following day Ralph had an interview with Allan Welsh, in which the latter expressed his strong disapproval of his marriage with Winsome and said he should do all in his power to prevent it. When Ralph declared he never would give her up, Welsh replied that there was an insurmountable obstacle which must prevent their union. He then explained that he was Winsome's own father, though the fact was known only to her grandparents and to Ralph's father, who had been his dearest friend in their youth, when Gilbert Peden had been betrothed to Winsome's mother. He, Welsh, had played the false friend, and, winning the love of Peden's betrothed, had eloped with her when she was on the eve of her marriage. The eloping couple fled without the blessing of minister or kirk, but were joined by a "welder" of Gretna Green, which did not make the marriage legal, and in consequence, Winsome, who was the child of this union, was illegitimate and never could properly be mated with a minister of the Marrow Kirk. The mother, who had died in giving her birth, had left behind a broken-hearted companion who had tried in his long years of ministry to expiate the sin he had committed.

After hearing this revelation, which greatly astonished him, Ralph was more than ever convinced that his duty to Winsome came before that to the kirk, and, telling Welsh of this decision, he took an affectionate farewell of his love and went to his father in Edinburgh. The elder Peden was much displeased when he

learned from his son that Allan Welsh had expelled him from his house, and said that he could not receive him under his roof until he had proved himself innocent of wrong-doing before the presbytery.

Ralph went at once to the house of an uncle, who was an "outcast of the true faith," but who gladly sheltered his nephew during this trying time.

Ralph, having made the decision to give up his ministerial career, devoted himself to literary pursuits, and was soon able to make Winsome his wife and to overcome his father's displeasure.

A parting glimpse of this united couple, some years later, shows them in their own home and with their children about their knees. They are the same devoted lovers as of yore. Little five-year-old Mistress Winifred appears upon the scene, bedecked in an old sunbonnet, which is frayed and faded and has lost both strings. Ralph stoops and kisses it and the face under it, and then looks up and kisses his wife, who is still his sweetheart; for the love the lilac sunbonnet had brought them so many years ago is still fresh with the dew of their youth.

GEORGE CROLY

(Ireland, 1780—England, 1860)

SALATHIEL, A STORY OF THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE (1827)

This is the author's chief novel. It is founded on the ancient legend of the Wandering Jew. The first account of this legendary person is the narrative of Matthew Paris, of the thirteenth century, and he has since formed the inspiration for many stories, notably that by Eugene Sue. He has been reported as having been met with in various lands and towns, the last rumor to that effect coming from England in the year 1830.



"ARRY THOU TILL I COME!" The words shot through me—I felt them like an arrow in my heart—my brain whirled—my eyes grew dim. The troops, the priests, the populace, the world, passed away from before my senses like phantoms. But my mind had a horrible clearness. The whole expanse of the future spread under my mental gaze. I saw at once the whole guilt of my crime—the fierce folly—the mad ingratitude—the desperate profanation. I lived over again in frightful distinctness every act and instant of the night of my unspeakable sacrilege. Accursed be the night in which I fell before the tempter! Every fiber of my frame quivers, every drop of my blood curdles, as I still hear the echo of the anathema, that on the night of wo sprang first from my lips: "HIS BLOOD BE UPON US, AND UPON OUR CHILDREN!"

I heard through all the voices of Jerusalem—I should have heard through all the thunders of heaven—the calm, low voice: "Tarry thou till I come!"

I felt my fate at once! Immortality on Earth!—the compulsion of perpetual existence in a world made for change. I

would rather have been blown about on the storms of every region of the universe.

Immortality on Earth!—I was still in the vigor of life; but must it be always so? Might I not sink into a perpetual sickbed, decrepitude, pain, disease, madness? Yet this was to be borne for ages and ages!

Immortality on Earth!—I was to survive my country. I was to feel the still keener misery of surviving all whom I loved. In the world I must remain, and remain alone.

Overwhelmed with despair, I rushed through Jerusalem. It was the time of the Passover and the city was crowded. Terror exhausted me; and, throwing myself on the ground under the shade of a palm-tree, I fell asleep. When I awoke a trumpet sounded from the Temple. It was the signal for the daily sacrifice, and this day's service fell to me. I rose and found my way to my home, and dressed for the altar. At the close of the sacrifice the trampling of multitudes, and cries of fury and fear, echoed round the Temple, and a gloom overspread the sky. The darkness deepened, the blackness of night fell far and fearful upon the horizon. I felt that I was the cause of this calamity, and I determined at once to fly from my priesthood, from my kindred and my country. Through the solid gloom I made my way to my dwelling, and found my wife in terror. I threw off my priestly robe, and followed by my wife, with our child in her arms, I went forth. I left wealth behind me, but I cared not for that.

I made my way among the crowds that strewed the court of the Gentiles. Everyone was prostrate with terror. Suddenly a large sphere of fire shot fiercely through the heavens. It stopped above the city and exploded with a thunderous sound, covering the Temple with a blaze of light that showed every outline of the architecture. Again, all vanished, and I heard the roar of an earthquake. In the next moment I felt the ground give way beneath me, a sulphurous vapor took away my breath, and I was swept away in a whirlwind of dust and ashes!

When I recovered all was changed. I was in a tent, and Miriam, my wife, was beside me. I had been flung under the shelter of one of those caves which abound in the gorges of the mountains around Jerusalem, and Miriam and her infant were

at my side. A troop of our kinsmen found us and brought us on their camels to Samaria.

I pass over some years. The sunshine of life was gone; I found myself incapable of contentment. I protest against being charged with ambition; but I was weary of the utter unproductiveness of the animal enjoyments with which the multitude round me were content. I longed for an opportunity of contributing my mite to the solid possessions by which posterity is wiser, happier, or purer than the generation before it. I was not grieved by the change which I saw overshadowing the gorgeous empire of Rome.

I followed my tribe on their annual progress to the Holy City. Trumpets now rang; I recognized the charging shout of the Romans. I found my kinsmen in front, battling desperately against the long spears of a Roman column, and burst into the circle of their spears, waving my standard. I was hailed with shouts, and the men of Naphtali claimed me for their own. In one night the Holy City was cleared of every foot of the idolater.

At a meeting of the council, Onias, who had been High Priest, was opposed to war with Rome. His had been a life of ambition. By the dagger, and by subserviency to the Roman procurators, he had risen to the highest rank below the throne. He wished to send an embassy to the proconsul, and his words were received with applause. My voice was at length heard; the name of Salathiel had become powerful.

“War,” I exclaimed, “is wisdom, honor, security.”

My words were few, but they were followed by shouts for instant battle. The result of our deliberation was that Israel should make a last grand effort. With me, every pulse was now for war. Attempts had been made by our rulers to propitiate the Roman emperor, but their answer was the march of a legion to Jerusalem.

I returned to my home to find it in ruins, and my wife and daughters gone, I knew not where. My brain had received an overwhelming blow, and for a time I was mad, but not all my madness was painful. Books, my old delight, still lulled my mind. I imagined myself the great King of Babylon, Belshazzar. I sat in the halls of glory; then I was driven out to sea in a bark that let in every wave. I struggled to reach the

land. My visitation changed. . . . I wandered at midnight through a country of mountains. Worn out with fatigue, I lay down upon a rock. I heard a thunder-peal, and soon the mountains were in flames. I ran, I flew, with scorching feet. The land afforded no further room for flight, and I stood on the verge of the ocean. Death was inevitable, and so I plunged into the sea.

Then I was Prometheus on his rock. . . . I strayed through an Egyptian city; all was silence. . . . I lay in the sepulcher, but with the full vividness of life, and with a perfect knowledge that there it was my doom to lie forever.

The past returned to my mind. With the increase of my strength, I became a wanderer to great distances among the mountains. My kinsmen with whom I dwelt could not restrain me. One evening I wandered to the sea, and saw a large war-galley running before the wind. Constantius, the commander of the vessel, was a Greek. To warn the galley of the nearness of the shore, I gathered brushwood and set it on fire. I rushed into the surf as the wrecked vessel came to land, and grasped a human form that proved to be Miriam. My daughters, too, were rescued.

We returned to our kinsmen, who had rebuilt our home. Public events had rapidly ripened in my absence. A menial in my house was detected with letters from an agent of the Roman governor. They required details of my habits and resources.

Jubal, the son of Miriam's brother Eleazar, wished to marry my daughter Salome, but she refused him for she had given her heart to Constantius, who was our guest. I sternly reprimanded her, and commanded her to marry Jubal. She appeared to consent, and preparations for the marriage went forward. When the wedding-day arrived she had eloped with Constantius. A servant brought me a letter describing two fugitives who had made their escape to Cesarea. I was instantly on horseback, and entered the gates of the city just as they were about to be closed for the night. My attendant went forth to obtain information. My door opened, soldiers entered, and I was arrested. They led me to the palace, where I was taken before Gessius Florus. I spent the night in prison, and was then put

on board ship for Rome. Nero was to be my judge, and I was brought before him in his palace, where he was teaching Greek words to a parrot. I was taken to a cell. As the sun sank, the door of my cell opened, and a masked figure stood upon the threshold. He gave me the dress of a Roman slave, which I put on, and followed him. The palace was in confusion. At the extremity of the gardens we found horses, and mounted. We rode furiously until we were a few miles from Rome. The city was on fire. We rode back through indescribable scenes of terror and confusion, and reached a palace where fire streamed from every window. My companion was in despair on seeing a woman at one of the windows. I plunged in and ran from room to room. I saw my child, Salome, insensible on the floor, and bore her in my arms to the window. She saw my disfigured face and rushed away from me, and I fell to the floor.

I awoke with a sensation of pain in every limb. An old woman and her husband had discovered me among the ruins, and I was now in their home. They were Jews, and the husband went out and brought some elders of our people. I was carried to their house of assemblage. The conflagration of Rome continued for six days.

An imperial edict was proclaimed pardoning all offenses on the part of whosoever should discover any Christians. My safety was important to the Jewish cause. Money soon effected the discovery of a Christian assemblage; I appeared before the pretor with my documents, and received the imperial pardon. The Christians were seized; they were to be executed in the gardens of the imperial palace. I was to form a part of the ceremony, and my national dress fixed every eye on me. A portal of the arena opened and the combatant was led in. His eyes turned on mine. It was Constantius! All my rancor vanished. He fought a lion, and at last lay motionless on the ground. There was a struggle at the portal; a woman rushed in and flung herself upon the victim. It was Salome! I sprang upon my feet; I called her name, then plunged into the arena by her side. The lion sprang upon me, but it was killed by Constantius. Nero waved a signal to the guards; the portal was opened, and my children led me from the arena.

We returned to Judea. I was in the midst of our harvest

when I received the formidable summons to present myself before Florus, who had heard of my opulence. I determined to retire into the mountains and defy him, so I summoned the chief men of the tribe. With Eleazar and Constantius I cast my eyes over the map, and an attack on Masada was finally planned. Constantius was to march at dusk, and attempt the fortress by surprise. Meantime, Eleazar was to rouse his retainers, and I was to await at their head the result of the enterprise, and if successful, unfurl the standard of Naphtali and advance on Jerusalem.

My preparations were quickly made. I put on an Arabian turban, and mounted my favorite barb. After riding some distance I was overtaken by a Roman squadron and made prisoner, and was taken before Florus. By pretending to be a juggler I escaped, and rode rapidly toward Masada. I lost my way, so I dismounted, and wandered about in the darkness. Presently my foot struck against a human body. It was Constantius, who lay wounded. He had attacked the fortress, but without success. I suggested the possibility of gaining the fortress by a renewal of the attack. This was done; we overcame the Romans, and I became master of the strongest fortress in Palestine! The first decided blow of the war was given. I had incurred the full wrath of Rome; the trench between me and forgiveness was impassable.

I ordered the great standard of Naphtali to be hoisted on the citadel. The huge scarlet folds spread out, majestically displaying the emblem of our tribe, the Silver Stag.

I decided on making a rapid march to Jerusalem. Before the week was over I was at the head of a hundred thousand men, the champion of a great country.

My family joined me in Masada. Eleazar took charge of them, and also of the command of Masada. By the next dawn the trumpet sounded for the march, and I went forth with my army. We repulsed the Romans outside the walls of Jerusalem, and I determined to give the enemy no respite. The whole preparation for the siege of Jerusalem fell into our hands. Then was the hour to have struck the final blow for freedom. The walls of Bethhoron, manned only with the wreck of the troops that we had routed from all their positions, could offer no im-

pediment to hands and hearts like ours. I ordered an immediate assault. We were twice repulsed, and I headed the third attack myself. I was at the summit of fortune! In the next moment I felt a sudden shock; darkness covered my eyes, and I fell headlong. I awoke in a dungeon.

In that dungeon I lay for two years! How I lived, or how I bore existence, I now have no conception. I was not mad nor altogether insensible to things about me, and I made no attempt to escape. Cold, heat, hunger, waking, sleep, were the calendar of my year.

Here Jubal found me at last, and together we made our escape, taking refuge in a cave of smugglers. They had had word that the Romans were pursuing them, and they put to sea, though stormy the night, taking us with them. We met the Roman fleet and attacked it, doing considerable damage. I climbed up the side of a Roman trireme, torch in hand, and I was a wild and formidable apparition to men already harassed out of all courage. They plunged overboard, and I was monarch of the finest war-galley on the coast of Syria. But I was alone, and the ship was on fire. The first sense of triumph was past, and I found myself deserted. On the back of a huge wave the ship shot out to sea, a flying pyramid of fire.

A sheet of lightning wrapped sea and sky. It struck the hold of my trireme, and there was an explosion. It rose to the surface from a prodigious depth, then I was engulfed in a whirlpool. At last I was thrown up to the surface in a little bay sheltered by hills. The retiring waves left me; I lay down among some trees and fainted. This occurred on a small island near the mainland. After several days I swam across the water, and, reaching the mainland, set out for Jerusalem, guided by sun and star. I reached Masada only to find the city in ruins, the Romans having conquered and destroyed it. I wandered through the streets and cried aloud, and met Jubal, who told me my family had gone to Alexandria.

“By dawn,” said I, “we must set out for Jerusalem.”

That night a squadron of Roman cavalry, marching to Jerusalem, entered the village where we were staying, and we were taken prisoners. The cavalry moved at daybreak, and at night we saw on the horizon the hills surrounding Jerusalem. Our

final station was upon the hill of Scopas, seven furlongs from Jerusalem. I now saw Jerusalem only in her final struggle. Others have given the history of that most memorable siege, but my own knowledge was limited to the last hideous days of an existence long declining.

A midnight tempest aroused me; a flash of lightning struck the tower in which I was confined. A column of infantry passed while I was extricating myself from the ruins, and I followed them.

I wandered day by day, an utter stranger, through Jerusalem. All the familiar faces were gone. I had rescued Constantius, but he was so severely wounded that I could not question him regarding my family. In the furious warfare that went on within the walls of the city, I took my share with the rest; handled the spear, and fought and watched without thinking of any distinction of rank.

On the night that the fatal wall was completed, and Titus was going its round in triumph, I led an attack against the Romans. They were surprised, and we repulsed them and fired the rampart. A fearful storm came up, and flight was in vain. The weapons were seen to drop from the Jewish host, and despair seized upon our souls. The whole multitude scattered silently, with soundless steps, like an army of specters.

In the deepest dejection I returned to the city. On my way to my comfortless shelter I heard the singing of a hymn, as I passed a large building. I thought I knew the voices. I struck open the door, and beheld my wife and daughters. I took them to my lodging, and to Constantius.

It was the season of the Passover, and the sons of Judea were once more filling the courts of the city. The enemy, evidently disheartened by their late losses and the destruction of the rampart, remained collected in their camps. The hope of treaty with the besiegers was now nearly desperate. My name was high; and my decided refusal of all command gave me an influence that threw more grasping ambition into the shade.

I had rescued Septimius, a Roman officer, and brought him to my house, where he remained my guest for some weeks. On returning from a walk one day, I found that he had left us, and my daughter Esther was missing. It was nearly midnight, but

I set out at once to see the Roman general. On my way I was taken prisoner and confined in a tower. From this place I was helped to escape by a minstrel, but was again taken prisoner and brought before Cestus. I was imprisoned in a huge country mansion, within sound of a fierce battle.

The war had progressed from one cruelty to another. To the Roman the Jew was a rebel, and he had a rebel's treatment. I made my escape and flew to the tent of Titus, to implore him to spare the life of Eleazar, who was to be crucified. I was admitted to his presence, but he refused to save Eleazar, and begged me to join the Roman forces. I refused to desert my countrymen.

"Spare Eleazar," was all that I could utter. Titus made a sign to a tribune, who flew to bear, if not too late, the command of mercy.

I was about to depart when a note was brought to Titus of a tenor that caused him to suspect me of the design of intending to assassinate him. He said he felt that he must detain me, but that my treatment should be honorable.

I was confined in a large building a few miles from the camp, but I made my escape at night and reached a little forest. On emerging from it, a long line of light to the south showed me where Jerusalem was struggling against an assault. I joined a multitude of Jews marching to the city. The Romans attacked us with partial success. But the population, once aroused, was terrible to an enemy fighting against walls and ramparts, and the assailants, after long slaughter on both sides, were drawn off at the sight of our columns moving from the hills. We thus marched in unassailed, a host of fifty thousand men. I was again arrested and confined in a dungeon, and shortly after midnight I was brought before the tribunal. Loud shouts soon put an end to the tribunal, and I was taken back to my dungeon. The enemy was attacking the citadel. In my cell daylight never came. The air grew close, as the heat increased, and at last the walls began to split under its intensity. There was an explosion, and I found myself at the bottom of a valley, with the tower of Antonia five hundred feet above me. I crept through the deserted entrenchments of the enemy, and reached the city. The whole force of the enemy had been

brought up for final assault, and every portion of the walls was the scene of unprecedented fury of battle. The Jews fought the enemy with the rage of wild beasts, and the legions at length established themselves in front of the Sanctuary, whereat a howl of wrath rose from the multitude. My attack had repelled the legionaries, and Titus, exhausted and dispirited, began to withdraw the routed columns from the front of the Temple. The inner Temple was in a blaze, for a new enemy had come—fire! The Romans rushed to the portal but they were doomed. They rushed back, tore down the veil, and the Holy of Holies stood open! On the sacred Ark the flames had no power.

Bleeding, blind, frantic, I still fought until I sank under a heap of dead. In defiance of all prediction, I now believed my death inevitable. Simultaneously I heard the shouts of the conquerors and the fall of the pillars of the Temple. I welcomed the living grave! In all the wildness of the uproar again I heard the voice: "**TARRY THOU TILL I COME!**" The world disappeared from before me!

Here I pause. My life as father, husband, and citizen was at an end. Thenceforth I was to be a solitary being. In revenge for the fall of Jerusalem, I traversed the globe to seek out an enemy of Rome. I stirred up the soul of Alaric and led him to the rock of Rome. In revenge for the insults heaped on the Jew in the city of Constantine, I sought out an instrument of compendious ruin, and found him in the Arabian sands, and I poured ambition into the soul of the enthusiast of Mecca. In revenge for the pollution of the ruins of the Temple, I roused the iron tribes of the West, and at the head of the crusaders expelled the Saracens.

A passion to pry into the mysteries of nature seized me, and I toiled with the alchemist. A passion for fame seized me, and I drew my sword in the Italian wars. Then a passion for gold seized me, so I found a bold Genoese and led him to the discovery of a new world.

But calmer and nobler aspirations were to rise in my melancholy heart. I saw at last the birth of true science, true liberty, and true wisdom. I lived with Petrarch, and stood enraptured

beside the easels of Angelo and Raphael. I conversed with the merchant kings of the Mediterranean, and stood at Mentz beside the wonder-working machine that makes knowledge imperishable. At the pulpit of the mighty man of Würtemberg I knelt; Israelite as I was, and am, I did voluntary homage to the mind of Luther!

I have more to tell—strange, magnificent, and sad.

But I must wait the impulse of my heart. Or, can the happy and the high-born, treading upon roses, have an ear for the story of the Exile, whose path has for a thousand years been in the brier and the thorn?

MARIA SUSANNA CUMMINS

(United States, 1827-1866)

THE LAMPLIGHTER (1854)

This story for young readers has been in constant demand for half a century. At the time of its publication it enjoyed an immediate popularity, second only to *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *The Scarlet Letter*, which were then the most recent successes in American fiction. Forty thousand copies of *The Lamplighter* were sold within the first two months and its authorized sales soon exceeded one hundred and twenty thousand copies. It was its author's first book and by far the most popular of her works. Originally written for the entertainment of a sick niece, to whom it brought great joy during a long illness, its author had no thought of its publication. The manuscript, however, soon found friends, at whose urgent request it was brought out anonymously. But its writer was soon identified as Miss Cummins, the fact that one of its characters was drawn closely from a recognizable person leading to the discovery of the author.



T was growing dark in the city. Upon the doorstep of a low-roofed, unwholesome-looking house sat a little girl, gazing up the street with much earnestness. She was scantily clad in garments of the poorest description, and her uncombed hair hung in a thick mass about her sharp and sallow little face. Her eyes were dark and handsome, but so unnaturally large that in contrast to her pinched features, they only increased the peculiarity of her appearance. She was but eight years old, and all alone in the world; no one loved her or treated her kindly, and she loved no one.

There was one thing only in which she found pleasure, and that was in watching for the coming of the old man who lighted the street-lamp in front of the house. To see the bright torch he carried flicker in the wind and then to see him run up his ladder and light the lamp so easily, was the one gleam of joy that was shed daily on her desolate little heart. She had never

spoken to the lamplighter nor had he ever apparently noticed her; nevertheless she felt as if he were a friend.

"Gerty," suddenly exclaimed a harsh voice within, "have you been for the milk?"

The child made no answer, but, gliding off the doorstep ran quickly round the corner of the house and hid a little out of sight. Her hiding-place was soon discovered by Nan Grant, the owner of the voice, and with one blow for her "ugliness" and another for her "impudence" Gerty was despatched for the milk.

She ran fast, fearing the lamplighter would come in her absence, and was rejoiced on her return to catch sight of him just going up his ladder. She stationed herself at the foot of it, and was so engaged in watching the bright flame that she did not observe when the man began to descend; and as he sprang to the ground he struck against her and she fell upon the pavement. "Hullo, my little one!" exclaimed he, "how's this?"

She was upon her feet in an instant; for she was so used to hard knocks that she did not mind a few bruises. But the milk! —it was all spilt.

"Well, now, I declare!" said the man, "that's too bad! what'll mammy say? Never mind if she does scold you a little. Tell her I did it. I'll bring you something to-morrow that I think you'll like. But didn't I hurt you? What was you doing with my ladder?"

"I was seeing you light the lamp," said Gerty, "and I ain't hurt a bit; but I wish I hadn't spilt the milk."

When Nan Grant came to the door she saw what had happened, and pulled the child into the house, with blows, threats, and profane and brutal language. The lamplighter tried to appease her; but she shut the door in his face. Gerty was scolded, beaten, deprived of the crust she usually got for her supper, and shut up in her dark attic for the night. Her mother had died in Nan Grant's house five years before; and she had been tolerated there since, because Nan had reasons of her own for keeping her, not caring to excite inquiries by trying to dispose of her elsewhere.

When Gerty found herself locked up for the night in the dark garret, she began to stamp and scream, tried to open the

door, and shouted: "I hate you, Nan Grant! Old Nan Gran, I hate you!" But nobody came near her; and, after a while, she grew more quiet, went and threw herself down on her miserable bed, and sobbed and cried until she was utterly exhausted; then gradually growing calmer she looked out of her miserable little window and saw shining down upon her one bright star. It seemed to say: "Gerty, poor little Gerty!" She thought it seemed like a kind face that she had seen a long time ago, and she fell asleep wondering who had lit it, and how the person who did so had managed to get up so high.

The following night Gerty was at her post to watch for her friend the lamplighter. When he came he greeted her kindly and put into her arms a little gray and white kitten. Gerty was delighted with the gift, but knowing Nan Grant would never consent to her keeping it, resolved to hide it in her garret.

For a month Gerty was able to keep her secret, feeding the kitten with scraps from her own poor meals, carrying it in and out of the house tucked away in her clothing and lavishing upon it all the affection of her half-starved nature. Then came the terrible moment when Nan, discovering the kitten devouring some remnants of food on the table, seized it and flung it into a kettle of boiling water, where the poor little animal struggled and writhed in torture for a moment and then died.

All the fury of Gerty's nature was aroused by this cruel action, and seizing a stick of wood which lay near her, she hurled it at Nan with all her strength, striking her in the head and making a wound that caused the blood to flow.

Nan's anger against Gerty was so great that she hardly felt the blow, and seizing her roughly she thrust her out of the house, saying, "Ye'll never darken my doors again, yer imp of wickedness"; and the child was left alone in the cold, dark night.

When Gerty found herself in the street, horror and grief at the fate of the only thing she loved in the world filled her soul, and crouching against the house with her face hid in her hands she gave vent to a succession of piercing shrieks. From this state of misery she was rescued by Trueman Flint, the lamplighter, who, after fruitlessly endeavoring to make her peace with Nan Grant, took her with him to his own home.

Trueman, or True Flint, as he was generally called, was a

middle-aged bachelor who lived by himself in the rear of a two-story house, where he took the entire care of himself and his rooms. He had come to Boston (where the scene of this story is laid) at the age of fifteen, a penniless orphan, and since that time had supported himself by whatever employment he could obtain.

Before becoming a lamplighter he had worked for a wealthy merchant, Mr. Graham, in whose employ he had sustained an injury which had incapacitated him for further hard labor. Appreciating his faithful services Mr. Graham had secured for him his present place, and he and his blind daughter Emily had been True's generous benefactors for many years.

Gerty's first real experience of comfort and happiness was when, seated by True's blazing fire, she shared his simple supper. Later, when she had fallen into a troubled sleep she murmured plaintively: "Dear, good old man, let me stay with you, do let me stay."

To this petition, True, who was of a kind and deeply religious nature, responded: "Stay with me, so you shall, poor little birdie, all alone in this big world; so am I. Please God we'll bide together."

Through a severe illness that followed, Gerty was tenderly nursed by her kind protector, assisted by a sympathetic neighbor, Mrs. Sullivan, the widow of a clergyman, who had died when her only son, Willie, was an infant; since that time she had made her home with her father, a sexton named Cooper, a warm friend of Trueman Flint's.

Mrs. Sullivan was a noble and God-fearing woman whose life was an example to all who knew her. Her son was a handsome and manly little fellow three years Gerty's senior, who showed plainly the result of his mother's careful training.

Several years of happiness for Gerty followed her advent into the home of Trueman Flint; and in the Christian atmosphere which surrounded her she became a docile and obedient girl. Her devotion to the kind lamplighter was unbounded and she endeavored in every way to repay him for the kindness he had shown her. The last year of True's life he was a great invalid, being rendered almost helpless by a paralytic shock, and Gerty was his devoted nurse and loving companion. Be-

fore his death the anxiety he felt with regard to leaving Gerty was greatly relieved by the assurance of Miss Graham that Gerty should always have a home with her.

Gerty had now reached the age of thirteen, and ever since her coming to the home of Trueman Flint she and Willie Sullivan had been inseparable companions. The two children loved each other deeply, and Willie's influence over Gerty, which was always of the best, inspired in her a feeling akin to worship.

After going to live with Miss Graham, Gerty was sent to a private school and educated to become a teacher.

A great sorrow came to her before long in the departure of Willie for Calcutta, where he was sent by his employer for a stay of several years. Before leaving, Willie took an affectionate farewell of Gerty and received her promise to look after his mother and grandfather.

By the time Gerty had reached the age of eighteen years she had developed into a charming and lovable girl, and while she was not strictly handsome, possessed a winning personality which made her greatly admired.

She was devoted to her dear friend Emily Graham, whose beautiful nature inspired her with an affection which showed itself in untiring service.

Gerty's life in the Graham household was most agreeable, as she had the constant companionship of Emily and was surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries which wealth could supply. Mr. Graham, a stern and quick-tempered man, idolized his blind daughter and did everything in his power to make her happy, gratifying her every wish. For this reason he gladly educated Gerty and gave her a home, feeling repaid by the pleasure which his daughter derived from this arrangement.

When Gerty finished school, Mr. Graham made a plan for a Southern trip to last for several months and to include a visit to Bermuda and to several other places. He counted on Gerty's accompanying his daughter as her companion. There was nothing that the girl would more thoroughly have enjoyed; but just at this time Mrs. Sullivan was taken seriously ill, and Mr. Cooper being in failing health, Gerty felt it her duty to

minister to them. This decision, which meant real self-sacrifice on her part, was received by Mr. Graham with much anger and indignation. He upbraided her for her ingratitude and told her he would have nothing more to do with her.

Gerty was deeply hurt by Mr. Graham's attitude toward her, but feeling it was her duty to stay with Mrs. Sullivan she did not alter her decision.

She tended Willie's mother and grandfather faithfully till their deaths, and wrote the sorrowing son long letters acquainting him with all details of his mother's last days on earth.

When all was over, Gerty found herself once more alone; and so taking a room with some friends she continued her teaching, which she had taken up upon leaving the Grahams.

In course of time Gerty learned that during the Southern trip Mr. Graham had contracted a second marriage with a disagreeable woman who was not at all congenial to his daughter Emily. This news was soon followed by plans for a European trip, in which Gerty was ungraciously requested by Mr. Graham to join them as his daughter's companion.

Gerty overlooked Mr. Graham's discourteous letter and decided on account of Emily to accept; but before the trip materialized Mr. Graham was taken ill and Gerty and Emily took merely a trip to Saratoga.

On the journey Gerty became acquainted with an interesting man named Phillips, who conversed with her at every opportunity, but avoided meeting Miss Graham. He was prematurely gray, seeming like a man who had known deep sorrow, and was quite a mystery to those who came in contact with him.

While in Saratoga, to Gerty's intense surprise she recognized one day on the street her old friend, Willie Sullivan, whom she supposed still in Calcutta. He was handsomer than ever, and was with his employer's daughter, Isabel Clinton, a schoolmate of Gerty's, to whom he seemed to be paying marked attention.

He passed Gerty without recognizing her and this seemed to her the tragic ending of the dream she had lived in so long. For years she had looked forward to Willie's return as the climax of all her hopes; and now he had come back and the friend of his childhood was apparently completely forgotten.

Gerty was heart-broken and was glad that she and Emily were to leave Saratoga on the following day. When taking the steamer on the Hudson, Gerty again saw Willie, apparently taking an earnest farewell of Miss Clinton, who was taking passage on the same boat with them.

Before reaching their destination the steamer was discovered to be on fire, and a horrible scene ensued. The passengers were frenzied with fear; shrieks rose upon the air, and many a brave heart sickened in the terrible ordeal. Gerty suddenly felt herself encircled by a pair of powerful arms while a familiar voice gasped the words: "Gertrude, my child! my own darling! Be quiet—be quiet! I will save you!"

Well might he urge her to be quiet, for she was struggling madly. "No, no!" shouted she. "Emily! Emily! Let me die! let me die! but I must find Emily!"

"Where is she?" asked Mr. Phillips; for it was he.

"There, there," pointed Gertrude, "in the cabin. Let me go! let me go!"

He cast one look around him, then said in a firm tone: "Be calm, my child! I can save you both; follow me closely!"

With a leap he cleared the staircase, and rushed into the cabin. In the farthest corner knelt Emily, her head thrown back, her hands clasped, and her face like the face of an angel.

Gertrude and Mr. Phillips were by her side in an instant. He stooped to lift her in his arms, Gertrude at the same time exclaiming: "Come, Emily, come! He will save us!"

But Emily resisted. "Leave me, Gertrude—leave me, and save yourself!" and to the stranger: "Oh, leave me, and save my child!" Ere the words had left her lips, however, she was borne half-way across the saloon, Gertrude following closely.

"If we can cross to the bows of the boat, we are safe!" said Mr. Phillips in a husky voice.

To do so, however, proved impossible. The whole center of the boat was now one sheet of flame. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "we are too late! we must go back!"

Mr. Phillips's first thought, on gaining the saloon, was to beat down a window-sash, spring upon the guards, and drag Emily and Gertrude after him. Some ropes hung upon the

guards; he seized one, and with the ease and skill of an old sailor made it fast to the boat; then turned to Gertrude, who stood firm and unwavering by his side.

"Gertrude," said he, speaking distinctly and steadily, "I shall swim to the shore with Emily. If the fire comes too near, cling to the guards; as a last chance, hold on to the rope. Keep your veil flying; I shall return."

"No, no!" cried Emily. "Gertrude, go first!"

"Hush, Emily!" exclaimed Gertrude; "we shall both be saved."

"Cling to my shoulder in the water, Emily," said Mr. Phillips, utterly regardless of her protestations. He took her once more in his arms; there was a splash and they were gone. At the same instant Gertrude was seized from behind. She turned, and found herself grasped by Isabel Clinton, who, kneeling upon the platform and frantic with terror, was clinging so closely to her as utterly to disable them both, at the same time shrieking in pitiable tones: "O Gertrude! Gertrude! save me!" And now a new and heroic resolution took possession of the mind of Gertrude. One of them could be saved, for Mr. Phillips was within a few rods of the wreck. It should be Isabel! She had called on her for protection, and it should not be denied her! Moreover, Willie loved Isabel. Willie would weep for her loss, and that must not be. He would not weep for Gertrude—at least not much; and if one must die, it should be she.

This unselfish resolve taken, Gerty slipped her veil over Isabel's face and after seeing her safe in Mr. Phillips's arms, seized a piece of rope and gave herself to the mercy of the waves.

It was not meant, however, that this noble life should be sacrificed, and Gerty was rescued. Neither she nor Emily suffered except from the shock of the terrible experience through which they had passed.

Soon after their return home Gerty received a letter from Mr. Phillips which filled her with amazement and joy.

In it he explained that he was her father, that his **real name was Philip Amory** and that he had been Emily Graham's unfortunate lover, whom she had thought dead for many years. He told of the terrible experience in which he had accidentally

caused Emily's blindness and which had blighted his whole life as well as hers.

While engaged to her, and in her father's employ, the latter had falsely accused him of forgery, while in her presence, and Emily fainting from the shock, he had snatched what he supposed was a restorative and dashed it wildly into her face. To his horror he found he had seized a violent poison which ruined her eyesight forever. His anguish knew no bounds, and while Emily lay in her darkened room the family gave him to understand that she would never forgive him; and so, nearly crazed with grief, he embarked on a vessel bound for a foreign land. While on the voyage the captain died leaving his daughter, a gentle young girl, who had been kind to Philip in his grief, orphaned and alone.

Philip felt deep sympathy for her in her lonely condition and decided to marry her as she had no one else in the world to whom to turn.

A little daughter was born of this union, and two months after this event Philip was called to a foreign land on business, where he was stricken with a fever and lay for weeks at the point of death. After his recovery, months later, he returned to his home to find it deserted and his wife and child gone. He was unable to trace them, though he searched for them unceasingly, but after many years he learned their history through a sailor named Ben Grant in whose home his wife had died.

Learning that his lost child had been adopted by Emily Graham, he returned to his early home to see her without obtruding himself on the Grahams, who, he presumed, retained the same bitter feeling against him.

Gerty responded at once to her father's appeal for her affection and after the many years of separation the sorrowing parent and his child were at last happily reunited.

This event was speedily followed by the reconciliation of Philip and Emily, as the latter had always loved him and had mourned him for years as dead, so that his return brought her unspeakable happiness.

Soon also was the misunderstanding between Gerty and Willie cleared away, the former realizing how entirely mistaken she had been in her hasty judgment of her old friend.

After her return from Saratoga, Willie immediately sought her out and greeted her with his old-time affection, but Gerty felt he could not be sincere in his expressions and treated him coldly.

On the seventh anniversary of Uncle True's death, Gerty went to the cemetery to put flowers on his grave, and while there sadly uttered the following words: "Oh, Uncle True! you and I are not parted yet; but Willie is not of us!"

"Oh, Gertrude," said a reproachful voice at her side, "is Willie to blame for that?"

She started, turned, saw the object of her thoughts with his mild eyes fixed inquiringly upon her, and without replying to his question buried her face in her hands.

He threw himself upon the ground at her feet, gently lifted her bowed head from the hands upon which it had fallen, and compelled her to look him in the face, saying at the same time, in the most imploring accents: "Tell me, Gerty, in pity tell me why am I excluded from your sympathy?"

But still she made no reply, except by the tears that coursed down her cheeks.

"You make me miserable," continued he vehemently. "What have I done that you have so shut me out from your affection? Why do you look so coldly upon me—and even shrink from my sight?" added he, as Gertrude, unable to endure his steadfast, searching look, turned her eyes in another direction, and strove to free her hands from his grasp.

Then she explained that she had witnessed his apparent devotion to Isabel Clinton in Saratoga, and had become convinced that he loved her and no longer cared for his childhood's friend.

Willie was amazed at Gerty's words, and at once explained how he was called to Saratoga to the bedside of his sick employer, as soon as he reached his native land, and in that way was prevented from going first to her, as he had intended doing. If Gerty had heard him urge Miss Clinton not to leave Saratoga, it was entirely on her father's account that he had done so, as he could not believe she could be so heartless as to leave the sick man in his miserable condition of health.

When Willie had finished, Gerty looked up at him through

a rain of tears and said: "You understand my coldness now, you know why I dared not let my heart speak out?"

"And this was all, then?" cried Willie; "and you are free and I may love you still?"

"Free from all bonds, dear Willie, but those which you yourself clasped around me, and which have encircled me from my childhood."

And now, with heart pressed to heart, they pour in each other's ears the tale of a mutual affection, planted in infancy, nourished in youth, fostered and strengthened amid separation and absence, and perfected through trial, to bless and sanctify every year of their after-life.

Very soon the two loyal and devoted lovers were married, and this happy event was shortly followed by the marriage of Philip and Emily; the latter, in spite of her frail health and great infirmity, finally agreeing to give herself to the man who loved her so truly and who desired nothing in life but to make her declining years happy.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

(United States, 1824-1892)

TRUMPS (1856)

This is the second of the two novels by this author, who was destined to be known rather as a political reformer and an essayist on uncompromising moral standards than as a novelist. It is specially noted in American literature as foreshadowing those characteristics which have been since raised by the preaching and practise of William Dean Howells into a distinct school of fiction.



MONG the principal senior boys in the boarding-school of Mr. Gray at Delafield were Abel Newt, Gabriel Bennett, and a lad known as Little Malacca. The beauty of the young heiress, Hope Wayne, granddaughter of the rich manufacturer Burt, whose residence was near by, had occasioned much discussion among the students. They greatly desired to obtain the *entrée* of the house, which was jealously guarded. Abel, audacious and unscrupulous as he was good-looking, succeeded by representing himself as an artist desiring to sketch. He made an impression on her innocent nature; and the fact that she witnessed, when passing in her carriage, a cruel battering given by Abel Newt to his school-fellow Gabriel Bennett, did not lessen the feeling. Gabriel was taken to her own house to be nursed, but she nevertheless clung to the image of his conqueror as a bold and dashing hero. When he had completed his eighteenth year he was taken from school by his father, a commission dry-goods merchant, and inaugurated into business with the purpose of his early becoming a partner in the firm of Boniface Newt and Company.

The Newt family, reputed among the New York aristocracy of trade and society, was represented by two brothers totally

different in taste, temperament, and character; Lawrence, the younger, also a successful merchant, being as generous and high-minded as Boniface was hard and self-seeking. The former, in his earlier life an East Indian resident, had mellowed much in foreign travel. Boniface, a Tammany Sachem as well as a man of business, aspired to all that came within the tentacles of that intersecting sphere. His philosophy of life was expressed in a homily to his son, shortly after the young man had entered his counting-room: "In this world we must do the best we can. As a rule, men are rascals. Because your neighbors are dishonest, why should you starve? People are gouging, and skimming, and sucking all around. A lie well stuck to is better than the truth wavering. The only happy people are the rich. I am not here to look out for other men—I am here to take care of myself, for no one else will." Abel received this with tongue stuck in cheek, as if saying to himself: "You old innocent, don't you suppose I know these things already?"

Miss Fanny Newt, a handsome, bold-eyed girl, twin to her brother's character, and a younger sister, May, of more gentle and shrinking temper, completed a typical New York household; for Mrs. Newt was little else than her husband's sounding-board. About the same time that Abel entered his father's business, Gabriel Bennett was accepted as a clerk by Lawrence Newt, who recognized speedily, in the applicant's account of himself, the son of a lady he had known. Mr. Bennett, a gentle, scholarly man, had failed in business and was now book-keeper for an ignorant curmudgeon, yet a highly successful banker and money-lender, Jacob Van Boozenberg.

At a party given by Mrs. Newt, Abel was making violent love to Miss Grace Plumer, a rich Southern heiress, when the two passed close to a settee in the conservatory where sat Lawrence Newt and Hope Wayne; for Abel's uncle had recently made the acquaintance of the young lady in virtue of having been a former friend of her family. Hope heard the ardent words spoken, and colored deeply as she met this pseudo-admirer's eye. Already had the ambition of Abel planned a rich marriage and the pursuit of every trail thitherward. When he had to leave Grace to another wooer, Sligo Moultrie, also a rich Southerner, and turned in vain to recover the favor of Miss

Wayne, she eluded him, and Abel thought bitterly to himself: "What a fool I am: I have lost Hope Wayne before I had won her!"

If the brother was thus animated by the commercial ideal of love, it was also the guiding animus of his sister Fanny. She had fixed her eyes on Alfred Binks, a stupid young man of fortune, the son of a man of reputed wealth, a cousin, too, of Hope Wayne, with some expectations from the Burt importance. There had been a rumor that the two would marry. To win young Binks then would be to Fanny's intriguing mind a double *coup* in the interests of the Newt family.

Lawrence Newt introduced Hope at the same party to Miss Amy Waring, a beautiful girl whose charm and goodness expressed themselves with winning directness in her face, and the two became great friends in after-time. Nor did this lessen because Miss Waring, who had begun to entertain a half-unconscious affection for Lawrence, suspected that, singularly young in heart and nature though a middle-aged man, he was drawn powerfully to Hope Wayne. She was yet to learn that this evident tenderness grew from the fact that Lawrence in early manhood had been the accepted lover of Hope's mother, whose heart was broken by an enforced marriage with the brilliant and heartless Colonel Wayne, supposed to be a man of large estate. The memory of this disappointment had kept Lawrence a bachelor for many years; and it was not till he met Amy Waring, a cousin of Gabriel Bennett, that his heart blossomed anew with a passion as genuine as that of his youth. Then frequent association in enterprises of human sympathy and helpfulness had drawn them the more closely together, though this sort of *rapprochement* perhaps deceived them a little as to the real nature of the mutual sentiment.

During the Saratoga season Fanny Newt threw herself constantly in the way of the young exquisite who gave his parents, General and Mrs. Budlong Binks, reason to suppose that he was devoting his sedulous attentions to Hope. She so enmeshed Alfred Binks with flattery and enticing coquettices that she snared him into an offer of marriage, which for some time was kept secret, and the pretense of his prior devotion was continued.

If Fanny had won her prize, Abel had made no further progress in securing a conjugal conquest, except by striving to impress society with a dazzling conception of his gifts as a man of the world and a personage of great future mark. Young as he was, he had succeeded in inspiring his pompous father with a notion of his business and social diplomacy. He had been taken into partnership, persuading the senior that great commercial success needed a life of show and glitter, as well as devotion to the duties of the counting-room and sagacity in the transactions of buying and selling. Abel remitted the latter to his father, and disported himself to the extreme length of the tether in performing the more agreeable function.

He established an elaborate suite of apartments, equipped with all the accompaniments of art and luxury. He dressed in the most elegant manner of the day, and aped the ideal of Bulwer's *Pelham*, which at that time was the rage in literary fashion. He and the set of whom he aspired to be the leader "did all they could to repair the misfortune of being born Americans by imitating the habits of foreign life." His rooms were the club and lounging-place of gay gentlemen about town, many of them with much larger incomes than he could control. He gave frequent dinners here to little parties, which sometimes included vivacious and fashionably dressed young women, whom he would hardly have ventured to introduce to his own family. All this cost a good deal of money, till his hitherto credulous partner and father began to remonstrate: "How do you suppose I can pay, or that the business can pay, for such extravagances?" Abel propounded the answer to this indictment in the assertion that this was all necessary to his marriage with a wealthy woman, which would recoup everything. It was a frequent jest of his, with the elder Newt, after this conversation, that "credit was the most creditable thing going." His easy-going sophistry and selfishness, behind which was an imperious will, had its way, and affairs went on as before, in spite of the fact that the firm was beginning to struggle with financial trouble. Abel's peculiar beauty of face and carriage helped to make him a social favorite.

Arthur Moslin, an artist, who had in hand a picture of "Diana and Endymion," for which Hope Wayne, whom the

painter secretly loved, had inspired the ideal of the goddess, saw Abel one night at Delmonico's in a party of gay revelers. "There," said he, turning to Lawrence Newt, who sat with him, "is my notion of Endymion."

Fanny Newt, who had begun to be uneasy in the knowledge that the Binks family would try to break off her relations with their son if they knew of the betrothal, persuaded her foolish *fiancée* to an immediate secret marriage. Then she led him into the presence of the parents, and the disagreeable truth was made known. She found that her husband had really but little expectation from the Burt estate, only a small allowance from his father, and, worse even than that, her own father could do but little for them. Her intrigue had only saddled her with a poverty-stricken fool, perhaps for life; and there was nothing ahead for her but penury and obscurity.

Business had begun to go badly for Boniface Newt and Son. Abel's reckless extravagance had become known where it would hurt the most. The discounting of a large note quite essential to the firm was refused by Van Boozenburg; and what that sharp financier denied no other bill-broker would accept. Abel, in prosecuting his designs on the beautiful and wealthy Grace Plumer, invited her and her mother with several other brilliant social personages to a banquet at his rooms. His rival, Sligo Moultrie, was also present, but Abel hoped by the superior charm of his conversation and the favoring auspices of the occasion to make a permanent impression on the lady's heart. The function passed delightfully, and everyone was quite rapturous over a perfect dinner presided over by a perfect host. As the guests were departing, to the strains of music of the fine band which had been provided, Abel pressed forward to conduct Grace to her carriage, but found that Sligo Moultrie had secured the privilege before him. Something peculiar in the manner of the couple, which had been noticeable during the dinner, struck a cold chill to the heart of the host. A few days later he called on the Plumers to find Moultrie sitting with Grace as if he had a right there, and he was speedily convinced that his chance was gone.

His sordid hopes might have gone to Hope Wayne, who had now come into the fortune of her grandfather, whose will

totally cut off the Binks family from any participation in a great estate. But his reckless attitude in pursuing that adventure had chilled the strong interest which at one time had been felt by the young heiress. His moral repute, too, which to many would offer no insuperable bar, had suffered some eclipse, which would strongly affect a woman of Hope Wayne's temperament. Intensely egotistic as Abel was, his conscience could not be fully stifled. His Uncle Lawrence had taken occasion to remonstrate with him and point out the inevitable end of the career he was running. But he rejoined with shrugs and sneers. Perhaps there would have been a better fruition had not Abel regarded his uncle as being in the running for Hope Wayne's hand. This impression had affected others, too, and it had caused Amy Waring no little pain. It had prevented her from showing her feeling. That revelation would have caused Lawrence to speak plainly, and thus have cleared up all misunderstandings. But the delicacy of the man made him the last to suspect a false interpretation of his strong fatherly affection for the daughter of her mother. It had been Lawrence's desire to foster an attachment between his artist friend, Arthur Moslin, and Hope; but, much as the lady liked the painter, she seemed to construe his attentions from the esthetic rather than from the personal standpoint. This, combined with a lingering penchant for the brilliant Abel, which persisted in spite of better judgment, shut her susceptibilities against the timid approaches of the artist.

Lawrence Newt gave a birthday dinner in honor of his favorite clerk, Gabriel Bennett, at which his small circle of intimates was present. In offering the toast he gave them all a pleasant surprise, especially the principal guest. He ended his brief speech with these words: "Any firm that gets an honest man into it gets an accession of the most available capital in the world. This little feast is to celebrate the fact that my firm has been so enriched; I invite you to drink the health of Gabriel Bennett, junior partner of the firm of Lawrence Newt and Company." Gabriel's heart beat with a double pleasure, not the least being that he was in love with May Newt, the pearl of that family, and all obstacles would be thus removed.

The happy pair went next day to see Mrs. Fanny Binks,

whom May alone of her kin continued to visit. During their call the husband, who had become a drunken reprobate, lurched into the room and said with surly brutality: "Look here, don't be fooling around. The old man's bust up." This brutal announcement was indeed true. A large note given by Boniface Newt, Son and Company had gone to protest, and the firm once so prosperous had gone into bankruptcy. Abel's profligacy and spendthrift habits, his gambling losses, his utter inattention to business, had borne their inevitable harvest. Yet Fortune had not altogether turned her back on the cause of disaster. He received a note from General Arcularius Belch, one of the most unscrupulous of Tammany lawyers and politicians, appointing an interview. The result was a gathering at a "champagne supper" attended by several "molders of public opinion," desperate gamblers in politics, who were in it for what it was worth. It was important to put a disreputable job, carrying large spoils, through Congress, and difficult to find a candidate so devoid of all righteous instinct as to manipulate it, when he should be seated in the national legislature. Congressman Bodley had been induced to resign at the dictate of his masters, and Abel Newt was deemed the most fitting person to be the instrument of a nefarious scheme. The political management was successful, and Abel Newt became an M.C. with the understanding that he should be the servile mouthpiece of a Tammany cabal of spoilers.

In the mean while Abel's father with his family had been compelled to vacate his fashionable home and seek a humble domicile. The generosity of Lawrence eased the friction of downfall in many ways, though he had not been disposed to buttress business interests in which Abel was a partner. The commercial management of Lawrence had received an accession in Little Malacca, otherwise Edward Wayne, the old schoolmate of Gabriel and Abel. The mystery of his parentage, which alone stood in the way of his wooing of Ellen Bennett, Gabriel's pretty sister, was finally solved. He proved to be the offspring of an unfortunate union in which "Aunt Martha," the sister of Mrs. Bennett and of Amy Waring's mother, had been betrayed into a "sinless sin." The memory of this misfortune had made her a melancholy and isolated ascetic. The child had been

placed at school by the connivance of Lawrence Newt, and the whereabouts of the mother was known only to him and to Amy, who had visited her aunt with watchful solicitude. The father of the lad was the same Colonel Wayne who had wrecked the happiness of Hope's mother, and thus Little Malacca turned out to be her half-brother. The shadow on the happiness of the circle of friends was the dismal apparition of Boniface Newt, broken down in mind and body, on the verge of insanity, who could do little all day but brood over his miseries, wring his hands, and mumble to himself: "Riches have wings, riches have wings."

Before going to Washington the new legislator forged notes and acceptances, with his Uncle Lawrence's name indorsed on them, which he put by for future use. He also called on Hope Wayne to make his last throw of the dice in that quarter. He offered his hand, and told her he was utterly ruined and she alone could save him. A brief hesitation moved her, a surge of memory, but she returned a firm negative. Shrieking maledictions, he rushed away, and she shuddered, as if something demoniac had come and gone from her presence. Shortly after the new representative arrived at the capital, his shrewdness surmised the presence of a spy in the handsome person of Mrs. 'Delilah Jones'; and through the disguises of an artificial toilet he identified a woman of questionable antecedents whom he himself had often entertained. She became his ally rather than that of his Tammany owners, who had been obliged already to bleed largely at his compulsion. By skilful handling he and she got the bill for the big "grant" reported, and he supported it with such dexterous eloquence on the floor that it easily passed the House.

A nature so profoundly demoralized could find no satisfaction in the rewards of ambition and political success. He confided to Mrs. Delilah Jones, alias Kitty Dunhaus, the brilliant *coup* he contemplated, of which she consented to become the sharer. The twain returned to New York, and he secured passage in a brig that would clear a day later for the Mediterranean. With the forged acceptances indorsed by Lawrence Newt he had no difficulty in raising one hundred thousand dollars in bills on London and Paris. The brig would sail with

the morning tide, but some irresistible temptation carried him back in the evening to visit some of his old haunts. On his way back, half-intoxicated, he yielded to his raging alcoholic thirst; and in a low dive on the river-front he was assaulted with a fatal blow in a quarrel which his recklessness provoked. Gabriel speedily discovered the forgery, and the bills of exchange found on the body of the murdered man explained the episode and its animus.

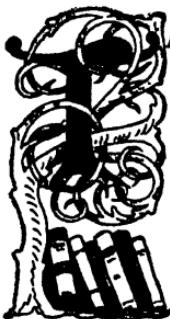
All the reticences and misunderstandings of love had been explained between Lawrence Newt and Amy Waring and they had been united before fate had finally wrought its justice on Abel Newt, whose end so terribly contrasted with the other lives in the web of which his thread had been crossed. Hope Wayne did not marry, in spite of the lifelong devotion of Arthur Moslin; but she remained a sort of fairy-godmother to the groups of blooming children that rapidly grew around her, heirs by wholesale adoption.

ALPHONSE DAUDET

(France, 1840-1897)

TARTARIN OF TARASCON (1872)

The figure of Tartarin is the first sustained character created by this author. In it he intended to draw a humorous portrait of the exaggerated, self-deceived romancer, the native of the south of France. "The man of the South," says Daudet, "does not lie; he deceives himself. He does not always tell the truth, but he thinks he does. A lie to him is not a lie, it is a species of mirage. Yes, mirage. In order to understand me perfectly, go to the South. You will see that devil of a land where the sun transfigures everything and makes it greater than nature. You will see those little hills of Provence that are no higher than Montmartre, and yet they will seem to you gigantic. The sole liar (if there be one) in the South is the sun. All he touches he exaggerates." That the citizens of Tarascon were grievously offended at this story is perhaps one of the highest tributes to the accuracy of the picture.



TARASCON is an ancient town (the Romans knew it as Tarasco) situated on the Rhône, ten miles north of Arles. It holds an annual festival in commemoration of the legendary preservation of the town from a gigantic monster, known as La Tarasque.

So Tartarin, the mightiest of the hunters of Tarascon, came rightly by his desire to kill "big game." Small game long ago fled the region. When the wild ducks, flying south in long Vs, perceive from afar the steeples of the town, the leader screams, "Tarascon! there's Tarascon!" and the flock makes a détour around it.

For hunting is the passion of the Tarasconese. Every Sunday morning all Tarascon issues into the fields, gun on shoulder, game-bag on back, with a turmoil of dogs, ferrets, and hunting-horns.

"But," you will say, "if game is so scarce in Tarascon, what do these hunters shoot at?"

Caps, my dear sir, caps flying through the air, for no gunner

of Tarascon is so unsportsmanlike as to shoot at a stationary target. Each gentleman tosses his cap as high as he can send it, and fires at it on the wing. He who hits his mark oftenest is hailed king of the hunt, and returns triumphant to town amid the barking of dogs and blare of trumpets, with his riddled cap on the muzzle of his gun.

These triumphs, which fell almost invariably to Tartarin, palled upon him. He had heard of the exploits of one Bombonnel among the giant felines of Algeria, and the triumphs of this Miltiades would not let him sleep. He burned to add to the name that had made Tarascon famous the surname Africanus, which should similarly endow the most neglected of continents with immortal glory.

That is, one of his natures burned to do so; for Tartarin of Tarascon, the mighty hunter of whom his townsmen said in tones of admiring awe, "He has *double muscles!*" had also a double personality, but half of which we have as yet presented. There were two very distinct natures in him. He had the passion for the romantic and grandiose which characterized the famous Knight of La Mancha, but unfortunately he was without that hidalgo's thin and bony frame on which material life could get no grip. Tartarin's body, on the contrary, was very fat and very sensual, full of *bourgeois* appetites and domestic requirements, the short and pot-bellied body on paws of the knight's immortal squire.

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in the same man! what struggles! what wrenchings!

Oh, the fine dialogue that a Lucian could write of it! Tartarin-Quixote, inspired by the exploits of Bombonnel, crying, "I go!" Tartarin-Sancho, thinking only of his rheumatism, mumbling, "I stay."

TARTARIN-QUIXOTE, *all enthusiasm*: "Cover thyself with glory, Tartarin!"

TARTARIN-SANCHO, *calmly*: "Cover thyself with flannel, Tartarin."

TARTARIN-QUIXOTE, *more and more enthusiastic*: "Oh, the double-barreled rifles! Oh, the fine revolvers! the keen hunting-knives!"

TARTARIN-SANCHO, *more calmly still*: "Oh, those knitted waistcoats! those good, warm caps with ear-pads!"

TARTARIN-QUIXOTE, *beside himself*: "A horse! a horse! bring me an Arab steed!"

TARTARIN-SANCHO, *ringing for the maid*: "Jeannette, my chocolate."

It needed that most awe-inspiring of all sounds in nature, the roar of a lion, to bring Tartarin-Quixote uppermost in the struggle.

The Menagerie Mitaine, returning from the fair at Beaucaire, had consented to halt for a few days at Tarascon. It exhibited in the Place du Château a mass of boas, crocodiles, trained seals, and—a magnificent lion of the Atlas!

Standing in the shop of the gunsmith Costecalde, explaining the mechanism of a needle-gun, then a novelty, to a group of his fellow-huntsmen, Tartarin heard the distant voice of a beast in the menagerie. Costecalde heard it, too, and said: "One of the sea-lions." "No!" cried Tartarin, who, though he had never before heard the sound, recognized instinctively the challenge of the monarch of beasts; "it is *the* lion; it is *Himself!*"

His eyes flamed. He flung the needle-gun upon his shoulder, and, turning to his comrades, cried: "Let us go and see THAT!"

"Hey! but—hey! My gun, my needle-gun, you are taking with you!" objected timidly the prudent Costecalde. But Tartarin was already in the street, at the head of the cap-hunters, proudly keeping step.

When they reached the menagerie a crowd had already collected. Tarascon, race heroic, too long deprived of sensations, had rushed to the barrack Mitaine and taken it by storm. Walking tranquilly before the cages, without weapons, without a thought of fear, they felt a natural sense of terror on seeing the great Tartarin enter the tent with his formidable engine of war. Surely there must be something to fear, since he, that hero— In the twinkling of an eye the space before the cages was left vacant; the children screamed with terror; the ladies moved toward the door; Bézuquet, the apothecary, slipped out, muttering something about getting his gun.

Gradually Tartarin's attitude reassured the crowd. Calm, his head held high, that intrepid man walked slowly the circuit of the cages, finally pausing before the king of beasts.

Terrible and solemn interview! The lion of Tarascon and the lion of the Atlas, face to face!

Scenting one who was to become the enemy of his race, the beast, who up to this time had looked with lordly contempt upon the Tarasconese, yawning even in their faces, arose, erected his noble head, shook his tawny mane, opened his vast jaws, and uttered a formidable roar.

A cry of terror answered him. All Tarascon, mad with fright, rushed to the door, children, women, even the cap-hunters. Tartarin alone did not stir. He stood there with that terrible expression the whole town knew so well upon his face. After a time the cap-hunters, reassured by the attitude of their leader, stole back. They heard him murmur, as he gazed at the lion: "That, yes, *that* is game."

It was Tartarin-Quixote who said it. It was all he said, but for Tartarin-Sancho it was far too much.

The next day nothing was talked of in the town but the coming departure of Tartarin for Algeria to hunt lions. You are witnesses, dear readers, that he said not one word about it; but that bounding ability of the Southern temperament to leap to conclusions—well, you understand how it is.

The most surprised man in all Tarascon at the news that Tartarin was going to Africa was Tartarin himself. But see what vanity will do! Without intending in the least to go, Tartarin at first answered, with an evasive air: "Hm! hm! perhaps—I can't say." The second time the subject was mentioned, he answered: "Probably"; the third time: "Certainly."

Then the whole town gave him a grand serenade. While it was still sounding beneath his windows Tartarin-Sancho made Tartarin-Quixote a terrible scene, picturing the many catastrophes that awaited him: shipwreck, rheumatism, fevers, elephantiasis, and finally utter demolition in the jaws of the lion. The heroic Tartarin could only pacify the prudent one by reminding him that after all they were not yet gone—there was no hurry.

For one must carefully prepare for such an expedition. So

Tartarin procured all the books he could find on African exploration. From these he learned that the explorers prepared themselves to endure hunger and thirst, forced marches, etc., by fasting, and by hardening their muscles by exercise, long beforehand. From that day forth he fed on nothing but *eau bouillie*, a Tarascon dish consisting of bread steeped in hot water and seasoned with a clove of garlic, a sprig of thyme, and a pinch of bay-leaf. You can fancy what a face poor Sancho made at it!

To harden his muscles for the long marches, Tartarin every morning compelled himself to walk around the town seven times—elbows at sides and pebbles in mouth according to the rules of classic training. To accustom himself to night air and to learn to see in the dark, he stood sentinel, gun on shoulder, every evening until midnight in his garden, watching for cats on the wall. After midnight, belated townspeople saw a mysterious figure pacing up and down behind the tent of the Menagerie Mitaine. 'Twas Tartarin, getting used to hear without a shudder the roaring of the lion through the darksome night.

But the menagerie had departed more than three months, and still the lion-killer remained in Tarascon. The cap-hunters began to murmur. Judge Ladevèze composed a song called "Maitre Gervais," relating to a doughty lion-hunter whose gun was always loaded but *never went off!*

In a trice that song became popular. When Tartarin passed the porters on the quay or the little shoeblocks in the street, they sang or whistled it—but at a distance—on account of his double muscles.

One man alone stood by Tartarin. It was Commander Bravida, captain of equipment. One evening while our unfortunate hero sat in his study alone with his melancholy thoughts (for Tartarin had by this time discontinued his self-imposed sentinel duty), the commander opened the door—grave, wearing black gloves, with coat buttoned to the chin.

Rigid and grand as duty, Bravida stood in the door-frame: "Tartarin, you must go!"

Tartarin rose; he looked about his warm and cozy room; he sighed; then, advancing to the brave commander, he took

his hand, wrung it, and said in a voice suffused with tears: "I *will* go, Bravida."

But he did not depart immediately. There was the outfit to procure: preserved aliments, pemmican, portable shelter-tent, sailor boots, two umbrellas, a waterproof, blue spectacles to prevent ophthalmia, portable pharmacy, etc.

This was to appease the wrath of Tartarin-Sancho, who night and day called down maledictions on Tartarin-Quixote.

At last no reason for further delay remained. Tartarin, dressed in Algerian costume, with a heavy gun on each shoulder, a large hunting-knife in his belt upon his stomach, a revolver upon his hip, and blue goggles over his eyes, stood in the station among innumerable boxes waiting for the express to Marseilles. All the cap-hunters, even Judge Ladevèze, crowded about him. Tartarin promised to send each a lion's skin.

The train-men wept in corners. Outside, the populace gazed through the bars and shouted: "*Vive Tartarin!*"

The train arrived.

"Adieu, Tartarin! adieu!"

"Adieu, all!" murmured the hero, and on the cheek of Commander Bravida he kissed his dear Tarascon good-by.

Then he jumped into a carriage. It was full of gay Parisian women, who nearly died of fright at the sudden appearance among them of this strange man with the carbines, knives, and revolvers.

Ah, if the Tarasconese could have looked within the packet *Zouave* during its three days' voyage from Marseilles to Algiers, and seen the man whom their taunts drove into exile, how remorse had struck through their hearts! Suddenly overtaken by nausea, poor Tartarin had neither time nor spirit to strip himself of his arsenal. The hunting-knife bruised his stomach, the revolver-sheath flayed his hip. And to cap it all, the moanings and maledictions of Tartarin-Sancho never ceased to excoriate his soul: "Imbecile! I told you so. You would go to Africa. Well, here you are going. How do you find yourself?"

Suddenly the boat stopped. The heavy boots of the sailors were running overhead. The Captain was shouting hoarse orders.

"Mercy on us! we are sinking!" shrieked Tartarin, and, recovering his strength as if by magic, he bounded from his berth and rushed on deck with his arsenal.

The first thing he saw was a row of big black hands clutching the bulwarks from the outside. These were followed by a row of woolly heads and swarthy faces; and before he had time to cry out in warning to the other passengers, the deck was invaded by a swarm of half-naked men, black, yellow, hideous, terrible.

Unsheathing his knife, Tartarin ran toward them. "Pirates! To arms! to arms!" he cried.

The Captain caught him by the belt just as he was about to hurl himself on a negro who was stooping to pick up the portable pharmacy from a heap of luggage on the deck.

"Be quiet, you idiot! Those are not pirates; there are no pirates nowadays—those are porters. Follow that man to your hotel."

'Twas a great wild desert on the outskirts of Algiers, all bristling with fantastic plants that in the starlight looked like savage beasts. With one gun laid before him, the other in hand, Tartarin knelt one knee to earth and waited. One hour, two hours passed. Nothing! Then he remembered that in the books no great lion-hunter ever lay in wait without a kid tethered hard by, which he forced to cry by pulling its foot with a string. So Tartarin bleated in imitation of a kid: "Mea! mea!"

Nothing appeared. He bleated again, more loudly. Still nothing. At last he was bellowing, "Mea! mea!" with the voice of an ox.

Suddenly the dark form of an animal appeared before him. Two terrible eyes glared at him from the darkness. *Pan! pan!* with one gun; *pan! pan!* with the other. One bound backward with hunting-knife drawn to receive the attack of the wounded lion.

But it fled, roaring. The wise Tartarin did not stir. He awaited the female, as the books had warned him. He waited till daybreak. Then she came!

She came terrible and roaring, under the form of an old

Alsatian woman in whose garden Tartarin had made his ambush. She came flourishing a great red umbrella, and demanding back her donkey from the echoes of Algeria. And Tartarin, ready to face a lioness, fled before the infuriated woman. She fell upon him and beat him to earth with the umbrella.

The upshot was that Tartarin paid two hundred francs for a donkey worth ten. He was informed that lions did not infest the market-gardens of Algiers. Away to the south, perhaps, in the Atlas mountains—

Lions of Atlas, sleep! For some days yet you will not be massacred by your terrible enemy from Tarascon. Tartarin is in love with a Moorish lady in Algiers. How they met we need not relate. Suffice it to say that it was she who, fascinated by his noble appearance, made the first advances.

She knew not a word of French, and their wooing was conducted in the primitive and romantic language of signs. Tartarin rented for themselves a gem of a cottage in the native quarter, furnished with every Moorish comfort. All day long Sidi Tart'ri, as he was called, lay on a divan, puffing at his narghile, eating sweetmeats flavored with musk, and watching Baïa perform the stomach-dance as only a native can, or listening as, guitar in hand, she sang lulling, monotonous airs through her nose.

Every night, on the minaret of a neighboring mosque, stood a stately muezzin, his white form outlined on the deep blue of the night, and chanted the glory of Allah in a marvelous tone beyond the power of earthly passion to inspire.

Baïa, letting fall her guitar, would stand quivering in religious fervor. Tartarin, looking at her as she prayed, thought to himself: "What a beautiful faith to cause such ecstasy!"

Tarascon, toll thy bells! thy Tartarin is on the point of becoming a renegade.

One day when Baïa had gone shopping, a ship-captain passed his garden. It was Barbassou, of the *Zouave*. "Hello! Monsieur Tartarin," he cried; "so it is true you've turned Turk. And little Baïa, does she still sing *Marco la Belle*?"

"*Marco la Belle!*" cried Tartarin indignantly. "I would

have you know that the person of whom you speak is a virtuous Moorish lady who does not know a word of French."

"*Boufrel!*" exclaimed the Captain, laughing. Then, seeing how the face of Sidi Tart'ri was lengthening, he changed the subject. "Here is the latest Marseilles newspaper."

After the Captain had passed on, Tartarin read a paragraph in the journal telling of the great anxiety in Tarascon over the fate of its leading citizen, who had plunged into the wilds of Africa some months ago to hunt lions, and who had not been heard of since. When he read this, Tartarin, blushing with shame, bounded to his feet.

"To the lions! to the lions!" he cried.

He took the diligence for the south. A Trappist monk, two *cocottes* rejoining their regiment, and a photographer with his camera, were the other passengers. At Blidah a small, bald-headed man got on, who had some trouble in finding room for himself and umbrella by Tartarin's side, on account or our hero's arsenal, at the extent of which the newcomer seemed excessively amazed.

"Does that surprise you?" asked Tartarin.

"No; it inconveniences me."

"Do you suppose that I am going to hunt lions with your umbrella?"

"Then, Monsieur, you are—"

"Tartarin of Tarascon, lion-slayer."

The monk crossed himself, the *cocottes* shrieked with alarm, the photographer began to adjust his camera as if preparing to take the hero's picture. The little gentleman, however, was not disconcerted.

"Have you killed many lions, Monsieur Tartarin?" he asked quietly.

"Many? I wish you had as many hairs on your head."

All the diligence looked at the newcomer's shining pate, and laughed.

The photographer now spoke up: "Terrible profession, yours. For instance, that brave Monsieur Bombonnel—"

"Brave killer of panthers," said Tartarin disdainfully.

"Did you know him?" asked the little gentleman.

“Know him! We have hunted together a score of times.”

The little gentleman smiled. “Oh, then you do hunt panthers, Monsieur Tartarin?”

“Occasionally, to pass the time,” said the ruffled Tartarin; “but they are nothing to lions. I am after these now.”

“Then,” said the little gentleman, “you had better return to Tarascon. There’s not a lion left in Algeria. My friend Chassaing killed the last. There are still a few panthers, but fie! that is much too small game for *you*.”

Here the diligence stopped. The conductor, opening the door, respectfully addressed the little old gentleman:

“Here we are, Monsieur Bombonnel.”

Nevertheless, Tartarin continued his journey. He got out at Milianah, and, buying a camel, set off across the vast plain of the Chélieff. But riding camelback made him seasick, so he walked. He poked among the dwarf palm-trees with his carbine, and called “Scat!” at every bush; every night he lay in wait for two or three hours—but no lion appeared.

At last he came upon a *marabout* (tomb of a saint) within a grove. The branches before him parted, and there stalked forth a gigantic lion, with erect head and roars that shook the white walls of the tomb and rattled the saint’s bones within it.

But the hero was not alarmed. “At last!” he cried, and *pan! pan!* two explosive bullets scattered blood and brains and tawny fur over the white marabout. Out of the tomb rushed two big negroes with cudgels—keepers of the blind old lion that they had taught to beg for alms from pilgrims.

To pay for the damage he had wrought, Tartarin had to part with all his possessions, save the camel. This was an old, mangy beast, and for it he could not get a cent. So he decided to abandon it. Begging the lion’s skin of the negroes, he sent it on by diligence to Tarascon. Then he set out to walk to Algiers. His faithful camel would not be left behind, but followed him.

Tartarin tried to run; the camel ran faster. He shouted “Go away!” and flung stones at him; the camel stopped, gazed at him with mournful eye—and followed on.

In eight weary days they reached Algiers. On the out-

skirts Tartarin eluded his follower by slipping into a ditch. He entered the town by a byway that ran by the wall of his garden.

Within the garden he heard a woman's voice singing. It was *Marco la Belle!* Clambering over the wall he saw Baïa in a gauze chemise and pale rose trousers, and, with the cap of a naval officer on one ear, singing and dancing for Barbassou!

The ship's captain was not disturbed at the apparition of Tartarin, dusty, haggard, wild with rage.

"Hey! Monsieur Tartarin, what do you say now? Doesn't she speak French?"

Tartarin sank in a heap on the ground. "Come," said Barbassou, "don't take it so hard. Of course Baïa can't help making love to every man she sees. It's in her Marseilles blood. Why, she even flirts with the muezzin, who fixes his meetings with her while invoking the name of Allah."

That night Tartarin went to the mosque, pounced upon the muezzin and frightened him into giving over his turban and mantle. Putting these on, Tartarin ascended the minaret and intoned:

"*La Allah il Allah!* Mohammed is an old rogue. Orient, Koran, lions, Moorish women are not worth a damn. There are no Turks—only swindlers. *Vive Tarascon!*"

From minaret to minaret the clear, solemn voices of the other muezzins answered him, and all the faithful beat their breasts.

The next day Tartarin took ship for Marseilles with Barbassou. After they had left the dock the Captain saw a camel swimming after the boat. "Is it yours?" he asked of Tartarin.

"Not at all."

"Well, anyway, I'll take him aboard, and present him to the Zoological Garden in Marseilles."

Tartarin hid himself from the camel during the voyage. When, however, he took train for Tarascon, it caught sight of him, and followed after, loping along the track.

Tartarin leaned back in his seat with bitter reflections. Good God, what was this for a triumphant return! Not a sou; not a lion; nothing. Yes, that cursed camel!

“Tarascon! Tarascon!”

He had to get out.

Oh, stupefaction! what an ovation!

“*Vive Tartarin!* Long live the lion-killer!” All Tarascon was there, cheering and waving its arms. The noble army of cap-hunters was in front and these bore him off upon their shoulders.

It was the lion’s skin that had done it. Placed on exhibition at Costecalde’s gun-shop, it had turned the heads of the people. A drama was constructed. It was not one lion that Tartarin had killed, it was ten lions, twenty lions, a marmalade of lions! Barbassou had telegraphed the news of Tartarin’s home-coming, and they were ready for him.

But it was the camel that capped the climax of the triumph. This strange, fantastic beast descended, *clopetty-clop*, the stairway of the station behind Tartarin and his bearers. Tarascon fancied for a moment that La Tarasque had returned.

“That is my camel,” announced Tartarin proudly. “’Tis a noble beast!—he saw me kill all my lions.”

FROMONT AND RISLER (1874)

(Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné)

This is the novel that first made Daudet famous. He had won a creditable literary place for himself before its publication, but when *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné* appeared, he was at once hailed as one of the few really great novelists of his time, one of the few who knew how to deal adequately with the mysteries, the complexities, and the subtleties of human nature and human passion. The novel was crowned by the French Academy, but that was a small and insignificant part of its success. It was everywhere read and talked of by the people, from the highest to the lowest ranks of those who read at all. Numberless editions of the book were printed—sumptuous editions, library editions, and editions so cheap that the gamins of the streets might buy and read; and clamorous demands poured in for the privilege of translation into the languages of other countries.



T was at the Café Véfour that the wedding of Risler, a man in middle life, with Sidonie Chèbe was celebrated. Risler was an employé of the ancient and honored house of Fromont, makers of wall-paper; and on this same happy day there had come to him the two crowning glories of his life, admission to a partnership in the house of Fromont—henceforth to be known as *Fromont and Risler*—and his marriage with the beautiful Sidonie. He could only go about saying to everyone: "I am happy! I am happy!"

Madame Chèbe, Sidonie's mother, was there; so was Madame Georges Fromont—Claire Fromont, Sidonie's best friend, the wife of Georges Fromont, Risler's partner, and the daughter of the late head of the house, whom Risler had worshiped. Claire Fromont was to Risler, with his half-German Swiss-French, "Madame Chorche."

Everybody whom Risler loved was there to rejoice in his happiness—everybody except Frantz, his younger brother, who was off engineering in Africa. Monsieur Chèbe, Sidonie's father, a little man full of pretension, was there; so was Mon-

sieur Gardinois, the very rich ex-peasant, grandfather of Georges Fromont and of Claire, Georges's recently married wife. There was Delobelle, too, the old retired actor, whose glory lay in the histrionic things he had never had a chance to do, but of which he dreamed incessantly while living and indulging his every whim of luxury upon the proceeds of the toil of his wife and daughter as makers of *articles de Paris*.

When the dancing began, Risler rejoiced to see his young wife dancing with Georges Fromont, they seemed to him to dance so well. He did not hear what they said in undertones: "You lie," Sidonie said. "I do not lie," answered the other. "My uncle insisted upon my marriage. You were away. What could I do?"

Behind those words was a story. This is the story:

Sidonie was the daughter of Ferdinand Chèbe, a visionary who had wasted his wife's little fortune in futile projects. Sidonie had been brought up in the precincts of the Fromont wall-paper factory. Across the hall from her apartments were those of the Delobelles, where Madame Delobelle and her deformed daughter, Désirée, toiled day and night to provide the worthless actor with a living. Also across the hall was the apartment of the Rislers, two brothers, the elder of whom was a designer of patterns for the Fromont factory, and the younger a student of engineering, whom the older man cherished in boundless affection.

The kindly elder Risler was a sort of divine Providence both to the Chèbes and to the Delobelles. He took them to the theaters and on Sunday excursions; and if unusual distress fell upon them, he was always generously ready to aid. But Risler worked day and night at his trade of pattern-designing; and so he was only tolerated by Chèbe and Delobelle, and graciously permitted to pay for the beer when they drank together at the brewery.

The boy, Frantz Risler, and Sidonie were playfellows; and as they grew older they learned to love—so far at least as the selfish nature of Sidonie could feel a passion so unselfish as love. As a child Sidonie had become acquainted with the Fromonts—Claire and her Cousin Georges—and was the playmate of both. They loved her; she bitterly envied them their wealth

and all that it gave to them. Child as she was, she had begun to see visions and dream dreams.

The time of separation came. Georges was sent to college, Claire to a convent, with an outfit becoming a queen; Sidonie was apprenticed to a trade. It was old Risler who suggested the apprenticeship. He promised later to set the girl up in business for herself.

The years passed. Frantz graduated as an engineer, and his brother celebrated the event with a theater-party, where Frantz and Sidonie were thrown close together. That night they became engaged, and Désirée, the poor lame girl, who loved Frantz, was left desolate but unselfishly patient and submissive.

In the summer Claire lived with her grandfather, the rich old peasant Gardinois, at his beautiful place at Savigny, near Paris. She was lonely and begged Sidonie to come to her. Her letter was suggested by Gardinois himself, who liked "the little Chèbe."

At Savigny Sidonie again met Georges Fromont, the young heir to the Fromont factory and to all the wealth it represented. He was predestined to marry Claire; but the fact did not prevent him from making love to Sidonie. She, dazzled and intoxicated by the prospect of wealth, fine clothes, jewels, and luxury, decided that she would become his wife, supplanting Claire. He wrote her surreptitious love-letters which she was delighted to receive; but her final reply to all of them was that the man she loved must be her husband, not merely a lover.

An accident occurred. Monsieur Fromont the elder, the uncle of Georges, was shot in the hunting-field. The merry party must disperse. Sidonie returned to her unlovely home in Paris, after she and Georges Fromont had promised to love each other always and some day to be man and wife.

Frantz Risler, as Sidonie's betrothed, began now to insist upon the fulfilment of his desires; and Sidonie had no excuse with which to put him off. He had secured a good position in the south as an engineer, and was able to support a little establishment. Why should not the marriage be celebrated? But Sidonie had made up her mind to marry Georges Fromont. In default of other excuse she pleaded the love that Désirée,

the little lame girl, felt for Frantz. Posing as a woman of heroic self-sacrifice, she refused to stand in Désirée's way. Frantz went to Suez, where the canal was in construction, and Sidonie waited in vain for the promised letters from Georges Fromont. At last old Risler, bubbling with joy, brought the news that in accordance with his uncle's last wishes, Georges Fromont had married Claire; that he had become head of the Fromont firm, and that he—old Risler—had become his partner in the factory.

Sidonie posed as a heart-broken maiden for a time; and then, through her mother, she informed old Risler that it was for love of him that she pined. If she could not marry Fromont she would marry his new partner, Risler, and after that—she had visions.

Fromont and Claire lived on one floor of the factory building; Risler and Sidonie, after their marriage, on the floor above. Risler was inventing a new machine—the Risler press—which would reduce the cost of manufacture to one fourth and make the firm's fortune a colossal one. His mind was so absorbed in his machine that he was heedless of everything else. To Claire a little daughter had been born and she was so absorbed in the child that she, too, was heedless of everything but the child's welfare.

Thus conditions were created in which the *liaison* between Fromont and Sidonie was easy. Sidonie's pleasure in it was largely gratified jealousy and spite. She hated the friend who had done so much for her because that friend was better placed than she, and felt savage delight in knowing that she was betraying that friend and wronging her. Still more she delighted in the luxuries Fromont gave her—the jewels, the costly garments, the luxurious apartments he hired for her in a good quarter of Paris, where he and she met when he was supposed to be at his club talking business, and she was understood to be enjoying herself at the theater. She had her own coupé also, furnished by Fromont and charged to the firm's expense account, on the ground that a certain style of living on the part of the members of the firm and their families was a valuable advertisement. She had jewels of fabulous cost, which poor, innocent Risler supposed to be gewgaws of almost no cost at all. Fro-

mont sent her a single shawl, the bill for which, six thousand francs, frightened old Sigismund Planus, the lifelong cashier of the firm; and he was still further frightened by the heavy drafts Fromont was constantly making upon his cash-box. He spoke to Risler about these extravagant drafts, but, in his loyalty to the Fromont name and family, Risler paid no attention, leaving all finance to his partner and devoting himself night and day to his work upon the new machine.

Finally Fromont set up a costly, toylike country-place for Sidonie, and spent most of his time there, though he was supposed to be all the time in Paris engaged in business negotiations.

After a while Fromont's drafts upon the cash-box ceased; but old Sigismund Planus discovered that the young man had been collecting heavy sums from the customers of the firm and not reporting the collections.

Old Planus's eyes were opened. He saw clearly what was going on, but he misinterpreted it. He believed that Risler also knew and consented to the infamy. Revolted and shocked, he ceased to meet Risler with his old cordiality, and spoke to him only when business necessity required.

Finally he made up his mind to act. He wrote to Frantz Risler, summoning him home to save the honor of his family name; and Frantz came, full of anger and determination. Arriving on a Saturday afternoon, he found nobody at the factory but old Sigismund Planus, paying off the hands. The Fromonts and the Rislers had gone to their châteaux.

Planus told him of the situation and the squandering and all the rest of it. Then Frantz visited the Delobelles, and the old wreck of an actor declaimed to the same effect. He had planned to return to the stage as manager and star of a theater of his own, for which he had intended that the elder Risler should furnish the money. As Risler had declined to do so, old Delobelle was full of criticism of Sidonie's luxurious squandering.

Frantz found his old room to let and hired it. He met Désirée and in some degree fell in love with her. But he had come from Suez to Paris to deliver a stern judgment, and the culprits were not yet arraigned before him.

On the Sunday morning the elder Risler returned to the

factory to work upon his machine, and learning that his brother was there, seized upon him and took him to Sidonie's château at Asnières. Their talk was all of Risler's machine, which was perfected now; but in the course of it Risler spoke so much of Sidonie, and so unsuspectingly, that Frantz was reassured. Whatever might be true of Sidonie, his brother, he was sure, remained an honest man—a husband wronged, perhaps, but not disgraced by consent to the wrong.

Sidonie had not expected Risler to quit his machine that day and return to the château. So when the brothers arrived they found young Fromont there, in suspiciously close intercourse with his partner's wife.

Sidonie was ready with explanations, and Risler's faith in his wife was so unquestioning that no explanation at all seemed necessary to satisfy him.

Frantz understood, however, and he sought occasion to challenge Sidonie. So far from shunning the ordeal, Sidonie courted it; and when Frantz accused her of betraying her husband, she frankly admitted the fact. When he asked for explanation or excuse, she told him that she cherished an unholy passion for himself—Frantz; and Frantz fell a victim to her wile. He had loved her before; he loved her even more passionately now. He cast honor and all else to the winds and began planning to rob his brother of his wife.

Sidonie managed the affair so adroitly that presently she was in possession of a mad letter from Frantz, proposing that she should meet him at a railway terminus, where he would have tickets ready, and they two should elope.

With such a letter in her hands, Sidonie could afford to disregard Frantz as a factor in the complicated problem of her life. Should he accuse her she had only to produce the letter and attribute his accusation to the vengeance of a scorned lover, who had shamefully sought to betray his own brother. She did not meet him at the station, but she jealously preserved his letter. She had already sunk under Fromont's care from the position of a well-considered *bourgeoise* to that of a mistress surrounded only with such companions as a courtesan might have. She was engaged in a second *liaison*, with a certain Italian tenor, Cazabon, *alias* Cazaboni. But she had

now no fear. When Frantz came to reproach her with her betrayal, she bade him remember the letter she held from him, and not to tell ugly stories about her, lest she should show the missive.

Frantz suddenly left Paris, and poor little Désirée, to whom he had made love before his infatuation with Sidonie, wandered to the Seine and threw herself into the water. She was rescued, for the sake of the reward the law offers in such cases; but she fell ill with pneumonia and died.

The day of reckoning for the firm of Fromont and Risler drew near. There were notes to be met in January, amounting to a hundred thousand francs; and for the first time in a generation the strong-box was empty. Worse still, when old Planus tried to collect sums due the house he found that they had been collected already and squandered by Fromont upon Sidonie. It was useless for the old cashier to appeal to the members of the firm. Risler was absorbed in the final perfecting of the machine that promised limitless profit to the factory. Fromont put everything aside because he was insanely perplexed with his own affairs. He had discovered that Sidonie was unfaithful to him, precisely as she had been unfaithful for him, and that the Italian tenor was her lover. When charged with this she had not taken the trouble to lie in denial.

In the midst of his anxiety over the notes, Georges Fromont slept uneasily, and the loving, faithful Claire waked him to question him. She guessed that he had been gambling, and he let her think so. But she offered to go to old Gardinois, her grandfather, and persuade him to lend the money necessary for the emergency.

But old Gardinois knew what had been going on and what had become of the firm's money. With merciless frankness he told her of her husband's unfaithfulness and of Sidonie's perfidy. When he saw that she doubted he gave her proofs, referring her to the jewelers, the shawl-importers, and the rest, and giving dates of purchases made and prices paid. He told her of a diamond necklace, bought for thirty thousand francs only a fortnight before and given to Sidonie.

Claire's first impulse was to take flight; but, believing that her husband was financially ruined, she resolved not to desert

him. He fell ill and, without aught of love left and in pure loyalty to duty, she attended him.

Then Risler learned the truth from old Sigismund Planus; his horror of the disgrace and degradation of his wife quickly convinced Planus that he had really not known before; and instantly their old friendship was restored. But Risler decided to act at once. Angry, insulted, desperate, he went to his apartments where Sidonie was holding a dance, seized the jewels and everything else of value, and placed them in Planus's hands that they might be sold and their proceeds used to meet the notes and avert disaster from the house of Fromont. He placed the château, too, and all it contained in Planus's hands for sale, and Planus advanced enough money of his own upon the property to meet the emergency. Risler threw into the strong-box every article he possessed of any value, his watch and chain, his portfolio of designs. He gave his now perfected Risler press to the firm without charge or conditions. He resigned all his claims as a partner in the house and made himself again merely an employé.

Bringing Sidonie into the presence of Planus and Claire, he compelled her to kneel. Claire begged him to spare the woman who had so grievously wronged her; but, wrathfully determined as he was to exhaust every possibility of atonement, Risler insisted that his wife should from her knees beg forgiveness of Claire Fromont, repeating the words as he should dictate them. She began, but, suddenly springing up, escaped through the door and fled into the night.

Claire begged the two men to follow and save her from herself; but Risler refused on the ground that they had done with Madame Risler and had more important matters to discuss.

Sidonie fled to old Delobelle's newly established quarters, where he was supported in comfort by the underpaid toil of his wife. She was convinced that it was Frantz Risler that had informed her husband of her sins and that he had done so in resentment of the humiliation she had inflicted upon him by her failure to elope with him. Ruined, disgraced, outcast as she was, her thought now was solely for revenge. She still had Frantz Risler's mad, compromising letter. She would send it to her husband in order to break his heart and at the same time

be revenged upon Frantz. Then she would join her Italian tenor.

Having saved the firm at this crisis, Risler went to work to meet other obligations that must soon fall due. He toiled day and night to set the new Risler press at work and to enrich the house by its wonderful productiveness. Not one franc would he take for himself except his clerk's wages; and he managed matters so successfully that within a brief time the old house was as prosperous as ever.

Sidonie had sought her revenge by sending a packet to Risler; he had feared to open it until his work of saving the house should be done, and, fearing to keep it in his possession lest he should be tempted to open it, had placed it in old Planus's hands, begging him to keep it until called for. He had sold out even his furniture, to the last piece, and had turned the proceeds into the firm as a part of his restitution in behalf of his abandoned and repudiated wife. He had returned to his lodgings under the eaves and was toiling night and day for the firm, rejoicing in his ability to save its good name and restore it to its old commanding place in the trade. He continued his allowance to the Chèbes—Sidonie's father and mother—paying it out of the meager salary he allowed himself as an employé.

At last, feeling that his work of restitution was accomplished, he went to old Planus and asked for the packet so long ago committed to his friend's care. The time had come when he could dare open it and learn what message Sidonie had sent him.

The package was not at hand. It was locked in a drawer at Planus's house at Montrouge. Planus proposed that the two should enjoy an evening at a *café chantant* and then go for the night to Montrouge.

Feeling that he had at last earned a right to an evening's pleasure, Risler accepted the invitation.

At the *café chantant* they saw Sidonie, sunk now to the depths and earning her way by singing *risque* songs to an audience of "lewd trollops of the baser sort."

The shock to Risler was terrible. He had believed that Sidonie was living with her parents upon the allowance he made to them. He learned now for the first time what the extent of

her degradation was; but still he did not fail of courage. This was only one more affliction added to the burden of sorrows he was so bravely bearing.

He went with his friend to Montrouge to pass the night. Planus gave him the key to the drawers in his room, bidding him use it at will.

In the morning Risler was missing.

In his dead hand, when they found him hanging in the quarries, was Sidonie's packet. It contained the letter that Frantz had written to her proposing an elopement.

He had endured Sidonie's betrayal of his trust and had bravely met the proofs of her shame. But the knowledge that his own Frantz, whom he had cherished from childhood, had been untrue to him, was more than he could bear. Upon reading the letter that revealed the terrible truth he had destroyed himself, saying no word of farewell to a world in which he had suffered so much wrong.

JACK (1876)

As was Daudet's usual habit, he took a framework of fact upon which to build the present story. In its main outlines the tale is true, and Daudet published a sketch of the original of his hero after the publication of the novel.



JACK ("with a *k*, Father Superior," insisted his mother) was to be entered at the fashionable Jesuit school at Vaugirard. The boy was seven or eight years of age, and was dressed in a Highland costume, grotesque on a lad of his physical development. The keen Father Superior had his doubts about the mother, despite her elegance and beauty. She gave her name as Ida de Barancy, and claimed to belong to an ancient family of Touraine; he was from Touraine himself, and knew that there was no noble family there of that name. He found it necessary to speak frankly and advise her to take the boy elsewhere, since only boys of unimpeachable birth and social standing could be received there. Moved by her frantic entreaties, he finally consented to accept Jack, on condition that all the boy's holidays should be passed at the school, and that she should be seen by no one on her visits to him. She indignantly refused, as the Superior had expected. He understood that she had counted upon boasting of her encounters with the aristocratic mothers of other pupils in the reception-room. Jack, returning from the garden, heard the Superior murmur, "Poor child!" as the "Countess de Barancy" dragged him wrathfully away. He wondered why he was being pitied.

While his mother was amusing herself at balls and elsewhere, Jack was in the care of Mademoiselle Constant, her maid, who ruled the household in the elegant little hôtel kept up for Ida de Barancy by the elderly admirer known to its occupants as "Bon Ami." His mother, no longer interested in

his education, accepted the advice of Constant to send him to the Gymnase Moronval, situated in a dilapidated mews and thieves' paradise adjoining the Champs Elysées. The students were all foreigners; Moronval himself was a fluent, pretentious mulatto adventurer from Guadaloupe, who avenged himself for his own black blood on his half-breed pupils. The little King of Dahomey, who had been his special pride for a time, was converted into a slave of all work when a revolution deprived him of his throne and remittances ceased.

The professors were a set of Failures, each in his chosen line: a doctor without a diploma, a poet without a publisher, a singer without an engagement. In the "great poet," Amaury d'Argenton, the professor of literature, Jack had a premonition that he saw a future implacable enemy. His sole friend was the little negro servant-king, who told him about his happy days in his own sunny land far away. He also told Jack that Moronval had said to his wife that the boy's mother was a *cocotte*, and he asked what that meant.

For a few months Jack was happy. Everyone treated him well and affectionately, and listened eagerly to his mother's absurdly boastful stories when she visited him. Moronval cherished hopes of inducing her to furnish the money for a review devoted to colonial interests—and, incidentally, to advertising himself. But Ida de Barancy fell hopelessly in love, for the first time in her life, when she heard Amaury d'Argenton recite his threadbare, empty poem, "The Creed of Love." D'Argenton allowed himself to be won, and, having come into an inheritance, went off to the country with her. Moronval, seeing that his plan for his review was ruined, vented his rage on Jack. The little King of Dahomey, worn out with homesickness and ill-treatment, ran away, was brought back a week later, and died shortly after of despair and the hardships he had undergone. While walking back from his funeral, wretched little Jack ran away to his former home, and finding that his mother was at Etiolles, walked the twenty-four miles that night, and fell unconscious before her house. He was taken in and cared for by his conscience-stricken mother, and attended by good old Dr. Rivals.

D'Argenton, who grudged the expense of the school, was not

greatly incensed by Jack's flight, and even undertook to teach the lad many incoherent things himself. But he soon wearied of this and devoted himself to writing poetry, never getting beyond ambitious titles to works that were never written. He had renamed Ida "Charlotte," and blamed her for the inartistic atmosphere which prevented his emitting works of immortal genius. Charlotte listened in reverential silence; even believed him when he accused famous dramatists and poets of having stolen his unwritten works. Jack spent happy days roaming the forest with the old gamekeeper, whose wife acted as servant to the household.

D'Argenton had a weak digestion, and now fancied himself dangerously ill. Dr. Rivals declared that all he needed was amusement; and Charlotte hit upon the idea of inviting some of his former friends to visit them. D'Argenton brightened up; Jack was terrified. Dr. Hirsch, the physician-Failure, established himself permanently in the house as Assistant-Dictator. All the other Failures came down, sometimes accompanied by the wives who supported them. One Sunday the Vicomtesse d'Argenton (as she was known at Etiolles) offered the *pain bénit* at the village church. At the beadle's suggestion, she appointed Dr. Rivals's little granddaughter, Cécile, to carry the collection-bag, while Jack walked in front with the big decorated candle. Madame Rivals invited Jack to breakfast; and this was the beginning of a happy friendship for the lonely little boy. Soon he spent all his time at the Rivals's; and the doctor, who had begun by believing D'Argenton's assertion that Jack was stupid, soon thought it worth his while to forego his daily siesta for the purpose of teaching the boy. Charlotte and D'Argenton knew nothing of this. At the end of ten months Dr. Rivals proudly told them of Jack's wonderful progress and guaranteed that, if they would send him to a public school, he would make a name for himself. Charlotte was delighted; D'Argenton's opportunity for revenging himself on the doctor and the child had come. He consulted Labassindre, the singer, and decided to make an iron-worker of Jack, because, as he pompously told Charlotte, "the man of the future is the working man." Labassindre's real name was Roudic; he was from the Breton village of La Basse Indret, on the Loire, and had been employed in the iron-

works at Indret until two fine bass notes in his voice had attracted attention, and he had become a conceited pretender to operatic fame. Through his brother, who was foreman of a department at Indret, he got a promise that Jack should be received as an apprentice. Dr. Rivals indignantly warned d'Argenton and the mother that not only was the child unfit for such a life, but that he had a fine mind which would be killed by the forced inaction. This rendered D'Argenton more determined than ever. At his instigation, Charlotte argued fluently with Jack; to no avail, until she told him that some day she might be obliged to have recourse to him as her only friend and protector. Jack yielded. A week later, Labassindre took him to Indret and handed him over to his brother, Roudic, in whose house the lad was to live.

Jack did his best, thinking always of his mother. But his health was soon affected. At first he tried to continue his education and offset the repulsive coarseness of the men by reading, on Sundays, the classical books of which good Dr. Rivals had given him a boxful. Sometimes he read aloud to Roudic and his family, which consisted of his wife and a daughter by a former marriage. Pretty Clarisse, his second wife, was many years his junior, and was in love with his nephew, Charlot, from Nantes—"the Nantais," as he was generally called. Roudic was very proud of her, and suspected nothing; but his daughter, Zenaïde, watched over and remonstrated with her stepmother. One day Jack found an old acquaintance, Bélisaire, a seller of hats, to whom he had once done a kindness, now acting as postman between the Nantais and Madame Roudic. They were in the habit of meeting at a house hired on the shore opposite the island. Everyone in the place, from manager to ferrymen, including Jack, knew of their relations, except Roudic.

Jack slept in an attic, reached by a ladder from Zenaïde's room, which was burning hot in summer, icy cold in winter. His health continued to deteriorate. At the end of a year he received a letter from his mother urging him to take care of his health and work well, as the day might not be far distant when she would require his support. Jack resolved to conquer his repugnance, and become a good artisan. As a beginning, he

sorrowfully nailed up all his books in their box and strove more heroically than ever to learn.

Zenaïde had relaxed her watchfulness over her stepmother. She had no thought except for her betrothal and approaching marriage to a good-looking brigadier in the Custom House, Mangin. He had cost her father dear, seven thousand francs, the savings of twenty years; but his wife had persuaded him to pay it, as he could put by more. Zenaïde was perfectly conscious of her own unattractiveness, her squat, uncouth figure, her ugly face, and that she was being married for her money; but she was very happy. The banns for the marriage had already been published once, the wedding was only a fortnight off, when Jack received from his mother one hundred francs, painfully economized from her meager allowance. She suggested that he buy a little gift for Zenaïde and some clothing for himself. He was trying to think of a suitable gift when, one dark evening, he brushed against someone who was running past the house. Zenaïde had been showing her trousseau to friends during the day, and it was scattered over her room when Jack passed through to his attic. She proudly exhibited it to him, and wound up by showing him the cash-box containing her dowry, which was concealed under her great store of linen in her big wardrobe.

When the house was still, Madame Roudic went downstairs to meet the Nantais, who had written that he was coming. She thought it was for a love-meeting—she had never admitted him to her house like that before; but she had yielded. What he wanted proved to be Zenaïde's dowry as a loan for two days; five thousand francs would pay his gambling debt, and the remaining two thousand would enable him to win a fortune. Madame Roudic refused; the absence of the money would be noticed, she said; Zenaïde counted it over every day, and that very night she had heard her showing it to the apprentice. The Nantais threatened to kill himself. Clarisse declared that she would die also—she was weary of this life of sin and falsehood. The Nantais rushed up the stairs; she tried to detain him, threatened to cry for help; but he conquered.

The next day the Nantais met Jack and induced him to drink at a tavern. Proud of his money, Jack insisted upon pay-

ing for the third round of drinks, displaying a gold piece, and saying he had more and was going to buy a gift for Zenaïde. He met other acquaintances, drank more, and was arrested for drunkenness; and the next day, Zenaïde's loss having been discovered, he was accused of the theft upon circumstantial evidence. The manager and Roudic promised forgiveness if he would restore the rest of the stolen funds. Jack firmly denied the theft, but would not tell where he had got his money because his mother had bade him say that it was his own savings—which was a manifest impossibility. Zenaïde visited him in his prison, whither he was relegated until the evening, and entreated him, on her knees, to restore the money, without which Mangin would not marry her. The manager wrote to "the young villain's" mother, giving her three days in which to replace the money.

D'Argenton's eyes flashed with cruel triumph as he read this letter. Charlotte felt that it was her fault for having abandoned Jack, and suggested that she apply to "Bon Ami," whose offer of several thousand francs when she left him for D'Argenton she had rejected. D'Argenton hated the child, and was avaricious. He approved her plan, and escorted her to Tours, where the kindly aristocrat gladly gave her the money. The two set out for Indret. D'Argenton, leaving Charlotte at a roadside inn on the shore, went to Roudic's, where he found, to his amazement, a lively wedding festival in progress, and Jack, "the thief, the future convict," skipping gaily about in the dance. What had happened? This: on the day after the manager had written to Charlotte, Madame Roudic had presented herself to him, and had declared that she had stolen the money herself, and given it to the Nantais, who had been in the house that night. The manager sent for the Nantais, who was known to be in Indret, and confronted him unexpectedly with Madame Roudic. The Nantais cast a look of agonized gratitude at his mistress, whose lie had saved him, and produced the money, minus eight hundred francs, which, he asserted, he had lost. The manager promised to replace that sum himself, then forced the Nantais to write a confession that he himself had stolen the money, threatening to have Madame Roudic arrested if he did not sign it. The spell was broken: Madame Roudic gave her lover not a glance at parting; and

the manager persuaded her to relinquish her avowed intention of committing suicide by way of expiation. Jack, understanding only that the poet had made a long journey to bring the money and save him from disgrace, assumed that the money was D'Argenton's own, and that he had been mistaken in the man's character. D'Argenton exhorted him to "work, work"—told him that "dreamers" were the most mischievous people in the world; and went away without letting the boy know that his mother was near; and it was many a year before Jack saw his mother again.

Two years elapsed. Jack's life had been utterly uneventful. Letters from his mother had been rare. The Rivals family and little Cécile had twice omitted to answer his yearly letter at the New Year. One thought alone sustained him: "Earn your living; your mother will, some day, have need of you." Alas! his wages continued very low, and Roudic declared that he had no knack, would always be employed only on the coarsest work. He suggested that the lad ship aboard the *Cydnus*, just about to sail, as stoker—the common resource of unskilled iron-workers—and see the world. Jack assented, and Roudic took him aboard at Nantes, after four years spent at Indret. He was now sixteen. At first he resisted the craving for liquor which the terrible life of the stoker engenders; but soon he was compelled to yield. This mad dream of drunkenness and torture lasted three years, during which he sailed all over the world, seeing nothing of it. In the night of this abyss there was one spot of light, like a Madonna in a dark chapel—his mother. Once, at Havana, a packet reached him—the first number of *The Review of the Races of the Future*, edited by the Vicomte d'Argenton, who contributed two articles. Labassindre also contributed two, while the names of Dr. Hirsch and of Moronval were each appended to one. The Moronvals had long since found it expedient to forgive D'Argenton for having robbed them of their intended prey, Jack's mother. As the coarse stoker read this collection of absurdities, and beheld the names of all his executioners on the smooth, daintily colored cover, upon which his rough hands left black marks, he shook his fist in a thrill of rage and indignation, exclaiming: "Ah, wretches, wretches, see what you have made of me!" Not long

after this the *Cydnus* was run into by an American vessel, off Cape Verde, and sank.

So far the *Review* had found only two stockholders, D'Argenton and—Jack. Jack's name was down for ten thousand francs—the money Charlotte had got from “Bon Ami” to save her boy. She had wished to keep it, and hand it over to him at his majority; but D'Argenton had insisted that the *Review* was a magnificent investment—just look at the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the price of its shares!—and had wrested consent from her. In the first six months he had sunk more than thirty thousand francs himself in the publication.

One evening Dr. Hirsch entered and contrived to tell D'Argenton, with his lips only, that the *Cydnus* had gone down in the open sea, and all lives on board had been lost. D'Argenton felt that he must get into the open air to allay the agitation this news caused him. Charlotte, thus left alone, with the storm beating heavily outside, fancied she saw a wreck, that she heard a faint voice call, “Mother!” The sound seemed to come from the staircase; and when she looked, there was her Jack, a big, wounded working man, on crutches, so overcome, so trembling at the idea of seeing his mother again, that he had had to halt half-way up and emit a cry of distress. Not a word did mother and son utter; they only gazed at each other and wept. D'Argenton received the news of Jack's safety with a sickly smile.

One day Jack told his mother that he must have made a voyage in his very early youth; everything had seemed so familiar to him when he shipped on the *Cydnus*. Charlotte confessed that she had brought him from Algeria at the age of three, his father having died suddenly. What was his father's name? She hesitated, was much upset, but could not refuse to tell him. His father had borne one of the greatest names in France, which she and Jack would also have borne had not a terrible catastrophe interfered, just as he was about to make reparation. She had met him—this Marquis de l'Epan, of the Third Regiment of Hussars—at a wild-boar hunt in Algeria. Jack took the news of his father's great name calmly; he, at least, had no illusions.

D'Argenton soon began to complain that Jack was well enough to go to work again; the young man's cough did not

matter—Dr. Hirsch said he would cough all his life—and he ate like a wolf. Eventually, it was decided to send him down to the house at Etiolles, the lease of which still had two years to run, in order that he might grow stronger—and, incidentally, help lease the house by inhabiting it. Jack, conscious of his own roughness and of the long silence on the part of Dr. Rivals, was embarrassed at his first meeting with the doctor, who attributed this embarrassment to his consciousness of his theft, Dr. Hirsch having taken pains to inform Dr. Rivals of the accusation, but not of Jack's innocence. An explanation ensued, and Dr. Rivals read and reread, with delight, the Indret manager's certificate of Jack's good character. He insisted that Jack should come to his house as of yore; his wife was dead, but Cécile would welcome him heartily. Cécile was beautiful, gentle, friendly. Jack was overwhelmed with the consciousness of his physical uncouthness, and his moral deterioration. He soon became conscious that he loved Cécile. The question of his birth engrossed his mind, and he walked to Paris to see his mother, who told him that his father was Baron de Bulac, lieutenant in the navy, and had died long ago. Yes, probably that much was true, Jack reflected bitterly; his father was dead. He resisted his first impulse, which was to take to drink again, on hearing this; but, utterly crushed, he fell ill with grief, and Dr. Rivals carried him to his own house for treatment and care.

At last, feeling that he could never ask for Cécile, Jack determined to go away. But Dr. Rivals divined the cause, and offered him Cécile, encouraging him also to work, so that he need no longer be a mechanic. Jack was illegitimate? Well, so was Cécile; and he narrated the history of his daughter's supposed marriage to a "Count Nadine," who had turned out to be a Jew from South Russia, with several wives. She had died in giving birth to Cécile; and as soon as old Mother Archambault had informed him, years ago, of Jack's standing, he had decided upon him as a suitable husband for his granddaughter. He now suggested that Jack should study medicine and become his successor at Etiolles, four years of hard work being sufficient to win the degree of health officer—all that was required at such a small place. Jack must find work in Paris, and in the evenings he must study at home and attend medical lectures, spend-

ing his Sundays with Cécile and himself. At the doctor's suggestion Jack at once spoke to Cécile, who confessed her love for him and promised to wait for him forever.

Jack promptly found work at a good shop in Paris and set out in search of a lodging. During his quest, he came across Bélisaire; and having convinced the hawker (who was now established in Paris) of his innocence in the matter of the theft, he was invited to become the "mate"—the paying third person—whose sharing of expenses would render possible Bélisaire's marriage with a thrifty, energetic bread-carrier, Madame Weber. Jack accepted and settled down to work and study. He took an interest in life hitherto unknown to him, and was making splendid progress when, one morning, Charlotte dashed into the attic he was occupying with Bélisaire and begged him to protect her. D'Argenton had taken, of late, to spending his time at the cafés and taverns with low women; and when she had dared to remonstrate he had beaten her. She enlightened Jack as to the use which had been made of his ten thousand francs. She had asked her poet to return them; but he had drawn up a bill of fifteen thousand francs for Jack's board at Etiolles and at Indret. Jack's friend gave up his place to Charlotte, who declared that she had left D'Argenton forever; but he sent her a copy of the *Review*, with some verses entitled "Broken Vows," which flattered her, and followed it up with a visit, resulting in a reconciliation; and when he afterward wrote pretending that he was ill, she went back to him.

Jack made such progress in his studies that Dr. Rivals said he would be able to pass his examination for the medical college in less than a year; but in the autumn his cough returned; and a new trouble came upon him, Cécile having let him know through her grandfather that she could not marry him. One night the doctor was called to attend a dying man, who insisted that his wife should make a confession to the doctor. It appeared that Dr. Hirsch had given her twenty francs if she would tell Cécile the story of her father and mother. Dr. Rivals, having thus found the key to Cécile's refusal to marry Jack, narrated to her the history of patient, loving Jack's martyred life, and his parentage. This blow, like all the rest of his misfortunes, had come to the poor fellow through his mother. Jack

had told her Cécile's history; and from her D'Argenton and Hirsch had learned it.

D'Argenton was giving a grand literary evening party to celebrate the return of Charlotte. He had completed his great poem, "Broken Vows," and was reading it aloud to the assembled Failures in her presence, when he was called out by a messenger, who told him that Jack was ill and not expected to live a week. He sent the man away and did not tell Charlotte.

Jack's savings had been exhausted on his mother, and he was obliged to go to the Charity Hospital. His messengers having failed to reach Charlotte, Madame Bélisaire declared that she would go herself and bring his mother. But Jack rose up in a sort of frenzy, crying that she was a bad, heartless mother, who had caused every grief of his life. She had gone at once to "the other one" when he pretended to be ill; but she had killed him, Jack, and now would not even come to see him die.

As Madame Bélisaire left the hospital Dr. Rivals and Cécile arrived. Cécile assured Jack that she had never loved, never would love, anyone but him. Jack told her that she had given him all he had lacked in life and had been everything to him—friend, sister, wife, mother.

Madame Bélisaire found Charlotte and D'Argenton, attired in velvets and furs, alighting from a carriage, and insisted that the mother should come to her son; and she went, notwithstanding D'Argenton's protests. Suddenly, as Jack was talking with Cécile, he exclaimed, with the prescience of the dying, that his mother was coming. In fact, she and Madame Bélisaire were on the stairs. It was past the visiting hour, but all rules give way on occasion, and they entered, Charlotte hanging back with dread. Cécile was supporting Jack's head. He did not answer his mother's frantic appeal, and she uttered a cry of horror: "Dead?"

"No," said old Dr. Rivals, in a stern voice, "no! RE-LEASED!"

KINGS IN EXILE (1879)

The monarchs of whom this novel treats are of course the imaginary rulers of unreal kingdoms; yet there is traceable an attempt at the delineation of actual character, especially in some of the minor personages. The Duke of Palma, for instance, is evidently the Spanish pretender, Don Carlos, while the disreputable Prince d'Axel is the Crown Prince of the Netherlands, once a notorious figure in Paris. It has been guessed that the Mexican experience of Maximilian and Carlotta had something to do with the genesis of this story. Daudet could hardly have published it in the days of the Empire, and we are probably indebted for its appearance to the fall of Napoleon III. The tutor, Méraut, may have been Auguste Brachet, a teacher of the Empress Eugénie.



QUEEN FREDERICA of Illyria had slept since morning—a sleep shaken with remembrances of fatigue, bloody siege, and exile, from which she had awaked with a start of terror. The little Prince, the Comte de Zara, had been sleeping quietly in his room, and the King had been out since midday. The Queen stepped to the long balcony of the Hôtel des Pyramides, and looked down on the Rue de Rivoli—the long stream of carriages, the crowd in the Tuileries garden, the military music. “Paris is fine, isn’t it?” said a voice behind her. The King had returned, and he had little Zara in his arms. The crowd began to notice the royal exiles; a man leaped to the top of the railing. Frederica jumped back, half expecting a shot, but he held up his hat and shouted: “*Vive le roi!*” Such a welcome in republican France to the discrowned sovereigns of Illyria warmed her to the heart.

She was called within to welcome the Baron de Rosen. The exiled Illyrian minister, unavailingly displaced three years before by a Liberal, had unselfishly come to offer his services to his sovereign and to present his son, Herbert, and his son’s wife, who had been Colette Sauvadon, a rich Parisian *bourgeoisie*. It was settled that the Duke, according to his earnest request, should assume charge of the King’s new household,

that Herbert should act as his aide-de-camp, and that Colette should be the Queen's maid of honor. The Duke returned to suggest that hôtel life would be beneath the royal dignity, but Christian II was sure that their exile would be but temporary. They might, he thought, be summoned to reign again at a day's notice. The Rosens stayed until after dinner, when the exiled Queen of Palermo was announced. While the two royal cousins went over together the weary days of the siege of Ragusa, and while Père Alphéc, the King's chaplain, a rough Dalmatian monk, told tales of the same to Rosen, relating how the Queen had visited the outposts on horseback while her royal spouse dallied, God knows where — that royal spouse inhaled the Parisian air and proposed to Herbert that they should have a taste of the pleasures of Paris, Colette meanwhile wondering what affairs of state the King was discussing with her husband.

They descended to the street and took a cab. "Where to, my Prince?" said the cabman, little suspecting that he spoke true. The King answered, with the joy of an emancipated schoolboy: "To Mabille!"

The first necessity was a tutor for the little Prince, and for this post Père Alphée recommended Elysée Méraut, a Gascon, brought up by a Royalist father in an atmosphere of respect for kings and for monarchy. To educate a prince for his royal career was a work for which he had longed. But before he began this work the court of the exiled Illyrian monarchs had already been set up in the suburb of St. Mandé, the Duke de Rosen having won his point. The house was of comfortable size, with grounds; and in it the royal family lived in considerable style and luxury. The Duke de Rosen managed the finances and paid the bills. "I am sure I don't see how he manages," said the King. "We may be certain none of the money is from his own pocket." In Illyria the Duke had a reputation for stinginess, though in Paris his great hôtel was filled with treasures—the spoil of more than one foreign war.

The King was enjoying Paris to the full. Welcomed at the great clubs, sought in the salons, his delicate, sarcastic profile became a familiar sight in the theaters, at the races and in the cafés. The Queen he seldom saw except on Sundays; but she had long lost her respect for him as a man, though she rever-

enced him as a sovereign. For him, while he became more and more intoxicated in the diabolical whirl of Paris life, she conspired, she corresponded, she planned to regain their lost crown. The society of exiled royalties which they frequented looked at her with amusement. That sort of thing was long ago over for them; their motto was: *Cui bono!*

On a rainy winter morning Elysée Méraut gave his first important lesson to the royal child while his mother sat near by. And while he explained to the boy in simple words, yet straight from his heart, the duties, privileges, and responsibilities of a king, Frederica listened in delighted surprise. These were the words for which she had despairingly waited for years. If Christian had been like that he would still have been on the throne. Her eyes shone, her bosom heaved, and Méraut thought he could almost see the diadem on her brow. The midday hour struck before the lesson was over. The little court awaited the royal pair for the ceremonial breakfast, but to its dismay the King appeared not. The pleasures of Paris had detained him and his night was not yet over! The Queen hesitated for an instant and then she said, "Let us go to breakfast," and, turning to the little Zara: "Come, Sire!" So the King who was to be that day took the place of the King who had deserved to lose his crown.

Christian II was "making *ête*," as they called it then in the fashionable Paris clubs; that is, he was going the full round of dissipation. Always unfaithful to his wife, he had at first taken to himself the little Colette, who, after a brief dream of royal favor, was cast aside for Amy Ferat, an actress. Step by step, then, he abandoned himself to the pleasure of the descent that leads at last to the gutter. He took with fervor to Parisian slang. Everything he liked was *rigolo* ("comical"), so that Rigolo became his nickname, just as his boon companion Prince d'Axel, the disgraced Crown Prince of Finland, was known as *Queue-de-Poule* ("Chicken-tail").

One day, after breakfast, Frederica, glancing at the Illyrian papers, cried out aloud. "Read that!" she said to Boscovich, the King's secretary, as she handed the paper to him. The Illyrian Diet had passed a resolution to return to the exiled sovereigns the crown property, valued at two hundred millions

of francs, on condition that Christian II should renounce for himself and his descendants all rights to the throne.

The salon resounded with indignation. "We cannot keep silent under this blow," cried the Queen, turning involuntarily to Méraut, who was feverishly writing something with a pencil. It was a proclamation rejecting the conditions and reassuring the King's faithful adherents. All glanced at the King, who stood biting his nails. "That's all very fine," he muttered. "But can we keep to it?" The Queen turned pale. "Is it the King who speaks?"

"When Ragusa had no food, it had to surrender—Rosen! You alone can tell us. How long can we go on?" "Five years, Sire." "Very good. Méraut, give me the letter; I will sign it."

The proclamation had a good effect in Illyria. The people, moved by the eloquence of their King, began to send in patriotic addresses, and soon pilgrimages and deputations began to arrive. These bored Christian excessively; they interfered with his pleasures. Finally, on a Sunday afternoon, preparations were made to receive an unusually important delegation—a royalist party from the Diet itself to consult the King regarding the best way to bring about his restoration. The house was alive with coming and going, and the gravel outside was echoing with the roll of the state coaches. Méraut was sitting alone in his schoolroom, expecting to hear the King's voice, reading his speech. But there was only silence. Suddenly he saw Christian II outside, sidling toward the house slowly and awkwardly. He disappeared within; then there was the sound of a fall in the room above. Méraut ran up and threw open the door. The King stood leaning against the wall, pale and with rumpled linen. His condition was only too plain. The Queen was speaking in a low voice but sternly: "You must come; you must!" "I cannot; you see I cannot!" Then he stammered excuses in a silly, childish voice. She tried to steady him, but even as she held him he collapsed; and letting him fall on a divan she left the room.

It was not long after this that Christian II made a momentous acquaintance—that of Séphora, the beautiful wife of Tom Levis, the English broker and dealer in curios. "Tom" was

really a Parisian who chose to masquerade as a cockney, and she was a Jewess with a past. To the King she seemed eminently desirable, and he gave up all his other pleasures in her pursuit. His boon friend, Queue-de-Poule, assured him that she was unapproachable; but the King had not been flattered by all Paris to believe that. There was a wager—a large one—which was duly recorded on the club-books and duly read and laughed over by its members.

Not long after this the Queen discovered by accident that the greater part of the royal expenses were paid out of the pocket of the faithful Baron Rosen. There was a scene, but she was inexorable. Servants were dismissed and carriages and horses were sold. A sad state of affairs for a high-flying monarch! Soon there were disquieting rumors that the national orders and decorations of Illyria could be had for money. To such expedients was the King put to pay the costs of "making *fête*." The Bohemia of exile was beginning to swallow the house of Illyria. More and more stringent became the necessities of the royal household, until one night the Queen, with Méraut to aid her, actually pried some of the jewels from the royal crown—the only valuable relic of the exiled Illyrian couple.

But the next day Elysée brought back the jewels, pale and agitated. "What is the matter?" faltered the Queen. "They are all false!" "False?" "Yes, quite worthless; very carefully imitated in paste!"

His Majesty, Christian II, had been before them!

But events spell ruin or good fortune, as you look at them; and all these things suggested to the fertile brain of Tom Levis what he called his Grand Stroke. The idea of it pleased him so much that he danced a frantic jig as he and his wife stood alone in the little basement office of the "Levis Agency." When he was tired he whispered a name in Séphora's ear. Her face fell.

"What! that great baby! . . . Why, he hasn't a sou."

"Don't scoff at the Lion of Illyria, my girl," said Tom. "His skin alone is worth two hundred millions!"

This was his plan: Christian must be induced to accept the proposition of the Diet, ceding his rights in return for a fortune.

He must come to it sooner or later. Poverty was pressing; creditors became importunate; he had grown to think constantly of the wealth to be had by the scratching of a pen. It was the plan of this worldly couple to increase the pressure, to multiply the debts, and to make the creditors bolder. Two things were needed: a considerable sum of money and a clever woman. The money they trusted to worm out of Séphora's father, who had plenty. But the woman?

"Séphora, you've begun; you must go on," said Tom. "He makes no secret of his infatuation; why, he has even recorded a wager in the club-book!" The tranquil Séphora was roused. "He has, has he? Upon my word!"

That decided her. Christian II had fallen into the habit of frequenting the "Levis Agency." Séphora had been calm and cold, but on the day after her talk with Tom there was a change. They fell into a conversation. Séphora longed to go to *Les Fantaisies*, but her husband never would take her to the theater. His Majesty offered to accompany her. The evening was delightful; but before it ended Séphora took occasion to let him know that she knew of his wager and to reproach him with it—an admirable stroke, for she meant to be cold and to lead him on gradually; and the insulting bet was a fine excuse for coldness. They grew, however, more and more friendly. The King was seen with her everywhere; Paris began to talk. But whenever Christian declared his love the coy one sighed and said that royalty was too far above her. "That can be remedied," said Christian; "I will make you a countess."

Matters had now gone far enough to bring in her father, who was to furnish the sinews of war. She showed him a great package of the King's notes of hand, and asked if he would cash them. The old man laughed at her, but grew serious when she explained the Grand Stroke. "We will see—we will see," he said; "but we must be very sure of the woman. Who is she?" "You don't know her," replied Séphora. "Yes; but what is her name?" Séphora stopped a moment to tie her bonnet-strings, and incidentally to look at her beautiful face.

"She is the Comtesse de Spalato," said she gravely.

Not long after this there was a notable gathering in the gray

old building of the Institute of France, a meeting of the Académie Française, at which was present all the royalist society of Paris, which rarely shows itself nowadays at a public function. The occasion was the crowning of the *Memorial of the Siege of Ragusa*, by the Duke de Rosen's son, Prince Herbert. Elysée Méraut had written the book for him, and so it really had merit. It was regarded as in some wise a Royalist manifesto. But the principal honors of the day were not for Prince Herbert. While the amphitheater rang with applause for him, the slam of a door drew all eyes to a box in which a very beautiful woman had just taken her seat. All Paris knew her, her magnificent house, her royal protector. The poor Queen of Illyria, who sat in the next box, knew also, but her face betrayed no consciousness. The clubmen whispered: "Very *chic*"; the journalists: "That's pluck!" And all smiled benevolently.

Meanwhile the magnificent sentences of the *Memorial* rang out from the rostrum. The virtues of the exiled Christian, his heroism in the siege, were duly celebrated. The Queen's eyes filled with tears; she had no illusions; she thought only of Elysée, who had created this ideal king, so different from the base reality. Méraut was in the rear of her box, and she turned to him with the words: "Thank you; thank you!" Baron Rosen took her outstretched hand. He thought she was congratulating him on his son's success!

That evening Méraut, walking in the garden, encountered poor Councilor Boscovich in tears. Seeing Elysée, he sobbed out that Christian was even now signing his Act of Renunciation in an upper chamber. Méraut was stunned for a moment; then he ran off to find the Queen, into whose presence he almost forced himself. At his first word she bounded. "It shall not be!" Giving orders to waken the little Prince, she ran up the stairs and burst into the room where the King had just affixed his name to the fatal document. For a time she pleaded in vain; then she brought in the child, and, causing him to kneel, made him plead in turn for his crown, his royal rights. She poured into the King's ears what had hitherto been kept from him—a plan to invade Illyria, to win back the crown on the field of battle. It seemed in vain. Then she caught up the child and going to the window threatened to leap from it, to destroy her-

self and him in the wreck of their throne. Then Christian resisted no longer. His heart burst in his bosom; and, flinging away the crumpled deed, he fell sobbing into his chair.

In the house of old Leemans, Séphora's father, the conspirators were assembled, gleefully discussing the success of their plot. Christian's extravagances had driven him to the extremity of debt; his renunciation could not be much longer delayed. Into this happy group like a bombshell fell Lebeau, the King's faithless valet and the conspirators' go-between. He had been watched for days, he said, but he had finally eluded his guards and flown to tell them bad news. The Queen had won; the renunciation, already signed, had been destroyed, and a plan for the invasion of Illyria was well advanced. Consternation reigned. "It is robbery!" "The Government must prevent it," cried the disappointed plotters. Suddenly Séphora cried out: "Listen, Lebeau. If the King goes with the expedition, warn me. If I know one hour in advance, I swear to you that it shall not take place!"

Not long afterward there was a grand *hôtel* at a Royalist garden on the Quai d'Anjou. The Illyrian volunteers, and with them the flower of the French Royalist youth, were dancing farewell to Paris. On the morrow they were off, taking separate trains to Marseilles, the point of embarkation, in order not to engender suspicion. Lebeau saw and understood; and the promised warning was sent to the "Comtesse de Spalato." In her magnificent palace she awaited the King, for she was sure he would come to bid her good-by. Then? But she had reckoned without her host. Christian vacillated, it is true, but he knew that danger lurked in such a farewell and he held himself from it. Almost to the surprise of his incredulous followers, he was at the station in time for the midnight train. He flung himself into the corner of a carriage and was off. At first he did not notice the woman in the opposite corner. He prepared to sleep, when of a sudden he felt a caress on his cheek, and heard a murmured word: "Cruel! without bidding me farewell!"

Ten hours later Christian awoke in the Hôtel du Faisan at Fontainebleau. One day with Séphora would not matter, he thought—he could take a later train to Marseilles. His day

was enjoyable indeed, but when he finally reached the seaport it was only to walk into the arms of a commissary of police. The French Government, he was told, could not countenance an attempt against a sister power. His Majesty must return to Paris. Séphora's plans had worked well!

And what of the expedition, which had set sail as planned, though without a leader? The first news reached Paris through a letter from Herbert de Rosen to Colette, his wife—the farewell of a condemned man to the woman soon to be his widow. The ill-fated expedition, betrayed into an ambush, had been overwhelmed almost as soon as it had landed, and its leaders were to be executed. And so it was.

There was now but one course for Christian to take, Méraut advised him. He must abdicate in favor of his son. Christian was quite willing, and the ceremony took place soon afterward, in the midst of a throng of exiled royalties, all—alas!—in black, for the unfortunate expedition to Illyria had claimed a victim from each of them. The King signed the document and then made homage to the little Zara, who by this act became, in the eyes of those present, Leopold V, King of Illyria and Dalmatia. Then the boy darted away to play, and the ex-King, with his dear Queue-de-Poule, departed in his phaeton. The Queen heard him go, for the first time without regret. What mattered it now? It was no longer the King of Illyria that the women of Paris were taking from her.

On the day after the news of the disaster to the expedition, Christian had sworn that he would never see Séphora again; and he had indeed kept away from her for a long time, during which she and Tom Levis were spending a delightful holiday in the palatial house on the avenue. But one day the bell rang hurriedly. "The King!" Tom vanished. Séphora prepared herself, for she understood that something new had happened. Christian knelt before her. "It is I—really I—and forever!" She looked at him wildly. "Yes, I am no longer the King; only a man who will spend his life in loving you."

"I cannot believe it; have you really renounced—"

"Better than that—read this!" and he thrust the abdication into her hand.

She read slowly, and as she gradually saw the two hundred

millions crumbling and sinking from her grasp her face fell. Her six months of useless sacrifice—the fury of the conspirators, robbed by this ninny's false maneuver, all rose before her, while Christian stood smiling, expecting an explosion of tenderness! It was so droll! She rose with a frantic laugh, and shouting to the stupefied ex-King, “Idiot, begone!” she bolted into her own chamber.

Without a sou, without crown, without wife, without mistress, he cut a sorry figure as he went down that staircase.

After the abdication life went on much as usual in the royal household, but a change had taken place in the Queen-mother. She loved the boy now not only as her son but as her sovereign. One day as she took her morning walk with him, the news came that the abdication had had an excellent effect in Illyria and that the name of little Leopold V was becoming popular. Already she saw him with the crown on his head. While she dreamed, Méraut led the lad away to practise shooting at a target. Of a sudden the Queen heard a shot and a loud piercing cry. Leaping up and running to where her child was, she saw him lying on the ground, while Méraut cried out despairingly: “I did it!” The little King had been struck by a shot fired by Elysée, which had rebounded from a trellis. There was a moment of awful suspense. She watched the wounded boy until she saw him move. “He lives!” she shouted deliriously. Then her gaze rested on Méraut—faithful Méraut, whose mind and soul had upheld them all through these years. The memory of it all passed quickly through her mind. His devotion—his love—was it all for the sovereign or partly for the woman? Had he dared!— “Begone! Begone!” she cried. “Let me never see you again!”

The little King had lost the sight of one eye. His general health recovered, but would the Illyrians restore a one-eyed monarch? One day a mother, closely veiled, brought a little boy to the rooms of a great Parisian oculist. “This lad will lose also the sight of his other eye,” said the physician, “unless he is operated upon at once. But his constitution would not bear it; it would kill him. The alternatives are death or total blindness.”

“Poor little Zara!” cried the agonized mother, as she led him

away. "What matter whether he reign; oh, my God! . . . let him live! let him live!"

In the carriage the child turned to her:

"Mamma, if I am no longer a king, will you love me just the same?"

"Oh, my treasure!"

She pressed the little hand passionately. Warmed and comforted by that clasp, Frederica was then a mother only; and as she passed the ruined Tuileries, where once, as a young Queen, she had danced in the days of the Second Empire, she gazed on them without emotion, as if she looked on some ancient ruin of Assyria or of Egypt.

THE NABOB (1878)

This novel, considered by many critics and readers as the finest of Daudet's sustained efforts, probably aroused more speculation and complaint than any other of his books upon its first appearance. As the author said: "Not a line of my work, not one of its heroes, not even a character of secondary importance, but has become a pretext for allusions and protestations." Daudet admitted and defended his taking the Duc de Morny for the character of the minister of state in this much-discussed novel; he also acknowledged having known, in 1864, the real Nabob, whose dazzling career shot swiftly across the Parisian sky like a meteor, and "evidently served as the framework of *The Nabob*, a picture of manners and morals at the close of the Second Empire," to quote the author's own words. But Daudet never permitted it to be said that the other characters were drawn from those real personages which commentators presumed to identify in *The Nabob*—that Sarah Bernhardt served for the delineation of Felicia, for instance. Usually a Daudet novel is a gallery of pictures presented by a master craftsman, and *The Nabob* is a noteworthy example of this; as Henry James has observed, it is "full of episodes which are above all pages of execution, triumphs of translation."



ONE misty morning toward the end of November, 1864, Dr. Robert Jenkins, the fashionable physician of Paris, and inventor of the Jenkins Arsenical Pills, stood on the stoop of his little house to bid his wife adieu before starting upon his daily round. He told her he would breakfast with the Nabob, that personage out of the *Thousand and One Nights*, of whom all Paris was then talking. The coupé stopped first at the Hôtel de Mora, where the suave Irish doctor examined his illustrious patient, the highest functionary of the Empire, and simply recommended the Duc to continue with the "Jenkins Pearls." They talked of the Nabob, otherwise Monsieur Jan-soulet, who had made a colossal fortune in Tunis, and the Duc de Mora consented that the bronzed Crœsus should be presented to him at a forthcoming affair to be given by Madame Jenkins. Delighted, the physician sped on to his next patient, the old dandy, the Marquis de Monpavon, who was in the midst of his matutinal make-up. He declared the pearls were working wonders in his worn-out system. Dr. Jenkins in-

cautiously betrayed the fact that Monsieur le Duc had promised to meet the Nabob, whereupon Monpavon became greatly agitated, and warned the speaker that it was long understood that he, the Marquis, would present the golden parvenu to his Excellency. Blandly acquiescing, Jenkins took his departure for the studio of Felicia Ruys, whom he found at work upon her new animal group. This famous, erratic sculptor received him coldly, even contemptuously, while he fawned for a kind word. Again the Nabob was talked about, and the strange, capricious girl said she would like to model "that white Ethiopian visage." Dr. Jenkins soon left his hostile hostess for an equally unfriendly host, André Maranne, his stepson, who had taken cheap quarters as a photographer. The Irish physician made that disagreeable call because his wife had urged it; now the determined André refused all conciliation, and rejected every gilded offer advanced by his mother's second husband, who angrily closed the interview with the words: "Never apply to us." André was bound to earn his own living, and devote his leisure to literature. So be it! Jenkins dismissed the subject and bade the coachman drive to the Place Vendôme mansion, where the Nabob lived.

Breakfast at the Nabob's was merely a feast for the parasites, whereat they fell upon the rich man to carry off some of the spoil so good-naturedly given. Monpavon and his *confrère*, Paganetti, secured a big check for the *Caisse Territoriale* of Corsica, a vast financial enterprise; Jenkins easily obtained two hundred thousand francs for his humanitarian scheme of the Work of Bethlehem, which fed infants artificially. Then there was Cardailhac, a theatrical manager, whose theater was supported by the generous Nabob, and Moëssard, a journalist, who "puffed" the millionaire for a substantial consideration. Many other leeches attended these wonderful morning meals, but the aforesaid individuals led the van, with their early promises of the cross, and the possibility of becoming a deputy. Nabob Jansoulet eagerly swallowed all baits. But it was a relief when a young man, Paul de Géry, fresh from the beloved mother of the Nabob, appeared on the scene, not to solicit money, but to offer his services to the wealthy parvenu, which the latter gladly accepted. De Géry was at once appointed his secretary.

In due time, the ardent wish of Jansoulet was fulfilled: he met the Duc de Mora, and that great personage was condescending enough to play *écarté* with him, during which the Nabob gratefully lost thousands of francs. Paul de Géry accompanied his patron to this Jenkins party, and witnessed the insult hurled at the Nabob by Baronne Hemerlingue, a former odalisque of a harem in Tunis. She and her husband were desperate and deadly enemies of Jansoulet, though Banker Hemerlingue had once been his closest friend in their days together of hardship and struggle. To Paul, Parisian society seemed a hideous, fantastic farce. He overheard several bits of scandal that caused him bewilderment and pain. Someone said that the Jenkins couple were not married, another whispered of a *liaison* between the lovely Felicia Ruys and the impossible Duc de Mora; then Paul was more horrified than ever to learn the things in circulation about the Nabob, whom gossip reported to have stolen his millions from the Bey of Tunis, among other nefarious deeds. The young secretary was shocked, but did not believe these rumors, and he resolved to watch over the interest of his simple and trusting master. One of the steps toward this protective attitude was that of acquiring financial and banking knowledge.

Chance led the young mentor to Monsieur Joyeuse, late cashier for the Hemerlingue establishment, who was glad to give instructions that he might support his motherless family of four fair daughters, Aline, known as "Grandmamma" in that charmed circle, Elise, Henrietta, and Yaia. Chance also would have it that the literary photographer, André Maranne, lived upstairs in the same house with this Joyeuse family, and was on friendly terms with its members, especially with Elise. De Géry was enchanted by the domestic harmony and purity of the old cashier's household, and he could not refrain from contrasting it with the discordant homes of so-called society.

Felicia was at work on the bust of the Nabob, and Paul never missed one of the Sundays on which the artist allowed her friends access to her studio. The young fellow felt an irresistible attraction to the wild, brilliant girl, who seemed to vent all her sarcasm and scorn on the willing head of Dr. Jenkins. Paul did not know of a dark and dastardly attempt, made by

the smug physician, upon the virtue of Felicia, when she was merely a girl, and which had destroyed her faith in mankind; for her father had singled out Jenkins as her protector! That estimable guardian still retained an incurable passion for his charge, but she repulsed him with verbal vitriol. Jenkins was now jealous of the sittings given the Nabob. Once he broke in upon them; Felicia was incensed, and Jenkins was taken to task mercilessly. When the Nabob had passed out of hearing, Felicia announced that she intended making him marry her. Jenkins went livid, and informed her that Jansoulet was a married man. It was only too true. Angry, disgusted, the sculptor overturned the clay model of her latest subject and it fell to the floor a shapeless mass.

Not long after Madame Jansoulet arrived in Paris with her three children and retinue of servants. She was an obese Levantine, useless to herself and to everybody else. Paris nau-seated her, and she spent her days in seclusion, smoking, and amusing herself criticizing manuscripts sent her by the accommodating Cardailhac, manager of the *Nouveautés*. The Nabob employed his time in numerous ways, working particularly for the cross of the Legion of Honor, and for a seat in the Chamber of Deputies. These were absorbing ambitions. He thought himself a sure candidate for both houses, through founding the Work of Bethlehem and by supporting the *Caisse Territoriale*. It was therefore a keen disappointment when Dr. Jenkins received the coveted order, as a tribute to his artificial nursing establishment, which, by the way, killed more infants than it saved. Of course the smooth Irishman offered his cross and letters patent to Jansoulet, who very naturally rejected them, though the distinction had cost him four hundred and thirty thousand francs!

Meanwhile Paul de Géry shouldered most of the Nabob's responsibilities, and went thrice a week to M. Joyeuse for lessons in accounting. Paul began to feel extraordinary interest in Aline Joyeuse—"Grandmamma," as her father and sisters called her—while the photographer, André Maranne, who worked on his drama, *Révolte*, day and night, showed decided predilection for the society of Elise. And many were the merry evenings passed together, with Père Joyeuse watching the

young folks and building innumerable air-castles, as was his habit. About this time, too, Paul discovered that Felicia Ruys and Aline had been chums during school-days, though so widely different in disposition. Silently he contrasted the two and realized that while the artist fascinated, enthralled him, "Grandmamma" exercised a gentle, irresistible influence over him. Paul was often puzzled to know which of the girls he preferred. As for them, they both treated him as an exceptionally welcome visitor and friend. This attitude was more noticeable in Felicia, as she was brusque, bitter-tongued with everybody, the Duc de Mora not excepted. That gentleman of the world, however, stood her rebuffs with good grace. It may be said here, also, that the Nabob had won high favor with his Excellency, and the strange companions were frequently together, usually at the gaming-table.

Baron Hemerlingue and Jansoulet were deadly rivals, in spite of their former friendship in Tunis. The latest move made by the latter to retain the Bey's good-will was a loan of fifteen million francs; and that African ruler was now expected to visit Paris. The Nabob made the most elaborate preparations at his château, St. Romans, to receive the monarch. *Fêtes* were planned for several days, Cardailhac assuming the management of them and sparing no expense. Excitement was at fever pitch, and even that hard-working, good old peasant, Mère Jansoulet, flew about as never before. Imagine the consternation, then, when the royal train passed by the Nabob and his corps of merrymakers, only stopping long enough to allow the Bey of Tunis to call the master of St. Romans a thief, and Hemerlingue and his son witnessed this cruel scene, for they were in the car beside the dusky Prince. Through some underhand trick the enemy of Jansoulet had triumphed over him. The poor Nabob reflected what the Bey's insult meant—the confiscation of his vast estates and property in Tunis. But while he was on the verge of despair, a despatch arriving from the Duc de Mora conveyed the glorious news that he was the official candidate of Corsica. A deputyship meant salvation, for the Bey of Tunis would not dare treat a representative of the French nation without a fair trial in reference to any accusation; and of this the Nabob had no fear.

An electoral cyclone enveloped Corsica, which cost the Nabob a mint of money; but he was elected, and all that remained to make him a deputy indeed was verification of his credentials—to use parliamentary parlance. But his enemies were at work, circulating slanderous stories against him. The Hemerlingues were waging a war of hatred and spite. It was a crisis in the Nabob's financial, political, and social life. Either all or nothing. The strain was terrible. Disgusted with the swarm of parasites and blackmailers filling the house morning, noon, and night, Paul de Géry decided to leave the employ of the Nabob; but the latter pleaded with him to remain until the agony was over; and the young man, realizing the plight of the tormented rich man, resolved to see him through at any cost. And the first thing he did toward helping his patron out of the mire was to persuade the capricious Felicia to work over and finish the bust of him begun some months ago. It would then be exhibited at the Salon, which would in a way help him to regain prestige. Ah, that interview between Paul and Felicia—how by a hair's breadth it escaped being a declaration of love! But two things prevented it: the Duc de Mora had been expected to dinner, and Felicia herself drew a sketch, from memory, of Aline's pure profile, which was given to Paul. And even when the enigmatical daughter of Sebastian Ruys refused to see the Duc, evidently preferring the company of Paul, whom she coaxed to dine with her, not a word betraying his emotion came from the lips of the favored guest.

Both the animal group and the bust of the Nabob won distinction at the Spring Exhibition. Felicia had honors heaped upon her; but at last she saw with her own eyes the love between Aline Joyeuse and Paul de Géry, and became desperate. She told the Duc de Mora she would accept him as a lover, which startled him out of his usual reserve. He was exultant, and greeted the Nabob, when he caught sight of him, as "my dear Deputy," a salutation that made Jansoulet's heart leap, his brain whirl. That day was altogether a triumph for the Nabob, whose bust attracted hundreds of visitors, among whom were the Bey and his suite. The ruler of Tunis had been duly impressed by the position evidently accorded his former subject in the French capital. Hemerlingue, fatter and yellower than

ever, felt himself losing ground in that variable royal mind. Had he known of one fatal mistake made by the Nabob during his intoxicating triumph, the Baron would have rejoiced. Jansoulet had snubbed his insolent creature, the journalist Moëssard, whose pen would henceforth be dipped in gall, in return for the slight. And it was. Vituperative articles appeared regularly in the *Messager*, setting forth supposed shameful enterprises engaged in by Jansoulet some years ago. Hemerlingue therefore employed Moëssard to keep up the nefarious attack.

Intensely wrought up over the calumnious stories, the poor Nabob sought the Duc de Mora, who assured him that he would stand by him and have his election confirmed by the Chamber; but his Excellency was in bad health, and when Jansoulet had this encouraging interview, the affable Dr. Jenkins was present, ascertaining the condition of his anæmic patient, which led to the advice that he should change his dissolute habits. Monsieur le Duc laughed as he requested plenty of the Jenkins Pearls, and toyed with a scented note in his hand—a missive which bore every characteristic of Felicia, a fact that almost maddened the dissembling physician.

The Nabob carried away the sage counsel of De Mora to keep cool under fire; but when he read the next article in the *Messager*, branding his mother with infamy, “the drunkenness of blood demanding blood enveloped him.” Unfortunately Moëssard hove in sight; and but for the spectators the Nabob would have killed the wretch; as it was, he administered a thrashing to the contemptible blackguard.

To return to our friends, the Joyeuses, André Maranne, and Paul de Géry, a multiplied happiness had come to them. *Révolte*, the drama of the poet-photographer, had been accepted by Monsieur Cardailhac. To celebrate the memorable event they all went on a picnic; and before that outdoor excursion was over two pairs of lovers had plighted troth: André and Elise, Paul and Aline. One thing only marred the family rejoicing, and that was when Felicia Ruys and the Duc de Mora passed on horseback, in an out-of-the-way path. The riders were linked in an affectionate attitude, and their direction indicated the Duke’s private châlet, the rendezvous of his assignations. “Grand-

mamma" pitied her reckless friend, but Paul sadly felt the truth of his intuition.

About a week after the Moëssard-Jansoulet encounter and that ride in the woods of Felicia and the Duc de Mora, the latter was taken hopelessly ill, and after a brave fight, died like the man of the world he prided himself on being. This casualty destroyed the Nabob's last hope, withdrew powerful protection from Monpavon against his creditors, which caused the Marquis to take to his bed at such a calamity, and, finally, deprived Jenkins of a profitable patient, but gave the conniving doctor an opportunity of gaining possession of Felicia's letters to the departed statesman. The unlucky Nabob had but one vague hope now. Paul de Géry had gone to Tunis to negotiate with the Bey for a percentage of his patron's vast wealth tied up there. Jansoulet imagined that with a remnant of his fortune he might still fight his powerful, relentless enemies, and win his election as a Deputy.

Nothing could surpass the magnificence of the Minister of State's funeral. All Paris mourned, or seemed to, for the deceased Duke. Business was suspended during the obsequies. Felicia, stricken with an indefinable dread, fled from the city and turned her face toward the kingdom of the Bey, who had offered her magnificent chances for work in Tunis. In the cemetery where De Mora was laid at rest, Baron Hemerlingue and the Nabob met, and the latter humbly sought reconciliation. Hemerlingue said they might again be friends if Madame Jansoulet would only call upon the Baronne Hemerlingue, and thus make peace possible; for his wife could not forget nor forgive till that time the insults Jansoulet's wife had heaped upon her in the Orient, by despising her as a harem slave. The Nabob must also placate Monsieur Le Merquier, of the Chamber, who had charge of his case before it. As Le Merquier was a creature of Hemerlingue nothing could be easier to arrange. Everything again looked rosy in the anxious eyes of the Nabob until his wife, his obstinate, brainless Levantine wife, refused to call upon Baronne Hemerlingue. She could not, would not, meet a harem slave as her equal, and that settled the matter! Driven to desperation, the Nabob paid the promised visit alone; but the vindictive Baronne was not appeased; instead she became

more enraged than ever at the affront. Then the harassed man solicited an interview with Le Merquier, only to be repulsed; for that hypocrite belonged body and soul to the Hemerlingues.

At last the day dawned during which the validity of M. Jansoulet's election was to be decided before the Chamber of Deputies. Led by some strange instinct, Mère Jansoulet left the Château St. Romans in time to witness her boy's trial, though he was not aware of her presence until he stood upon his feet in brave defense of his honor against the insidious and false charges read before the Assembly by Le Merquier. He had won the sympathy of the audience for his political campaign in Corsica, and was about to explain the unsavory reputation given to the name of Jansoulet, in the city, when he caught sight of his dear old mother's face. Poor Nabob! he could not go on and smirch his brother's character in her eyes. That elder brother had been the one guilty of the misdemeanors attributed to the candidate; but he suddenly resolved to withhold his vindication, the presentation of which might mean election, fame, fortune. The Nabob sat down amid wild confusion. M. Jansoulet's election was declared void. It was then that Mère Jansoulet understood her boy's supreme sacrifice; and she endeavored to tell the crowd about her *two* sons, but her effort was fruitless. She was found by the Nabob, who gently guided her to their carriage, and as they rolled away he laid his head against her shoulder and wept like a child.

If the Jansoulet household was disrupted, the Jenkins *ménage* kept it company. The inventor of the Pearls, the arsenic charlatan, disappeared, leaving instructions to sell everything he possessed. Madame Jenkins, practically abandoned, and not the rascal's legal wife, was forced out of her home. With mind on suicide bent, she paid a farewell visit to André, her son. Guessing, ay, knowing her straits, he saved her from the rash deed, and declared she should always share his home. Another remnant of the general upheaval was not so fortunate. The Marquis de Monpavon, without friend or a sou, made his way to a cheap bath and cut his throat. Two slashes of the razor, and all his factitious majesty burst like a bubble. Of course the *Caisse Territoriale* went into insolvency, and Paganetti became a fugitive.

Paul de Géry really succeeded in wresting ten millions of francs from the rapacious Bey; and, this in hand, he hastily made his exit from the atmosphere of injustice and fraud. But a fearful experience was in reserve for the clever emissary ere he reached Paris. At Bordighera, in a hotel where he stopped a few hours, he happened to be assigned the room adjoining that of Felicia Ruys, still bound on her trip to Tunis. Loud voices attracted his startled attention. A few moments passed, and Paul realized that Dr. Jenkins had pursued her and was with her in the room. Wildly he pleaded his love with the enraged girl, who lashed him with words that stung like whips. Jenkins groveled, while Felicia launched forth her pitiless arraignment. The unwilling listener, horrified, at length left his apartment and rushed down-stairs. As the post-chaise started, he saw a pale face, black hair, and blazing eyes watching at a window for him to pass. Felicia knew him. To banish the memory of that passionate interview Paul held before him a sketch of Aline's face, which had effectually cured him of the fascination once exercised by the unhappy Felicia.

Révolte, the play with a virtuous theme, by an unknown writer, was ready for its presentation to the *blasé* Parisian theater-goers. A magnificent audience filled the hall to the ceiling that unforgettable first night. From the opening act the drama was an assured success. Its author, in the back of a box with his mother, who desired to remain unseen, trembled with excitement, while she shared his every apprehension. Not far off one could catch a glimpse of Père Joyeuse and his pretty daughters, all eager anticipation. Moëssard was present, as well as Hemerlingue and his snakelike wife. Apparently all were enjoying the performance. Suddenly the Nabob entered his large proscenium box, looking fully twenty years older since his last public appearance. That morning word from Paul had reached him; and in view of the speedy receipt of the ten million francs, he had shaken off his despair and resolved to face the world once more, to battle with its edict of shame. Now the great audience of *Révolte* leveled their glasses at him. Sneers were depicted on many faces, insulting exclamations were heard on every side. Between the acts cruel remarks, spoken aloud, reverberated through the house. The

poor wretch was pilloried in his own theater! Precious Parisian society had ostracized him; but the kindly Père Joyeuse came to the Nabob's box to salute him, an act which delighted the dear daughters. Nevertheless, the play of *Révolte*, despite the added sensation, was a great success. Its satirical lines were, in the heartless audience's opinion, directed at the Nabob, too.

And how did the victim, the cynosure of these mocking glances, stand the terrible ordeal? He sat silent; but madness was swooping down upon him, when a light touch caused him to turn; then two convulsive hands grasped those of Paul de Géry. "Ah! my dear—my dear—" stammered the poor man. The Nabob melted into a sob of tears, of blood, of choking speech. He became unconscious and was borne to a couch, where he lay inert. All expedients failed to resuscitate him from the attack of apoplexy. Paul, broken-hearted, gazed sadly at that homely though kindly face. At that moment the young *protégé* felt how ineffectual had been his efforts against the ambuscades of Paris. Even his rescued fragment of the once colossal fortune was useless now. Before the Nabob died his lips moved, and his eyes turned toward De Géry with a sorrowful, imploring, rebellious expression, as if entreating him to bear witness to one of the greatest, the most cruel acts of injustice ever committed by Paris.

SAPPHO (1884)

Sappho, which is the French spelling of the name of the Greek poetess, correctly written in English as Sappho, although universally, by usage dating even from her lifetime, erroneously pronounced sāfō, is a psychological study of the ruin of a young man wrought by a courtesan. The author called it a novel of Parisian manners, and inscribed it: "For my sons, when they are twenty years of age." It has been dramatized in several unauthorized versions, more or less prurient, and there has been much controversy over the production of these on the stage, leading to a general misconception of the nature and purpose of the original novel.



THE Gaussins of Armandy had lived "for all time" on the wine-growing estate of Castelet in Provence. Generation after generation held it in common, but by custom it was managed by a younger son, since the eldest, also by custom, was destined to the consular service.

Unfortunately, Nature does not always adapt herself to human arrangements, and if there ever was a person incapable of managing an estate, or of managing anything else, it was surely Césaire Gaussin, on whom at twenty-four this responsibility devolved.

After some years of neglect, silly waste, and ruinous gambling at the clubs of Avignon and Orange, Césaire, or *Le Fénat* ("the Scamp"), as he had come to be known, was at the end of his resources. He had sold all the stores of wine, disposed of the growing crop in advance, and mortgaged the estate to the greatest possible extent. Then, just before the final seizure, forging the name of his elder brother, a consul at Shanghai, he drew three bills on that consulate, hoping that he would be able to find the money to take them up before they became due.

This hope proved false, and the bills reached the Consul in the same mail with a desperate letter from Césaire confessing his crime.

The Consul paid the bills at the cost of his entire private

fortune, threw up his position, which promised a brilliant career, and hurried home to Castelet to preserve the family honor and restore the estate, resigning himself to remain a simple wine-grower throughout the rest of his life.

He proved to be as clever an agriculturist as he had been an official. Under his efforts Castelet prospered greatly. A son was born to him whom he named Jean; in him he hoped to see achieved for the family all the honors in the public service that he had foregone.

All this time Césaire, the Scamp, wandered idly about the estate borne down by the burden of his sins, scarcely daring to look in the face of his brother, who crushed him with contemptuous silence. At table he never spoke, notwithstanding the kindly smile of his sister-in-law, who had great compassion upon him. She supplied him with pocket-money, unknown to her husband, who kept the Scamp very close, less in punishment of past follies than for fear of new ones.

With all his caution, however, the pride of the elder Gaussin was destined to endure a new trial. There came to do sewing at Castelet a fisher-girl, Divonne Abrieu, who, though peasant-born, was superb as a *dame* (lady) of the Courts of Love which were held in olden days in that region. With her the Scamp fell madly in love. He endeavored to take liberties with her, and she sent him rolling ten yards away. Thereafter she kept him at a distance with her sewing-shears.

Césaire confided his passion to his indulgent sister-in-law, announcing his desire to marry Divonne. Madame Gaussin, hoping that a marriage to a good woman, however humble in birth, might be the saving of the Scamp, encouraged him in the plan, and secured her husband's consent to the misalliance, but only on condition that the couple should remove themselves from Castelet, where the sight of them would form too poignant a reminder of how low the proud Gaussins d'Armandy had fallen.

Divonne's consent was even more difficult to secure. While the Scamp had lovable traits, there was nothing about him which the peasant woman could respect. It was chiefly out of regard for Madame Gaussin that she finally assented to the marriage.

The banishment of the strangely matched pair came to an

end when girl twins were born to the Consul and his wife. The mother became a permanent invalid after the double birth, and Divonne came to take charge of her and of the household. Gradually Césaire crept back into his old place in the house.

Divonne was a second mother to the little boy, Jean, and his baby sisters, Martha and Mary. After Jean had gone to Paris to prepare for his consular examination, he was vastly comforted by the thought that the great-hearted, calm-souled peasant woman was keeping guard over Castelet and sustaining it by her will.

Jean had been in Paris a month, studying faithfully to prepare for the examination, and he felt that he owed himself a treat. So he accepted an invitation to go with a fellow-student to a masked ball given by Déchelette, the famous engineer.

Déchelette now was constructing a railroad between Tauris and Teheran. During the two months of the hot season he lived in Paris in a mansion on the Rue de Rome, which was furnished like a summer palace. Here he refreshed himself for his arduous work among the wild Kurds by giving a succession of magnificent entertainments to his friends in the artistic bohemian circle of the pleasure-loving metropolis who had not gone to the country.

Jean was attired in the hot sheepskin dress of a Savoyard bagpipe-player. He felt disgusted at his choice of costume when he saw all the other guests more lightly and comfortably, though far less decently attired. His friend had become lost in the crowd. He knew no one else, not even his host. So he wandered lonely about, not noticing that wherever he went there was a buzz of admiration over his beautiful sun-browned face and fair hair, crisping in close, short curls about a head so shapely that every sculptor in the room desired to model it. He seemed to himself to be far apart in kind from the gay artists about him.

Leaving the crowd, he entered a gallery where it was cooler, and seated himself on a divan under some tropic greenery. A woman followed and sat down beside him. She was dressed as an Egyptian princess. A long blue gown fell over a voluptuous form; her rounded arms were bare to the shoulder, save for a number of bracelets and armlets of antique pattern; her

small hands were laden with rings; her large gray eyes were intensified in prominence by a circlet of heavy iron ornaments hung across her forehead.

It seemed to Jean that he had seen her before, that, in fact, he had always known her. An actress, no doubt, he thought, whose portrait he had seen in the public prints. This reflection was not calculated to put him at his ease, for he had rather a fear of the bold women of the stage.

She certainly was most familiar.

"Look at me!" she commanded. "So! I like the color of your eyes. What is your name?"

"Jean Gauzin."

"No more?"

"D'Armandy."

"Ah, from the South. And with such fair hair! How extraordinary! You are not an artist, are you? I picked you out as not being one. I hate artists!"

She extorted from him much of his family history, and all of the circumstances of his being in Paris. Jean reasoned that this questioning must be a habit of hers, for she seemed to know all the guests at the ball, and all about them. Dancing had begun in the great hall, and as each fantastic mummer went skipping by the door before them, she named and described him: There were Père Corot in a pensioner's cap, Couture as a bulldog, Cham as a tropical bird; Déchelette, the host, as a Tatar; the sculptor Caoudal, in kilts, dancing the Highland fling; De Potter, the musician, dressed as a muezzin, performing the "stomach-dance," and squalling *Allah il Allah!* at the top of his voice.

"And there is the poet Gournerie, dressed as a village bridegroom."

What! that fat, sweating little man the author of the grand despairing cries of the *Book of Love*? It could not be. Jean began to murmur one of his favorite passages in the work:

"To quicken the cold marble of thy form,
O Sappho, have I given my heart's hot blood!"

His companion spoke sharply: "What are you muttering there?"

“Verses of Gournerie.”

“I don’t like verse,” she said curtly. “Good night.” And she was gone.

While Jean was wondering what he had said to displease her, the friend with whom he had come to the ball discovered him. “I have been looking everywhere for you!” he cried. “That girl in Japanese costume over at yon table is crazy to meet you. Come along,” and he darted away.

Jean turned to follow, when a voice behind him said: “Don’t go to that woman. Come with me.”

It was his former acquaintance, who had returned to claim his attendance. He followed her without hesitation. Why? She was not as pretty to his taste as the dainty little geisha yonder, who was even now beckoning to him. But he was obeying a force stronger than his will, the impetuous violence of a desire.

Suddenly he found himself and his companion in the street.

“To your house or mine?” she asked.

“My house,” he answered; and they took a *faacre* to the Rue Jacob.

His lodging was four flights up. She was so sleepy that he asked laughingly:

“Would you like me to carry you up?”

She did not reply, but gave him a disdainful yet tender glance that seemed to gauge him from a rich experience, and said: “Poor little man!”

Piqued by it, he took her up and carried her like a child, for he was stout and lusty for all his feminine fairness. He ascended the first flight without pausing, thrilling with the clasp of her naked arms about his neck. Up the second flight the woman was a dead weight, and her iron armlets indented his neck cruelly. At the third landing he was panting like a piano-carrier, while she sleepily murmured: “How delicious!” It seemed to him that he would never reach the last landing. The stairway wound in an interminable spiral. He was no longer carrying a woman, but something heavy, horrible—a suffocating vampire, which he felt tempted to throw from him at risk of a brutal crash.

Arrived before his door, “So soon?” she said, opening her

eyes. He was thinking "At last!" but could not have said so. He leaned against the door, deadly pale, and with hands upon his chest, which felt ready to burst.

Their whole future history, this ascent of the staircase in the sad, gray light of the morning!

Fanny Legrand, as she gave her name, visited Jean with greater and greater frequency.

"Oh, I know quite well I bore you," she said. "I ought to have more pride. Every morning as I leave your room, I swear I will never enter it again, but I come back in the evening as if I were possessed."

Fanny differed from all girls the young countryman had known. She had a smattering of art, music, poetry, sculpture, which rendered her conversation very interesting. Then she made a most admirable companion upon excursions into the country, where she knew all the charming corners.

One day he proposed going to the Vaux de Cernay. She cried: "No, no! there are too many artists there." He remembered that this antipathy for artists had led to their acquaintance. When he inquired the reason for it, she answered: "They have done me a great deal of injury."

One day when they were dining at a lakeside inn, Caoudal, the sculptor, happened in on them.

"Hello, Fanny!" he cried familiarly, and sat down with them. He began talking of old times.

"Do you remember, little one, a breakfast we had here a long time ago? Ezano, Dejoie, and all the set were along. You fell in the pond, and they dressed you up in the landlord's clothes. They suited you to perfection."

"I don't remember," she said, coldly, and probably truthfully; for women of her class forget the past and refuse to think of the future, living wholly in the present.

They returned from this excursion late, and Fanny persuaded Jean to go to her rooms, which were nearer than his, for the night. The apartments were voluptuously furnished, and an old woman was in attendance who set out champagne at Fanny's orders.

In the morning Jean was awakened by the servant calling to Fanny:

"He is here, and he says he *will* speak to you."

She sprang up in a rage and ran out of the room in her night-gown. Jean heard a man's voice imploring, and another which at first he did not recognize answering with curses of inconceivable foulness. Slowly it came to him that this was Fanny's voice. Jean arose and dressed. How he had degraded himself! All the amorous luxuriousness about him was stained with vileness.

She came in breathless. "What a fool a man is who cries!" she exclaimed. Then seeing Jean dressed, she realized that he was leaving her, and for what reason.

"Don't go away!" she pleaded. "For if you do I know you'll never return."

He insisted on going. She detained him by embraces. Finally he tore himself away. As they approached the door a letter was thrust under it. She opened it and cried triumphantly: "Look, I am free!" She gave him the missive: a humble love-letter written on a café table by the man she had scorned, promising to grant her everything—if only he did not lose her!—O God, not to lose her!

Fanny's cruelty to a man who had given her every luxury appalled Jean. The next time she came to his room he refused to see her. She waylaid him at his restaurant, humbly begged leave to come to him, and patiently accepted what pretext he chose to give for not receiving her.

The shame of his situation caused Jean to fall ill. For several days he was out of his head. One morning he felt a cool hand on his head.

"Thank you, Divonne," he murmured.

"It is not Divonne; it is Fanny."

She had been tending him all through his illness, sleeping on his hard, lumpy lodging-house sofa.

"I had no other place to stay," she said. "I gave everything back to the man—the man who was before you."

Jean and Fanny set up housekeeping in a little flat on the Rue d'Amsterdam. He had no fears that his home circle would discover that he was living with a mistress. He also kept the fact secret from his Parisian acquaintances. During the following summer he met Caoudal and Déchelette at a café. When the sculptor inquired about Fanny, Jean lied:

"Oh, that's done with—long ago."

"Fanny Legrand—who's she?" asked the engineer.

"Why, Sappho, don't you know?" answered Caoudal.

"She was at your ball last summer, superb as an Egyptian princess. She has the gift of immortal youth. Last fall I saw her with this handsome fellow here looking like a seventeen-year-old bride. She was just seventeen years old when I used her as the model of my 'Sappho.'"

"What, that bronze I've been seeing everywhere since I was a young man?" asked Déchelette. And Jean with a pang learned why Fanny's features had from the first seemed so familiar, for a copy of Caoudal's "Sappho" had graced his father's library ever since he could remember.

"Yes, that was twenty years ago," said the sculptor. "What a woman she has been, what experiences she has had! 'The whole gamut,' as Gournerie used to say."

Jean, very pale, asked: "Was he her lover, too?"

"I should think so. After I had taken her from the gutter, and cleaned and polished and set her like a precious stone in my immortal art, that rhymester came and took her from the table whereat I had welcomed him every Sunday. And he treated her shamefully. Gournerie was a maniac. He would beat her, and thrust her out of doors, and she would lie on his door-mat till morning. Once he called the police to take her away. But cruellest of all, he finally emptied on her head a volume of driveling, spiteful verses, called the *Book of Love*.

"She then took up with Dejoie, the novelist—he died. Then Ezano—he married—she made a terrible scene at the wedding. Afterward came the engraver Flamant, a handsome man, such as she always selects—and you know the terrible sequel."

"What?" asked Jean, sucking assiduously through the straw in his empty glass.

"The engraver was poor; Sappho extravagant. He forged bank-notes to keep her in luxury. He was almost immediately discovered, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. When they took him away, she threw a kiss to him in the court-room, and promised to be waiting for him when his sentence expired."

Jean was pleased at the last story. It revealed that there was a basis of loyalty in her nature. Perhaps he could rebuild

her character upon it. Still, he felt that he ought to leave her while it was possible to do so amicably. How fortunate that none of his family knew of the entanglement!

On his return to the flat he found his Uncle Césaire playing cards with Fanny.

Said the Scamp: "You see, I've made myself at home. I'm playing *bézique* with my niece."

His niece! the Scamp was certainly accepting the situation very thoroughly.

Indeed, he congratulated his nephew on the possession of such a charming mistress. She reminded him of his own *Pellicule* in the days when he was a young man in Paris.

Césaire brought bad news from home. The phylloxera was devastating the vineyards. The present crop was a total loss, and the Consul was bent on planting new vines, which, in Césaire's opinion, were certain to be destroyed in turn, instead of cultivating olives and capers.

Fortunately Césaire had an inheritance from an old friend who had lately died in Paris—eight thousand francs. He had come to the city to receive it. He was going to take this and experiment with a new process that had been discovered for protecting vines from the pest, on a small vineyard belonging to Divonne and himself. Divonne had the fullest faith in it. She was a jewel! Would his niece like to see her portrait?

Jean had so often spoken with filial regard of his aunt that Fanny expected to see a motherly matron of fifty or sixty years of age. She was therefore completely taken aback when she saw the beautiful face, with its pure lines set off by the white head-dress, and the elegant form of a woman of thirty-five.

"Very pretty," she said, in a curious tone.

When the Scamp had gone to his hôtel—an old one where he had lodged in his youthful Parisian days—Fanny said in a careless tone: "That aunt of yours is a pretty piece. No wonder you talk of her so much. Better quit doing so before your uncle, or he'll be jealous."

Divonne! who had been a second mother to him, dressing him as an infant, nursing him in sickness! Fanny's suggestion was shameful.

"Go along with you!" she cried harshly. "Such a pretty

woman is not insensible to the charms of a handsome young man like yourself, I'll warrant. On the banks of Rhône or Seine we are all alike."

Uncle Césaire received his eight thousand francs, and gambled them all away the next day. In his remorse he burst out to Jean before Fanny in wild confession of his misdeeds past and present.

Fanny put on her hat and went out. Some time later she returned with eight thousand francs that Déchelette had given her. She gave it as an indeterminate loan to Césaire.

The Scamp was transported with gratitude. "What a treasure you have!" he said to Jean at the railroad station. "You must do your best to make her happy."

Thereafter Fanny made to Jean no reference to the service she had rendered his uncle. Neither did she speak of the family skeleton that the Scamp had disclosed, until one day an old dirty, drunken cabman hailed her on the street as she was walking with Jean. "It is my father," she whispered.

Jean walked along moodily, comparing the disgusting fellow with his own noble father. Fanny rightly construed from his silence his repugnance against the social quagmire into which he was sinking through her.

"After all," she said philosophically, "there is something of this kind in every family. One is not responsible. I have Father Legrand, you have Uncle Césaire."

That he might escape meeting Father Legrand again, Jean decided to move to the country. They settled at Chaville in an old hunting-lodge. Life was more comfortable for Jean, who went to Paris every day to his studies; but Fanny, who was lazy and had no resources within herself for amusement, became very lonesome. She begged Jean to permit her to adopt an orphan child that she knew, a country lad of six, and he finally consented. After Josaph, as he was called, came, Fanny was much happier.

Within a year Uncle Césaire returned to Fanny the loan she had made him. The experiments against the vine-pest had proved a great success.

Fanny said: "We must invest this money."

"But it is not yours!" objected Jean.

"Well, the fact is, Déchelette learned what we were doing for Josaph, and wrote me to keep the money for his education."

Jean knew now that she was lying, and had lied all along about the money. It had been a gift, which she now was applying to a child that was her bastard. Yet so involved had he become in this mesh of deceit that he could not protest. Indeed, he was beginning to feel that he never would break his shameful bonds.

One day he came home with the news: "I am nominated."

"Ah, to what place?" She asked the question with assumed indifference, but there was such distress in her face that he said:

"I am not going yet. I relinquished my turn. This will give us six months more together."

She laughed, cried, covered his face with kisses. "What a happy life I shall make yours now! It was the thought that you wanted to leave me that made me naughty."

She kept her word. She sent the child to a boys' school. She wooed Jean as in the first days of their acquaintance, and refused to think of the coming separation.

But Jean could not forget this. His life with Fanny had killed his ambition. Had it not been for his parents and Divonne, he would have thrown up the consulate.

And for whom? For an elderly, faded woman, such as Sappho was rapidly becoming, a woman he no longer cared for, yet to whom he was bound by a kind of witchcraft—the spell of circumstance. She had killed his youth and love, as well as his ambition, he thought, until one day in the car he saw the face of a girl-woman, so pure and sweet that all the lost glories of manhood returned to his heart. He saw her often in the car, and by inquiry learned that she was the daughter of a retired merchant living in a suburb near to his own. He obtained an introduction to her father, and in a short time became her accepted suitor.

He delayed until the last day to announce to Fanny that he must leave her. He took her for a walk in the woods. On their way they met a forester who was carrying his little girl, wasting away with malaria.

"She is trembling," said Fanny.

"It is the chill of her fever, ma'am."

"Then we will soon warm her," and Fanny took the lace mantilla she was carrying, and wrapped it around the little girl.

"Keep it for her wedding-veil," she said to the protesting father.

Fanny clung to Jean with that tenderness which compassion for the unfortunate makes a woman feel toward the man she loves.

"What a good girl she is!" thought Jean. It made his task all the harder, but he stuck to his purpose to go through with it.

They sat down on a fallen tree. She leaned languidly on his shoulder and sought a place on his neck to kiss. He drew away.

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Bad news, my poor dear. The man who took the consulate in my place is ill and wishes to return home. I am ordered to relieve him at once."

She was calm, but deathly pale.

"When do you start?"

"To-night."

"You lie!" she burst forth. "You are leaving me for a woman, either that — of a Divonne, or some girl your parents have selected for your wife. And you dragged me out in the woods to tell me, so that nobody should hear my screams. No, there will be no screaming and no tears. I have had enough of you, handsome though you be. You —!" and she called him all the vile names in her vocabulary of slime.

Jean was glad she was thus low and insulting—the true daughter of Father Legrand; it made the separation less cruel. Some thought of this must have occurred to Fanny, for she suddenly fell forward and buried her face on her lover's knees with a great sob.

"Forgive me. I love you so. I have no one but you. Do not leave me. What do you expect I shall become? You have plenty of time to marry—you are so young. I shall soon be an old woman, and then we shall separate naturally."

Jean was firm, however, and left her that evening by the last train to Paris. He busied himself making arrangements

for his marriage and his departure immediately thereafter for his consulate. Every day a letter came from Fanny beseeching him to have pity on her and pay her one last parting visit. She wrote that little Josaph had returned from school, and missed his "Papa Jean." On being informed that he had gone away, the child had said: "All my papas go away."

One letter he found thrust under his door. She had been in Paris and delivered it herself. Jean thought of the day when she had heartlessly laughed at the letter his predecessor had put under her door. He who contemned her then, himself, was he not equally heartless?

One day he learned from Caoudal that Flamant, the forger, the former lover of Fanny, was pardoned. Jean recalled that she had promised to receive him when he came out of prison. He became alarmed at the thought that Flamant might gain possession for evil ends of the love-letters he, Jean, had written to Fanny. So he went to get them from her, much as he feared the result of seeing her again.

On the way from the station to the cottage he met a man and a boy, followed by a railroad porter pushing a barrow of luggage. The boy averted his face. "Why, it is Josaph," said Jean to himself, sad at the child's ingratitude. He looked at the man, and from his pallor surmised him to be Flamant. In his intelligent face he saw a resemblance to Josaph. Father and son! He had been supporting the convict's bastard.

Flamant and Josaph were departing. Would he find Fanny at the cottage?

She was in bed, though it was noon. She uttered an exclamation: "Oh, they have gone; do not be angry! I ought to have told you about Josaph. But I was afraid you would turn him out, poor child—and I had promised his father."

Jean said he had come for his letters. She brought out a packet. "They are all here."

Jean asked bitterly: "And when do you follow Flamant?"

She muttered a half denial that she was going anywhere.

"You may as well say at once you are going to rejoin your convict. Bad woman and forger go well together. He stayed here last night—and with you."

"Well, what of it?" She brought her face close to his, her

great gray eyes lighted with passion. "Having lost you, what did all the rest matter?"

He lifted his hand. She saw the blow coming, but did not avoid it, receiving it full in the face. Then, with an exultant cry she leaped upon him, clasping him in her arms: "My own, my own, you love me still!"

Jean was too honorable to return to his *fiancée* after this treason. He said to Fanny: "I can get an appointment at Arica in Peru. We will go there together." He closed his eyes and let himself sink gently into the mire.

There was a terrible scene at Castelet when Jean confessed his degradation, and announced his determination to abide by its consequences. At the end he fled away, disowned, a prey to remorse that he must carry through every day of his life.

He went to the hôtel in Marseilles where Fanny was to await him. Their ship left the next day. She was not there.

"A letter for Monsieur le Consul," said the portier. It was from Fanny. He tore it open and read:

"I cannot go. The transplanting of one's life alarms me—I, who have never been farther from Paris than St. Germain. And women age so rapidly in the tropics. I should be yellow and wrinkled before you are thirty. I have heard that down there, when a woman deceives her husband, they sew her up in a bag with a cat, and each tears the other to pieces fighting for life. It may not be in Peru, but no matter. That's the kind of life we should lead.

"I am going to Flamant. Don't think I love him. My heart is dead. But I cannot exist without the boy, and I have pity for the father, who ruined himself for love of me. I tell you now he did not sleep in my bed that night. He passed the long hours weeping on my shoulder. You have no cause to be jealous.

"Flamant is the one man with whom I can spend the rest of my days in peace. He will never see a wrinkle in my face, a gray hair in my head, and if I conclude to marry him, it will be a favor on my side. And you, too, will some day find peace, for you shall never hear of me again. Adieu, one last kiss, on the neck, my own!"

NUMA ROUMESTAN (1881)

The author intended first to call this novel *North and South*, a title indicative of his purpose, which was to contrast the north and south of France, not exactly to the credit of the section where he was born. In the chief character he draws the portrait of his friend Gambetta, the great French statesman.



N open-air festival was held in the amphitheater of Aps, in Provence, one hot Sunday in July, 1875. The greatest attraction was Numa Roumestan, for ten years leader and deputy. Every summer when he went to Aps, during the vacation of the Chamber of Deputies, he received an ovation.

Numa heard the talk of his services going on about him, and he became exhilarated, but Madame Roumestan appeared indifferent. She did not care for the turbulent gaiety of the South; it was opposed to her self-contained nature; she saw enough of it in her husband, to whom she had been married for ten years. Hortense, her sister, was with her.

Roumestan shook hands with everyone, making promises to all.

“But, my dear Numa,” cried Hortense, “where will you find all these tobacco-shops you have been promising them?”

“They are promised, little sister, not given,” he answered. He added, laughing, that people in Provence understood each other’s language, and the value of a promise: they did not expect promises to be fulfilled. Promises excited their imagination, and gave them pleasure. In Provence words had a relative meaning. “It is merely putting things in their proper focus.”

Valmajour, a taborist, appeared, and his playing produced enthusiasm. Numa, with his eyes full of tears, embraced the taborist and told him he must come to Paris and make a fortune. Valmajour played the farandole, and everyone danced.

Numa was twenty-two when he went to Paris to study law. He lived in the Quartier Latin, and took the lead in his circle, playing cards and billiards, and taking no interest in study or reading; but Southern audacity and slyness carried him through his examinations.

He had a good voice, and was invited to sing at the house of the Duchesse de San Donnino, where he met Sagnier, a music enthusiast and a distinguished Legitimist lawyer, who offered Numa a place in his office. While with Sagnier Numa adopted his politics, and became ambitious for political honors and glory. After a few years he made some success as a lawyer and gained the approbation of his Aunt Portal, who wrote him that she wished him to marry Mademoiselle Le Quesnoy, the daughter of a councilor in the court of appeals, promising that on his wedding-day she would give him one hundred thousand francs. Madame Le Quesnoy had been her schoolmate.

The Le Quesnoy family received Numa cordially. Rosalie, the elder daughter, fell in love with him and they were married. They kept open house; Numa had many intimate friends who came and went, but Bompard, who was born in the same street at Aps with Roumestan, stayed; he served to advertise Roumestan. Rosalie did not like him: she said he told lies. Roumestan laughed and said it was not lying; it was using the imagination.

They were in the country for the summer, when one day Rosalie, being in Paris to do some shopping, went to her house. As she opened the door of the library she saw her husband and Madame Escarbès. The shock to the young wife resulted in a miscarriage. She forgave Numa, but warned him that she would not forgive him a second time.

Numa was a Legitimist. He had met many Imperialists at the house of Madame Escarbès, and the Emperor offered him the position of councilor of state. He was writing a letter of acceptance, when Rosalie interfered; and so the fine phrases were used in the letter of refusal and won him great favor for his incorruptibility. He was made councilor-general in his own department by his own party. After the fall of the Empire his father-in-law became first president of the court of appeals.

Numa, his wife, and Hortense spent two months with Aunt Portal in Aps. Hortense and Numa drove to see Valmajour and his sister, Audiberte, and urged them to come to Paris.

Three months later Parliament met at Versailles. Roumestan was excited; he addressed various meetings. He continued to practise law, and for two hours every evening received his clients in his office. He had three secretaries, Méjean, De Rochemaure, and De Lappara.

Roumestan was appointed Minister of Public Instruction. On the same evening he was to dine with the Marshal at Versailles; when Valmajour, whom he had forgotten, insisted on seeing the Minister. Valmajour told him they had sold their farm, and his father and sister were with him in Paris. Numa was embarrassed: he would do what he could. His wife's words came to his mind: "Still, words must mean *something*!" He had made trouble for himself by being too kind!

Many times after that Valmajour tried to see Numa, but without success. "The great Numa" was too much occupied to pay attention to a peasant. Finally, Audiberte went to see Hortense, who arranged that Valmajour should play at a concert to be given by Monsieur and Madame Roumestan.

A stage was being erected for the concert. The rehearsal was over, when a footman announced Mademoiselle Bachellery, a girl of sixteen who was to sing at the concert and had brought her mother. Numa turned scarlet; he was in love with this child.

Valmajour played at the concert and created great enthusiasm, which he took coolly. He played the farandole again, and again everybody danced.

Audiberte went often to see Hortense, flattering the young girl, and talking to her of her brother; she desired to bring about a marriage between them. Hortense possessed much of the Southern vivacity and imagination, inherited from her mother, who was from the South.

Hortense had a severe cold which did not yield to treatment, and following the doctor's advice Madame Le Quesnoy took her to Arvillard. Mademoiselle Bachellery was there with her mother.

Numa came to Arvillard, ostensibly to lay the corner-stone

of a new college at Chambéry, near that town, remembering, when he found that Alice Bachellery was there, that he had promised to make a speech on the occasion. During a flirtation lasting five months she had kept him at arm's length. She wanted a nomination as *prima donna* at the Opéra, a contract, and various perquisites. She had no faith in Roumestan's promises; she would be satisfied only with a signed contract. So she went to Arvillard.

His arrival created a great sensation: he was "the great Numa." He became the chief subject of conversation, and people promenaded before his windows merely to get a glimpse of him. His good looks, his manners, won all hearts. Especially was he liked for his sympathy for the poor. All the distinguished residents called on him. But he pleaded for rest: he wanted to enjoy a few quiet days with his family, and leisure to write his Chambéry speech, an important one.

Mademoiselle Bachellery kept him at a distance, and went off on picnics every day with a lively party of young people.

One day Numa had a talk with the famous Dr. Bouchereau, who was at Arvillard for his health; the doctor, not knowing his relationship to Hortense, told him that she would not live a year.

Hortense was talking to Numa when Bompard appeared with a newspaper and began to read an account of Valmajour's début at the opera, which turned him and the Minister of Public Instruction into ridicule. Numa took the paper from him. Hortense turned pale and asked Numa if he intended to abandon Valmajour. He replied that it would be useless to fight for him if Paris did not want him. Hortense was indignant, but declared that she should remain true to her enthusiasms. She went to her room, wrote a line on a photograph of herself wearing the Arlesian head-dress, and sent it to Valmajour.

A few days later the Le Quesnoys returned to Paris. As for Numa, he would stay a few days longer, for a little medical treatment, and would write his speech. It would make a great sensation.

Mademoiselle Bachellery was finishing her toilet preparatory to going on a picnic. There was a knock at the door and

Roumestan entered. He was excited, and handed her an envelope containing the contract she wished for: it was an engagement at the Opéra for five years with all the desired perquisites. She read the paper through from beginning to end with business coolness. Then she raised her veil and said:

"You are very good—I love you—"

The great man forgot all the troubles that he knew this engagement would cause him. However, he said coldly that he did not wish to disarrange her plans for the day. She insisted that he should accompany her; they were going to the Château Bayard.

When it became known that Roumestan was to join the picnic there was great excitement; everyone crowded to see him pass, and saluted him, "the grand master of the University of France."

They drove on. Numa admired the landscape; his "dear Provence" could hardly provide a better. His happiness was complete; he felt neither anxiety nor remorse. His trusting wife, the near prospect of a child, Bouchereau's prophecy regarding the fatal termination of Hortense's illness, the troubles which would be caused by his nomination of Cadaillac as director of the Opéra—these things, for the moment, ceased to exist for him; he was absorbed in Alice Bachellery.

After breakfast on the terrace Numa began to think of his speech: ideas came to him in the home of the chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*. He would write it and date it from Château Bayard. He was shown to a small room and sat down to write. After a time he fell asleep, but was awakened by a thunder-clap, and went into the garden. A maid told him that the young lady had a headache, and had gone to lie down in Bayard's room.

Numa returned to his writing; but the knowledge that Alice Bachellery was in the next room was strangely exciting. He struggled with himself against the temptation, repeating the phrases of his speech.

Then he went into the next room.

Valmajour was admitted to Roumestan's office only to receive abuse. Numa was in a rage. The Chambéry speech,

and other "oratorical triumphs," had elated him, and brought him extra glory. His head was turned, and his amiability had passed into irritability.

Madame Roumestan entered. She wanted Numa to go with her to her mother's house; he said he ought to be at Versailles at noon; however, he would drive with her to her destination.

Rosalie was so happy at the prospect of having a child that she wanted everyone to be as happy as she was. Roumestan talked to his friends with tears in his eyes of the expected child.

In the carriage he spoke of his troubles, of Cadaillac. Rosalie mentioned Mademoiselle Bachelerry; said it was unfortunate that Cadaillac had engaged her; spoke of a report of influence in high quarters that had brought it about. Numa turned red. They saw placards with portraits of Valmajour in a ridiculous costume in which he was to appear at a skating-rink. Rosalie told him of Hortense's infatuation for the man, caused by Numa's enthusiasm and romantic stories about him. Numa was indignant. "One of his dupes," she called Valmajour. Numa held her hand and tears came to his eyes. He told her that she alone understood him, and ought never to leave his side for a moment.

He left her at her mother's door, and ordered the coachman to drive to the Rue de Londres. Rosalie heard, but she was not suspicious, although he had said that he was going to the St. Lazare station. She asked herself why his words and his acts were always at variance.

When Rosalie entered her sister's room, Audiberte was there, urging Hortense to go and hear her brother play his tabor at the skating-rink. Audiberte and Rosalie had a mutual aversion to each other.

Hortense no longer cared for Valmajour. Absence and misfortune had transfigured him; but on her return to Paris she saw matters more clearly, and she perceived that she had made a terrible mistake in sending her photograph to him. He had come to see her and had put his arm around her waist. She shrank from him, and Audiberte reprimanded him.

Hortense went with Audiberte to the skating-rink to hear Valmajour play. The whole affair was pitifully grotesque; the

place was low and vulgar; Valmajour's playing was a failure. Back in her own room Hortense looked at herself in the mirror and suddenly saw her doom in her hollow cheeks and narrow shoulders.

Hortense was very ill.

Roumestan sent Méjean to Audiberte with five thousand francs to pay the Valmajours for their losses, and a request that they should leave Paris without delay. Also, he would give them another five thousand francs for the photograph of Hortense. Audiberte refused the money and would not surrender the photograph. The Commissary of Police sent for her and, frightened, she gave up the photograph, and signed a receipt for ten thousand francs, renouncing all suits at law.

Audiberte was revengeful. She hated the Roumestans, believing them the cause of her brother's failure in Paris. She learned that, at a certain shop, Roumestan ordered once a week a codfish *à la brandade*, a famous Southern dish. She learned further that the fish was to be sent on a certain day, not to his home, but to Mademoiselle Bachellery's house in the Rue de Londres. And at this shop, kept by Southern people, there was much talk and laughter about the establishment set up by Numa. They knew all about Alice Bachellery and her mother.

Madame Roumestan was in her room looking over the little garments made for the expected child some time before. She thought of that sad past and then of the present, and her happy expectations. Her husband was much improved; he now displayed less of the excitement and violence of the Southerner.

A letter was brought to her. It was some time before she opened it. In it she read that a codfish *à la brandade* would be served for supper that evening at Mademoiselle Bachellery's house in the Rue de Londres, and that M. Roumestan would pay for it.

Rosalie recalled certain phrases of Numa's, articles in the papers concerning Mademoiselle Bachellery, the address Numa gave the coachman in her hearing; she remembered how he had lingered at Arvillard. She knew now that she was his dupe a second time, and blamed herself for being so easily taken in by his lies and pretended affection. She thought of her child and tried to be calm. When Numa came in she was embroidering.

She asked him to dine with her, but he pleaded a business engagement. As soon as he was gone she sent for a cab and ordered a box containing the baby's *layette* put into it. She told her maid she should dine at her father's, and should probably spend the night there.

But perhaps there was a mistake; she must make sure. She ordered the coachman to drive to the Rue de Londres. Rosalie entered the house, and saw an unforgetable scene. Numa, in his shirt-sleeves, had his arm around Alice Bachelery, who wore a loose morning-gown. He was flushed, and in an excited manner was calling for the *brandade*.

Eight days later the formal New Year's reception at the Ministry was a gloomy affair. Everybody knew of Rosalie's departure and the cause. But, for the sake of appearances, Numa had caused it to be said that his wife had gone to be with her father while Madame Le Quesnoy was in the South with Hortense.

Rosalie's father wished her to give up all idea of a divorce and return to her husband. Madame Le Quesnoy begged her to forgive Numa. But Rosalie was obdurate. She said her husband was a hypocrite, a man of two characters, and not to be believed or depended upon. As a last argument Monsieur Le Quesnoy persuaded his wife to tell Rosalie of his own delinquency in a similar affair. Rosalie was terribly hurt, for she had placed her father on a pedestal. But for her parents' sake she decided to renounce the suit for divorce, and would go South with her sister.

It was with a feeling of intense relief and happiness that Numa heard Rosalie had left the city and that there would be no suit for divorce. He thought he would make a call, friendly, of course, on Alice Bachelery, and relieve her anxiety. He had kept away from her for a fortnight. He entered the house with his key, and ran up-stairs, where he found his secretary, De Lappara, with the girl. Numa was beside himself with rage, and got away as quickly as possible, fearing what he might do. At the Ministry he found a telegram from his Aunt Portal saying that Hortense was dying, and wished to see her. The next morning he took the train for Aps.

At Hortense's bedside Rosalie became reconciled to her husband. It was the dying girl's last request.

Rosalie's son was baptized in February. It was a *ête* day for the townspeople. The son of "the great Numa" must be driven through the market-place and be shown off to the people; they would have it so. The women praised his beauty and said he was just like his father. Crowds followed the carriage to the Portal mansion, and Numa made one of his customary speeches from the balcony. There were the usual phrases: the patriotic moral, and religious references. And Rosalie sat in her room hearing the cheers, and feeling that because of her child she could never be unhappy again. Numa went to her, wrought up to a pitch of tenderness and enthusiasm by his speech and the kindness of the people. She asked him what the proverb was that Aunt Portal had quoted a few days ago, and he told her:

"Happiness of the street, sorrow of the house."

THE EVANGELIST (1883)

The departure of the great French novelist from the wider field of human observation, denoting the comedy and tragedy of contemporary life, perceptible in the every-day phases of society and its varied humors, to a specialized study in the somber secrets of psychology innate in religious fanaticism, is an interesting literary fact. It primarily denotes the breadth of the author's perspective. More than that, it indicates the significance of movements in French society, which respond curiously to the recognition of religious force whether in the perverse and abnormal way or in its more wholesome evolution. The personality and propaganda of Madame Autheman, which constitute the immediate object of *L'Evangeliste*, envisage a conception appalling as that of a demon masking itself in the "livery of heaven," and yet so vivid on the human side that it escapes the grotesque and imaginary. The stir the story made in the reading public at the time of publication testified to the realism of the theme and its atmosphere.



ÉLINE EBSEN, living with her mother, and earning a comfortable income by teaching, in which both were successful, had lost the old Danish grandmother, whose sweet, homely nature was delightfully reproduced in the young girl's grace and freshness. When she who had been the tutelary deity of a serene household, where all was love and mutual devotion, had passed away, the bereaved mourners turned to each other with an accent of even tenderer feeling. "Let us love each other dearly, my Linette, and let us never part," said Madame Ebsen, embracing her daughter with tearful fondness. Éline answered with equal emotion: "Never, you know it, mother, never." It was a dedication much savored by the holiest sentiment, and perhaps transfused, on the part of Éline, by a certain capacity of spiritual exaltation, of which she, in the wholesome exercise of domestic and professional life full of pleasant occupation, was scarcely conscious. What her grandmother had been in cheerful self-sacrifice and family devotion, that she would be, she thought, as her heart overflowed with memories of the past and the responsibilities of the present.

The ground-floor apartment of the same little house in the Rue du Val-de-Grâce was occupied by an ex-functionary Charles Lorie-Dufresne, formerly subprefect in Algeria, but now straitened in means, while awaiting further appointment to office. His little daughter, Fanny, a lovable sprite of eight years, was a pupil of Mademoiselle Ebsen; and the father, still a young man, who had been widowed several years, as familiar intercourse made him acquainted with the charming character of Éline, not less marked than her graces of person, was strongly moved to solicit her hand. But his own comparative penury restrained him. Éline appeared to harbor no thought of love and marriage. Her fine, large nature, however rich in emotional capacity, found sufficient outlet in the radiation of kindness and good offices toward all who came within her sphere, and her amiable pupil Fanny gave a field to her latent maternal tenderness. It was in a hope allied to this that Monsieur Lorie-Dufresne warmed with a little glow against the chill of Éline's friendly indifference. Her hand had been previously sought by a young army physician, the son of Pastor Aussandon, the dean of the Protestant faculty and a noted preacher, with whose family the Ebsens had always been intimate, as they lived near each other. Madame Aussandon, however, had been a little hurt and estranged by Éline's rejection of the young doctor's suit. Sylvanire, a rough but faithful peasant woman, who had been the nurse of the Lorie-Dufresne children and was devoted to Fanny, was the wife of Romain, the quondam gardener of the ex-prefect. She had refused to live with him while her young charges needed her services. But when he secured an appointment as lockkeeper at the canal passing through Port-Sauveur, near Paris, and it seemed likely that Fanny would find in Éline —of whom Sylvanire had ceased to be jealous when she fully recognized the goodness of the young teacher—the love and guidance of a second mother, she consented to go to Romain's cabin at the lock.

Éline, who augmented the family income by playing on the organ in church and by making translations, as she was an excellent linguist, came home one day to find her mother pleasantly excited. She had received a call from one who proved to be a former pupil, Madame Autheman, now the wife of the richest

banker in Paris. Madame Ebsen's teaching reminiscences included experience at Madame de Bourlon's seminary for rich young demoiselles. Among these had been Léonie Rougier, now Countess d'Arlat; Deborah Becker, a Hebrew heiress, now Baroness Gerspach, and Jeanne Chatelus, daughter of a rich silk manufacturer of Lyons, a pretty, singular girl, who, a fanatical Protestant and incessant Bible-reader, was wont to hold little religious meetings on the playground every day, when she could persuade her companions to listen.

It was rumored, Madame Ebsen said, that she was to marry a young missionary and go out to Africa to convert the Basutos. But she returned from a vacation in Switzerland only to leave school and become Madame Autheman. *Hélas*, what courage! Crœsus as he was, all one side of his face was a gigantic blazing wen, which could be only partly concealed by a silk band, a skin disease hereditary in his family and their Semitic kin, obvious, in lesser degree, in his cousin, Baroness Gerspach. The visitor had brought a book full of meditations and prayers, *Morning Hours*, which she wished translated into English and German.

Éline glanced over the book with a vehement gesture of repulsion, as she read such fragments as these: "Laughter and gaiety are the accompaniments of a corrupt heart. Our hearts have no need of these things when the peace of God reigns in them. . . . A father, a mother, husband, and children deceive the affection. To attach one's heart to them is to make a poor reckoning. . . . It is for this reason we make war on idols and expel from our hearts everything that might rival Him." She was not disposed to undertake the commission under the first force of her shock, but Madame Ebsen, who had been flattered by the visit of the wealthy Madame Autheman, overpersuaded her. A little additional money was always welcome. Such work, too, if it continued, might pay, by and by, for Lina's troussseau, if she should ever marry. They discussed such matters openly before M. Lorie, who came and went as an inmate; and the lonely man, who had secured a small official place at last, felt the whole being of himself and his family sweetened in the mellow sunshine of Éline's daily life. When the translations were done they were taken to Madame Autheman at her office. The girl was ushered into the presence by Anne de Beuil, the

familiar of the mistress of that great establishment, a tall, haggard person with the blaze of insane enthusiasm in her sunken eyes. Madame Autheman, who preserved the remains of much beauty, and was richly garbed with a kind of austere coquetry in the gown of a religious order, received her effusively. She gave her a check with much flattery, and then spoke of her dead grandmother. "I hope she knew the Saviour before she died?"

Éline could not say she did—her grandmother was not a professing Christian. Thereupon Madame apostrophized the grandmother, sighing oratorically: "Where are you now, poor soul? How you must suffer; how you must curse those who left you without succor!"

Éline's heart was wrung by such an allusion, but there was something fascinating in the basilisk look, that strangely moved the occult mysticism and sentiment of the woman of the North, even in her recoil. The sensitive girl burst into tears which the other soothed with practised skill, and finally extorted half a promise to attend some of her prayer-meetings at Paris, or at Port-Sauveur, where she would hear soul-comforting confessions and pledges. At the latter place the Authemans had their country establishment and by their wealth largely controlled its municipal affairs.

Jeanne Chatelus, as a child serious and absorbed in religious problems, had been brought up by an aunt ascetic in temperament and steeped in the narrowest Protestantism. All the proclivities of her nature were thus accentuated by her training; and, as her youth passed into womanhood, she became so thin and nervous that she was ordered to the Swiss mountains. There she met a young theological student, preparing for the missionary field, whose shrewd mother noted in the young girl an admirable wife for her son, since there was large wealth as well as fitness of temperament. What little emotion lay in Jeanne responded to the addresses of a handsome young fellow, reeking with piety. So they became betrothed on the congealed waves of the Mer de Glace, though their avowals and promises were as cold as the north wind that blew across the icy peaks. She returned to enter Madame de Bourlon's school to study English and geography; but she had been there only a few

months when her father's firm became bankrupt. Her theologian quickly found a polite pretext to break the engagement. This humiliation was a terrible blow to Jeanne, though no one but Deborah Becker, who was of the Autheman kin, was made a confidant, the emotional Jewess having fallen much under her domination.

Old Madame Autheman one day called and formally asked Jeanne's hand in marriage for her son. The pale, silent young man, depressed on account of his facial deformity, had seen and fallen in love with the peculiar beauty of the girl. All men were alike to her, then, in her fierce abasement; and the great wealth which would be at her disposal made temptation successful, in spite of the Hebraism of the family. After marriage she soon made a convert of her timid and adoring spouse, and the reception of the young Israelitish banker into the Temple of the Oratory was one of the sensations of the time. The frozen soul of Jeanne Autheman, lighted by the fires of fanaticism, like a glacial peak glittering in the sun, exorcised every other sympathy and ardor and sentiment as born of Satan. She devoted herself and her husband's colossal wealth to the evangelization of Paris, and her spiritual pride became an insatiable ogre devouring all the resources of her being. She had seen Éline, of whom she had heard in connection with her former teacher, and in this tender soul her depraved instincts of salvation sensed another fit victim to be melted and recast in her terrible crucible, a soul to be saved and refined at the expense of the body, even at the expense of her happiness, and the happiness of all others connected with her.

Éline had finally determined to marry her friend, M. Lorie, the assent having come to her thought in a visit they made to the humble home of Sylvanire. She heard Fanny scream in her novel excitement and Éline turned pale with fear.

"How good you are to that child," he murmured; and she answered: "I love her as if she were mine, and the thought of giving her up causes me so much pain!" This plastic mood led to further exchanges of confidence. She would not be obliged to leave her home, and she told the happy man she would be a mother to his children.

As the holiday-makers floated on the canal, Sylvanire

pointed out the memorial château of Autheman with its turreted and balustraded roofs, its park, its lawns, and a massive marble cross marking what looked like a great tomb or temple. There came across Éline an inexplicable shiver of uneasiness, dimming the beautiful spring morning and the lucent air fragrant with violets. The gossip of the place was full of strange stories about Madame Autheman. She bribed Catholics and other reprobates to attend chapel and the Protestant communion; and gathered the children into her schools with a scoop-net which permitted no escape. One beautiful young girl had tried to escape, but had been beguiled back and died at the château of some strange medicine, which drugged her sensibility and made her a raving maniac. The great manor was always buried in gloomy silence, though Madame Autheman lived there eight months in the year. Toward evening there came a little change. The gates would open, showing the mausoleum-like chapel more clearly as wheels ground over the gravel. 'Twas then that the banker returned, always in a close carriage, from Paris. He shrank from showing his dreary face to public curiosity. To receive a chilly salute, then to be dropped out of Jeanne's thoughts, to know that her room was nightly locked against him, to feel his tender devotion thrust back into his face, as if love were an outrage—that was the great banker's home-life. Better, he thought, as he sometimes brooded behind the marble balustrade and watched the passing trains, to hurl his quivering body under those roaring wheels. But the poor wretch would yet linger, for he sometimes permitted his heart to hope that marble might soften into flesh.

One day Éline received a note from Madame Autheman asking her to attend a meeting at Hall B, Avenue des Ternes. The curiosity of mother and daughter led them to accept. A dreary shop turned into a prayer-room, deal benches, a queer, ill-assorted audience, with the gaunt fanatic, Anne de Beuil, beating time to shrill hymns and the statue-like Madame Autheman, watching everything with cold, gray eyes—the *ensemble* was not inspiring. The high priestess deduced with withering logic from her arid premises that there were no consistent Christians now, no more devotees suffering and struggling for Christ; but instead of that, mumbled prayers and easy sacrifices costing

nothing. Then young Nicholas, a lad from the Port-Sauveur schools, his young-old face etched with vice and ignoble instinct, with a sing-song whine intoned a pious profession, gesticulating with the license of a street *gamin* and winking with a cunning leer. Then Watson of Cardiff, an apparition with bloodshot eyes, took part in the show. Éline had been motioned by the stage-director to assume a seat on the platform, and translate the story into French. The demented creature had deserted her husband and children, after one had been drowned, that she might give her testimony for an inexorable and jealous God. Éline shuddered as she fluently translated, to the delight of her doting but shallow mother; yet the fascination of the scene sank into her soul and she felt the infection of the hysterical creature panting out its crazy babble, as if it were a hypnotic spell.

Soon afterward the Ebsen household was again visited by Madame Autheman. Éline was absent, but the great lady made a proposition to utilize the accomplished young girl's talents in her schools, for which she would pay double what could be earned anywhere else by teaching. To Madame Ebsen it appeared a windfall, and the arrangement was made.

A terrible conflict had already begun to rage in Éline's soul, as if a monster had raised its head from unknown depths. With her growing absorption in Madame Autheman's propaganda, Éline became cold and abstracted from the things which had formerly given her all the joy of accomplished duty. She returned every night to her home, but with a physical lassitude which betrayed the exhaustion of battle. The prattle of Fanny irritated her, and the little girl said sobbingly to her father: "Mamma Éline no longer loves me." She listened to M. Lorie's talk about their coming marriage, as if she hardly knew the meaning of his words. At last she peremptorily said to her *fiancé* that, unless he and his children accepted her religious faith—they were Catholics—there could be no marriage. The distracted man went for advice to the good old Aussandon, who united the robust sense of the man of the world with the piety of the Christian.

"Oh! yes, I know her, that Jeanne Autheman . . . a woman who breaks and tears the closest ties, a creature with-

out heart, without pity. . . . Warn the mother. . . . See that she takes Lina away at once . . . from this living death, from this devourer of souls, who is as cold as a ghoul in the cemetery." That is what the old man thought and longed to say, but he did not, as he caught the warning glance of his more prudent wife.

At last Éline remained altogether at the Autheman retreat except at rare intervals; and Madame Ebsen received a letter from her saying that God had called her and that thenceforward till the day of probation was over they could not see each other, but only communicate occasionally by letter. The distracted mother hastened to Port-Sauveur, and with difficulty secured an interview with Madame Autheman, who quoted to her pious phrases from sermons and tracts with the monition: "It is you, wretched woman, that Éline wishes to save. Your deep sorrow is the beginning of salvation." She had fainted at the château gate; but finally found her way to Sylvanire's cottage, where she was ill a week before returning to Paris, bent on invoking the intervention of public justice. At the very time that the mother had sought her at the château, Éline, on the eve of departure to carry on the Work, was, day after day, alternating between the convulsions of religious ecstasy and the agony of sundering her dearest ties. Almost mad as she tossed in the darkness, she would put out her hand for the sleeping-draught prepared for her and sink into a prolonged coma.

Madame Ebsen appealed to her friends, such as the Countess d'Arlat and Baroness Gerspach, to intervene through their husbands' political and social influence. Tears and sympathy were profuse; but the name, Madame Autheman, with the great banking-house behind, paralyzed all effort on the part of the men. She was at last introduced by the Countess to the great lawyer, Monsieur Raveraud, who heard her story with a burst of fierce indignation. This reached its climax when she showed him a vial discovered among Éline's things since her departure. It had been analyzed and found to be an extract bringing on stupor and convulsions. "Who is this monster?" asked the lawyer. The answer, "Madame Autheman," chilled his ardor, and he advised her to apply to the Danish Consul, a rich manufacturer, Monsieur Desnos. But he, too, when he heard the magical name, grew cold. He could not listen to such

calumny. The honor of the Authemans was the backbone of commercial Paris. Everywhere Madame Ebsen went it was either disbelief or the "no" of sordid business policy. The last news she received from Éline was a postcard, marked Jersey, with the heartless words from one who once had the tenderest of hearts: "These trials draw you every day nearer to God. As for me, my sole concern is for your salvation and my own. I must live far from the world and keep myself from evil." She was weeping over this at the window when she saw the noble white head of Monsieur Aussandon in his garden. "I am going to preach to-morrow in the Oratory. It is for you. . . . Come and hear me," he said.

The good dean had not been able to stifle his conscience. He resolved to trumpet the *affaire Ebsen* from the pulpit of God, regardless of all consequences to self. The great church was packed, for it was Communion Sunday, and the Oratory was the Protestant cathedral of Paris. The preacher painted the outlines of the case with pathetic eloquence and force. When he came to speak of the pitiless woman, who sheltered herself and her deeds behind a respectable name and a colossal fortune, all knew it to be an indictment of Madame Autheman, who sat, an impassive listener, before him. The thunders of his denunciation rang through the arches, yet there was scarcely a flush on her face. When he dispensed the sacramental bread, he paused before this human statue and said, with a tense whisper and a piercing eye: "Where is Lina?" Silence. Again he put the query. "I know not. . . . God has taken her." "Retire," was the stern rejoinder, "you are unworthy. There is nothing for you at the table of the Lord." With serene, hard eyes, proud and erect in figure, Madame Autheman, after this insult, disappeared in the audience, far less agitated than the pastor. Bonne, his wife, met him in the robing-room, and, prudent woman as she was, approved him with streaming eyes. She had not known his intention. Let the authorities dismiss him, if they would; her heart would still rejoice in the castigation of that robber of the soul.

M. Autheman adored his wife with a passion which nothing could quench. To her he was but the miner's pick, the carpenter's chisel, the mason's trowel. Despair convulsed his

spirit before this iceberg, that yet consumed him with fire. One day he sought her in the château garden with anguish in his burning eyes, and heard her say, "The soul that wishes to be united to God must forget all created things, all perishable persons," as he burst into her presence. The attendant was ordered to retire, and the man poured out his soul at the feet of the woman. It was a volcanic gush of ardor and tenderness. He besought her to be his loving wife or he would die. A blush stained her pallor at the insult and she exclaimed: "Enough! not another word. I thought you understood me. God and my work! Nothing else exists for me."

The express train an hour later stopped to investigate a mass of mangled flesh which clogged the metals. It was identified by a silk bandage concealing an enormous wen, on what seemed to be a human head. Yet the shock which perturbed the Parisian world at the accident to the great banker did not prevent the widow from writing to Éline Ebsen, that she must return at once to her mother for a little, to allay rumor and suspicion, as the newspapers had begun to spread scandal.

Madame Ebsen's delight in seeing her daughter again was short-lived. Éline's face was pale and haggard, and on it were etched the marks of weariness and suffering. Her answers to questions as to her wanderings were vague and embarrassed, as if she had been in a dream, and they would more often take the shape of Biblical quotations than of plain statements. Madame Ebsen would go to her room at night and find her kneeling on the rug, at which Éline would say harshly: "Leave me with God, mother." Her eyes had the hard, vacant stare of a somnambulist. Little Fanny she looked at as if she were a stranger. Her whole manner was that of one performing a difficult and enforced duty, and awaiting some order of liberation. Three weeks thus dragged themselves by when one day the girl appeared dressed for travel. "I can save you only by tearing myself away," she said mechanically, as she allowed icy lips to touch her mother's cheek. "It is for our salvation."

She departed, and Madame Ebsen never saw nor heard from her again.

THE IMMORTAL (1888)

This novel was published as a serial in *L'Illustration*, May 5 to July 7, 1888, and soon thereafter in book form. Being a sweeping and trenchant attack upon the French Academy, the self-perpetuating body of forty authors, known as "The Immortals," founded by Cardinal Richelieu, it at once called forth a storm of criticism. Defenders of the Academy, such as Monsieur Bruneti  re, charged that Daudet had written the novel out of revenge for being excluded from the institution. In reply the author prefixed to the subsequent editions of his work the following quotation from a letter he had written in 1883 to *Figaro*: "I am not now a candidate, I never have been a candidate, and I never shall be a candidate for the Academy." The incident of the forged letters foisted on the historian Astier-R  hu by Fage, the book-binder, is founded on an occurrence in real life. Monsieur Michel Chasles, a distinguished geometer, produced between 1867 and 1869 certain autograph manuscripts which gave evidence that Pascal should have all the credit for the great discoveries of Newton. The discussion which arose over these documents ended in the disclosure that M. Chasles had been for eight years the dupe of a forger named Vrain-Lucas, who had sold him *twenty-seven thousand* spurious documents for one hundred and forty thousand francs. Among the manuscripts were letters purporting to be from Lazarus and Mary Magdalen to St. Peter, from Pythagoras to A  schylus and Sappho, and from Cleopatra to C  sar, and a passport from Vercingetorix, all written in old French!



UNDER the title ASTIER-R  HU, in the *Dictionary of Contemporary Celebrities*, edition of 1880, we read the following:

"ASTIER, otherwise ASTIER-R  HU, L  onard, born in 1816 at Sauvagnat (Puy-de-D  me) of a family of humble farmers, displayed in early childhood a rare aptitude for history. His parents made great sacrifices to give him an academic education. He began his studies at the college of Riom and completed them at Louis-le-Grand, whither he was destined to return later as professor of history. His first published work, an *Essay on Marcus Aurelius*, was crowned by the French Academy; and the young student was encouraged thereby to go to Paris and devote himself to historical authorship. He published in rapid succession *The Great Ministers of Louis XIV* (crowned by the Academy), *Bonaparte and the*

Concordat (crowned by the Academy), and the admirable *Introduction to the History of the House of Orléans*, that noble gateway to the work to which the historian was to give twenty years of his life. Then the Academy, having no more crowns to offer him, chose him to a seat among its elect. He was already, in a certain sense, in the family of the Immortals, having married Adélaïde Réhu, granddaughter of Jean Réhu, the venerable dean of the Academy, whose hale old age, verging upon one hundred, is the admiration of the Institute.

“Professor Astier-Réhu announces for early publication an *Unknown Galileo*, based upon most interesting documents hitherto unpublished. All of his works are for sale by Petit-Séguard, at the publishing house of the Academy.”

The authenticity of this account is beyond question, since it is the practise of the editor of the *Dictionary of Celebrities* to allow each subject to prepare his own notice.

The same could not be said, however, of the documents upon which the monographs of the historian were based. Scholars of other lands scouted his claim to erudition (Mommsen in one of his notes has written *ineptissimus vir Astier-Réhu*), and refused to accept his authorities as genuine. Even in France Astier had his detractors. Baron Huchenard, a famous autographile, spread widely the rumor that many of the documents upon whose possession Astier particularly prided himself were clumsy forgeries—in particular, three letters, from Charles the Fifth to Rabelais, wherein the Emperor addresses the author as *Maitre*, instead of *Frère*. However, Astier had many warm friends who stoutly contended that it is just such slips as this which prove authenticity. Indeed, they succeeded in placing on the minutes of the Academy an indorsement of this principle of paleography in the case of a letter from Rotrou to Cardinal Richelieu concerning the Academy, which was presented to it by Astier-Réhu, and had been objected to as spurious, because of inherent errors.

Professor Astier had stumbled upon what was apparently an inexhaustible mine of autographic wealth, which was guarded by a gnome who doled it out piecemeal at prices that kept the collector and his family continually pinched for living expenses. Albin Fage was the name of the treasure’s guardian. He was

a hunchback; by vocation a bookbinder, and by avocation a lady-killer. Pretty actresses and handsome women of the demi-monde seemed infatuated with his wizen face and distorted figure.

Fage had first called upon Professor Astier shortly after an announcement by Petit-Séquard that a monograph on Galileo was in preparation by the distinguished historian. He diffidently explained that he was an ignorant bookbinder, who had been engaged by a maiden lady of noble birth but in reduced circumstances to prepare for sale certain old manuscripts which seemed to be of rare value. As some of the documents related to Galileo, he had come to the acknowledged authority upon that subject to find whether they were genuine. If Professor Astier gave a favorable opinion he purposed selling the letters to Baron Huchenard, the rich collector.

They were indeed treasures—correspondence between Maria de' Medici and Pope Urban VIII, concerning the heretic who was overturning the foundations of belief by his astounding theory that the earth moved about the sun.

Astier at once said: "You need not go to Huchenard. Bring me all the manuscripts you have concerning Galileo. I will buy them."

And when the monograph on the Italian philosopher was finished, Fage brought other manuscripts which very well fell in with whatever work was engaging at the time the historian's attention. Astier never had a doubt as to their authenticity. The venomous observations of Huchenard upon his *Galileo* he laid to the jealousy of a disappointed collector. He stinted his family to buy one treasure after another. If his wife had only known what these repeated calls of the bookbinder meant!

For Madame Astier was hard pressed for other than household outlays. Paul, the only child, was an architect, who, on the pretense of furthering his professional ambitions, was living in extravagant style, far beyond his earnings. He was a handsome, athletic young fellow and knew how to make the most of his attractions with women, his mother among the rest. He was the great passion of her life. She had married Léonard Astier as a coming academician and not as a man. The affection which at different stages in other women is given to lover,

to husband, to child, she reserved for her son and poured it out upon him alone. She could deny him nothing.

To provide Paul with money she was, unknown to him, acting as matrimonial agent for a certain Prince d'Athis, formerly known as Monsieur Samy, endeavoring to procure a wife for him in the person of a recently bereaved young widow of enormous wealth, the Princess Colette von Rosen. Samy for fourteen years had been the openly accepted lover of Maria Antonia, Duchess of Padovani, a Corsican noblewoman of mature age but well-preserved charms, who lived apart from her husband. To her were due all of Samy's honors; she had bought for him his title from a petty Italian state; and, through her connection with royalty, and by her shrewd but not flattering advice always to look wise and keep silent, he had risen to high position in the diplomatic service, receiving only recently appointment as Ambassador to Russia. Now he needed a rich wife to support the new position. He preferred a young widow to a divorcée of middle age—if indeed the Duchess were willing to seek a legal separation from her husband, whose title, if not person, she prized. Certainly Prince d'Athis did not question her upon this subject. She had taught him to say nothing. He merely prepared to drop her when his marriage with the Princess von Rosen had been definitely decided upon.

This royal lady, however, was still in the depths of bereavement. She had employed Paul Astier to build a mausoleum to her dear Herbert in Père Lachaise, where she was in frequent consultation with the handsome young architect. For consultation with his clients, especially when they were beautiful young women, was Paul's specialty. He had a sculptor named Védrine to supply him with ideas and to do the work on his jobs.

Before these consultations began, Madame Astier had been making satisfactory progress in her mission. By carefully graduated depreciation of the dead Prince, she had brought his widow to note the contrast to him in many respects which the live Prince presented. Soon Colette agreed that D'Athis alone could induce her to renounce her widowhood. But suddenly she changed, and ordered Madame Astier never again to mention marriage to her. Her heart was in her husband's tomb.

And this expression was true in the letter if not in spirit. Unknown to his mother, Paul had conceived the idea of bringing the whole of the Von Rosen millions into the Astier family, instead of a mere broker's commission thereon. So he brought all his practised arts in feminine conquest to bear on the widow with such success that it was to meet the fascinating young architect rather than to commune with the memory of "dear Herbert" that she daily frequented the unfinished mausoleum.

Mother and son were thus playing at cross purposes. He believed that he might bridge the social gap between himself and the Princess by entering her world as a brilliant and successful architect. To do this he required money. So he asked his mother to get for him by hook or crook twenty thousand francs. With her matrimonial plans for D'Athis blocked by the very purpose for which the money was wanted (though of this purpose she was ignorant) she was in despair. Where could she raise such a large sum? Ah, her husband's manuscripts!

That night she slipped from the side of her snoring spouse, rifled his pockets of his keys, and robbed his collection of its latest and chief acquisition, the letters of Charles the Fifth to "Maître" Rabelais. Early next morning she took them to Monsieur Bos, a dealer in antiquities. Because of the public controversy over their authenticity between Astier-Réhu and Baron Huchenard, Bos knew that the Baron would pay a high price for them, whether genuine or not—indeed, that he would prefer them to prove spurious. So he readily paid Madame Astier the twenty thousand francs she required.

After she had placed the money irretrievably in the hands of Paul, Madame Astier openly confessed her theft to her husband. He stormed savagely at wife and son, and threatened to expose them. They dared him to do his worst. "What? air a family scandal—the man who expects to step into the sinecure of Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy when the present incumbent, now on his death-bed, shall have expired? Ridiculous!" So the trunk which the historian packed for going back to Sauvagnat and leaving them in their infamy, remained in the hall for a month, until, at a wink from her mistress, Corentine, the servant, dumped the clothing out of it, and,

unopposed by the master, restored it to its former office of wood-box.

With the twenty thousand francs Paul made a brilliant display in society, and greatly impressed the young Princess von Rosen with his importance. In their meetings at the tomb of the Prince, the widow gave indications that she was coming to look upon the handsome architect as a possible successor to that empty bed which was represented by the granite sarcophagus—a bare couch within a tent awaiting the warrior that was never to return. One day she came in advance of Paul's arrival. She entered the tomb and kneeled at a *prie-dieu* before a Gothic cross. It was sweet to pray there in the cool dusk of the mausoleum, amid the black marbles whereon Prince Herbert's name stood forth with all his titles opposite verses from the "Song of Songs."

She heard the step of the architect without on the gravel. It was beginning to rain, but he did not enter. She approved this evidence of his delicacy of feeling. She called to him:

"Monsieur Paul, pray come in."

He replied, very low:

"I cannot—you love him too dearly."

She went outside and, taking his hand, drew him within. They stood by the sarcophagus looking out through the rain upon the old Paris of the dead. The flowers filled the air with a fresh and penetrating fragrance brought out by the shower. Man and woman stood so still and silent, like mortuary statues, that a little rust-colored bird hopped in, shook its feathers, and began pecking for worms between the flag-stones.

"It is a nightingale," said Paul, under his breath; "the bird of—"

"Love," her lips moved to say in completing the sentence, but her voice refused to sound.

He seized her, and, sitting upon the edge of the granite bed, drew her down upon his knee; then, putting her head back, he pressed upon her parted lips a slow, deep kiss, which she passionately returned. "Because love is stronger than death," said the verse of the Sulamite, written on the marble wall above them.

It was in the Turkish bath of the "Keyser Hydropathic Establishment," whither he was wont to resort, that there fell upon Paul Astier's soul, glowing with his conquest, the sudden douche of cold disillusionment. Lavaux, scandal-monger of the Academy circle, pointed out to him a lean, stooping figure, in an ample india-rubber cap which concealed the features, coming up from the tank.

"There's Samy. He comes here every day to rejuvenate himself. Going to marry a young wife, you know. The Princess left to-day for St. Petersburg. Tried to keep it secret for some reason, but I know. He follows to-morrow. Will be married there at the Embassy."

Paul had an instinctive feeling of disaster.

"The Princess! Whom is he going to marry?"

"Why, Colette, of course. Don't you know? They say your mother arranged it."

Paul Astier, naked as the primitive man, was seized with a brute impulse to pounce on the stooping form of the retreating Prince, who was, as it were, running away with the fortune he had thought in his own hands, and to wrench from him an explanation. Then the second thought of civilized, sophisticated man came to him, and he decided first to see his mother, have it out with her, and get his exact bearings. He found her with the Duchess Padovani in the latter's box at the *Comédie Française*. Mother and son conversed in undertones.

"Answer me plainly," he began. "Prince d'Athis is to be married?"

"Yes, the Duchess found it out yesterday. But she came none the less. These Corsicans are so proud."

"And the woman's name?"

"Why, Colette, of course. Didn't you suspect it?"

"Not the least in the world. How much do you get for this?"

"Two hundred thousand," she whispered triumphantly. "She almost backed out at the last moment, but I had committed her too deeply for her to do so without scandal."

"Well, your intriguing has cost *me* twenty millions!—twenty millions and the woman!"—he crushed her wrists, and hissed, "Meddler!"

The next day Paul sought out D'Athis, insulted him on some trivial pretext, and accepted his challenge to a duel with rapiers. Astier was an accomplished swordsman. His expectation that he would kill the Prince, an older and weaker man than he, was as certain as his determination to do so. In the encounter he was pressing his antagonist hard, when fate, contrary to all anticipation, all logic, took a hand, and, hidden in the cloud by which the attendant god in Homeric combat is enshrouded, dealt a final blow to the seeming victor. The fresh young athlete was spitted by the worn-out *roué*.

The surgeon examined the wound. "A close shave to the carotid. You'll be all right in three weeks."

The Prince went home in Paul's hired calèche, courteously leaving his own more comfortable carriage to convey the wounded man and his second. In the coupé Paul reflected upon the situation. The Princess was hopelessly lost to him; but what of the Duchess? His eyes flashed; he would yet retrieve himself. He scrawled upon one of his visiting cards: "Fate is as treacherous as men are. I tried to avenge you. I failed. Forgive me." He signed his name. When the carriage was passing a grocery store, he had the driver stop and procure an envelope, a shocking affair, adorned with flowers. He addressed it "Duchess Padovani," enclosed the card within it, and begged his second to post it at once.

The sword-thrust which nearly killed Paul brought peace between his parents. Moreover, prosperity had at last come to them. Loisillon, Perpetual Secretary of the Academy, was dead, and Professor Astier had been appointed in his stead. The family moved into the commodious secretarial apartments at the Institute. To Madame Astier, who found souvenirs of her childhood in every paving-stone in the courtyard, it was like coming home after a long absence. To Professor Astier it was the culmination of his ambition. He at once began preparing a second edition of his *House of Orléans*, that he might introduce in it a number of his newly discovered documents, and might place beneath his name on the title-page, "Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy."

He sat writing a letter one day, enthusiastically recounting

the new glory and power he had achieved to a former pupil of his professorial days, and a present *protégé*. This was Abel de Freydet, a minor poet, known to the scoffing authors outside of the Academy as the “perpetual candidate” from his repeated and unsuccessful efforts to secure an election to that august body.

“My dear pupil,” he wrote, “my recent appointment has made me all-powerful in the Academy. I shall be able to block once and for all the absurd attempt of my detractor, Baron Huchenard, to force his way into our honored circle. And it is you who shall fill the vacant chair; for at last I am in a position to fulfil my promise. You may safely count upon the votes of your old professor and his friends, who now constitute a majority—”

At this point the door of the study was burst in by M. Bos, who had bought from Madame Astier the letters of Charles the Fifth. With haggard face and arms in air, the dealer cried out: “The letters are forged! I have proofs of it—proofs!”

Baron Huchenard entered behind the excited man. He unbuttoned his coat and drew forth the letters in question. They had been bleached from their former smoky hue to dead white. On each was clearly legible this water-mark:

B B
Angoulême
1836

“Delpech, the chemist,—” began the Baron.

“The twenty thousand francs will be at your house this evening, Monsieur Bos,” said the professor.

“But Monsieur le Baron gave me twenty-two thousand,” whined Bos.

“Very well, twenty-two thousand,” said Astier-Réhu, and bowed him out. He detained the Baron, and begged him to say nothing of the unfortunate affair.

“Certainly not, my dear master—that is, on one condition.”

“What is it? what is it?”

“I am a candidate for Loisillon’s chair, and—”

The Perpetual Secretary grasped the Baron by the hand and pledged him the votes of himself and friends.

Alone, Astier-Réhu sat stunned in the midst of his manuscripts. There were thousands of them, and they had cost him hundreds of thousands of francs. All came from the same source. All were undoubtedly forged. And his books, founded on these documents—oh, the thought of them was intolerable! He would die with the shame of it.

The next morning he went to Fage's bindery; but the forger, who had evidently heard of Delpech's investigations, had flown.

On the day following the performance at which she had shown a smiling face, despite her lover's desertion, the Duchess Padovani left Paris for her estate at Mousseaux. For two days her fierce Corsican temper plotted all sorts of schemes for vengeance upon the man whom she had lifted as high as she could, only to find herself spurned and prostrated in the last upward spring that landed him beyond her reach. On the third day came Paul's note, and newspapers containing an account of the duel. She had something like the joyous sensation of an embrace. Noble, gallant boy! She sent him her physician, and invited him to come to Mousseaux as soon as he was recovered. She decided to reconstruct her château in order to give him employment.

When, one evening, three weeks later, the young architect put in an appearance, still pale from his wound, she could not wait until morning but entered his apartment to pour forth her pent-up woes.

She paced the room like a tigress. "Think of it!" she cried, in a broken voice, "twelve years of my life to such a man! And now he has no further use for me, and leaves me—it is he, he, who has broken it off!" Her pride rebelled at the idea, and she strode from the broad, low bed, within the shadow of whose old-fashioned curtains Paul reclined, resting from his journey, and the luminous circle of the central hanging-lamp, asking herself aloud the reasons for the rupture. Was it that little fool's fortune? As if she, too, had not great wealth. She would rebuild her château with such magnificence that the fame of it would spread to St. Petersburg, and taunt the ambassador with the thought of what he had lost. Was it influence? As if the widow of a German princeling, herself a

nobody, could compare with a duchess connected by blood with half the royalty of Europe. What was it, then? Youth? She gave a savage laugh. "Ha! poor little fool! little he cared for her youth!"

"So I imagine," murmured Paul, sitting up upon the edge of the bed. This was the sore point; she dwelt upon it as if to cause herself pain. Youth! does a woman's age depend on the almanac? Standing underneath the lamp, within the full glow of its radiance, she turned toward Paul and impulsively, with both hands, put aside her lace *peignoir* from her firm, beautiful neck, her fair and rounded breast. "There," she exclaimed to the young man, who had risen and was drawing near her, "there is where women show their youth."

She had come in a rage of grief and jealousy and wounded pride, thinking only of vengeance on her recreant lover; her impetuous action was not, as Paul was justified in thinking, an intended invitation to him. But she was in a mood to be won by his bold advances; the old love died, the desire for vengeance faded away; and the mercenary architect had secured his prize. She loved him.

A few days later news came of the death in Corsica of the Duke of Padovani. Within a month thereafter his widow married her architect.

The French Academy was in a ferment of excitement. A morning paper had printed in full a scathing report of the Academy at Florence on Astier-Réhu's *Galileo*, charging that the documents on which the monograph was based were impudent and farcical forgeries. The historian had promised to reply at a meeting of the French Academy in the evening. When his *confrères* assembled, he rose in his place and said:

"Messieurs, I have unpleasant news for you. I have submitted to experts the twelve thousand and odd autographs which compose what I called my collection. Messieurs, they are all forged, every one. The Academy of Florence told the truth. I am the victim of a most extensive fraud."

The speaker wiped his brow, on which stood great drops of perspiration. There was silence in the hall. Each member thought: "How shall we escape the odium of this disclosure?"

Answering this universal query, deaf old Réhu, the centenarian, illumined by one of those curious flashes of divination which sometimes come to the most hopeless cases of deafness, arose and said:

“Under the Restoration we turned out eleven members for purely political reasons.”

One cynical member observed: “All organized bodies are cowardly; it’s the law of nature; we must live.”

At this juncture Picheral, the secretary, forestalled the imminent action of the Academy by reading an extract from its former minutes, in which that most palpable of the forgeries, the letter from Rotrou to Cardinal Richelieu, was officially defended by the body. “You see,” he observed, “we shall cut a very poor figure visiting our wrath on our unfortunate *confrère*.” Then, turning to the Perpetual Secretary, he adjured him to forego the scandal of a prosecution.

But Astier-Réhu was set in his determination to punish Fage, who had been found by the police and was incarcerated:

“You talk of ridicule! Why, the Academy is far too exalted to fear anything of the sort. As for me, ruined, scoffed at as I am, I shall at least have the proud satisfaction of having placed my name, my work, and the dignity of history beyond reach of calumny. I ask no more.”

The trial of Fage, the little imp that had made fools of the learned Academy, was one of the notable events of the season. Every order of society was represented in its audience—and all were convulsed with laughter as letters of kings, popes, emperors, too clumsily concocted to deceive even a child, were read in evidence. The little hunchback was well salted: five years’ imprisonment; but how funny his advocate was! His sly gibes at the learned historian and his *confrères* were more amusing than a play. Marguerite Oger, the leading actress of the day, was present; she laughed as in the second act of *Musidora*: “Oh! children! children!”

Astier-Réhu returned home at dusk with that insulting laughter ringing in his ears. “Laugh, laugh, ye baboons! posterity will judge!” He consoled himself thus as he crept up-stairs to his study. There he discovered an indistinct figure

by the window. It was his wife waiting to add the last possible insults to his load of humiliation:

“You would have your way, and bring Fage to trial. Now you are covered with ridicule—mired with it from head to foot, so you will never dare show yourself again. Oh! it was very fine to shriek that your son was dishonoring the name of Astier by marrying an old woman for her money; but thanks to you that name has become the synonym of fatuous credulity—no one will mention it without a laugh. And all to save your historical work. Fool! who knows or cares anything about your historical work? You know very well that nobody reads what you write. Why, it was not your books that got you in the Academy. It was I, by my intrigues, by my endurance of the disgusting advances of lecherous old men, who secured your election. Why, your remark that my violets always smelled of tobacco, though you never smoked, has made you more famous than all your books!”

The broken man made a feeble attempt to assert his authority.

The virago continued: “Oh, nobody minds your bluster. Pack your trunk once for all. Leave us. Paul is rich and will send you money; for you will never find a publisher after this who will look at your twaddle. So your son’s ‘dishonor’ will keep you from starving to death!”

“This is too much,” muttered the poor man, and left the room. He finds his way to the Pont des Arts, where the cool air from the water revives his benumbed faculties. At the end of the bridge he sees a black mass in the darkness, surmounted by a dome. It is the Academy. Thither he had gone in search of a wife, without love, simply to gain admission within its portals—and now he knows how he gained it!

The veil has fallen. He would like to cry out with a hundred voices to the young men of France: “The Academy is a fraud, a mirage! Do your work and make your way outside of it. It has nothing to give you of what you do not bring to it—neither talent, nor fame, nor self-content. They who turn to it in distress embrace naught but a shadow—and emptiness—emptiness.”

When they drew his body from the water the next day, the

clenched teeth and the fierce protruding jaw, which had procured for him the nickname of "Crocodus" among his pupils, told of his stern determination to die.

The first to recognize the corpse was Freydet, the "perpetual candidate," who had sacrificed his estate, his budding fame as a poet, even the life of his sister, who, an invalid, wore herself out entertaining Academicians in his behalf, in his attempts to become one of the "Immortals." Though Astier-Réhu had broken his pledge to vote for his former pupil by joining in the election of Baron Huchenard to fill the latest vacancy, Freydet was on his way to express to his old master his love and loyalty in the hour of anguish.

Nevertheless, as Freydet wiped from his eyes his tears for the dead man, he thought deep down in his heart, not without a sense of shame, that another chair was vacant.

ROSE AND NINETTE (1892)

The author heads this story with a quotation from Alfred de Vigny, as follows: "After clearly perceiving that study of books and striving after nicety of language merely lead us into paradoxes, I have resolved never to make any sacrifices save in favor of conviction and truth, in order that a complete and profound sincerity shall dominate my works, and lend them that consecrated character which the divine presence of the truth ought to give, that character which makes tears come to our eyes when a child bears witness to what it has seen."



IFTEEN days after his divorce, Régis de Fagan was expecting his daughters, Rose and Ninette, to spend the day with him, as the law permitted them to spend two Sundays every month with their father. Rose was sixteen and Ninette nearly twelve.

With those two days every month he felt that he could retain the love of his children. They came in suddenly, looking to him taller and more womanly than when he last saw them. He was agitated as he helped them to take off their jackets and hats. The children were a little embarrassed; but of course he was still their father, although he was no longer the husband of their mother. He was to take them to the Théâtre Français to see one of his plays.

Madame de Fagan, or, rather, Madame Ravaut, as she preferred to call herself by her maiden name, had warned the children that they must not talk about her to their father, or give him any information regarding her plans. Rose was ingenuous and thoughtless, but Ninette was shrewd and sharp.

In the dining-room there was a bouquet at each plate, placed there by Madame Hulin, the landlady, as De Fagan explained. She was a widow and lived on the ground floor with her little boy. Régis learned from the conversation of his daughters that "Cousin" had taken them to the Opéra Comique. "Cousin" was a forbidden subject. They told their father

they were glad to leave the convent, and he expressed surprise, as they had always been glad to return. But that was because of the quarrels between their parents. Fagan saw that Madame Ravaut meant to win the hearts of her daughters in order to make him unhappy.

Maurice Hulin called to them from the garden to come down and play with him, and Fagan urged them to go down and meet Madame Hulin, the mother, but they would not.

Fagan and Pauline Hulin became very friendly, and he often passed the evening with her. She wondered at the quiet life he led—he, a successful dramatist. He told her that actresses did not attract him; they were too artificial. He went on to speak of his wife, how she liked going about to all the theaters, her love of petty gossip, her indifference to his happiness. When Madame Hulin referred to his divorce he related the truth: they were tired of each other, and Counselor de Malville said there must be proofs in order to obtain a divorce; so a scandal was arranged, and he was found at a hotel with a woman.

Perhaps the friendship of Madame de Fagan and her cousin, La Posterolle, would have furnished proofs enough for a divorce; but he had encouraged the young man to come to the house, and if a woman is blamed the odium falls upon her daughters. He was thankful to be rid of an abominable woman; she was false in every way, and she lied persistently, lied without reason, telling the most abominable falsehoods about everybody. Then she had pretended he was intimate with a perverted woman whom he had never seen; and she appeared so unhappy that her friends advised her to get a divorce.

One day the two young girls asked their father to increase the allowance made to their mother, and when he refused they said it was for their clothes. They spoke of a marriage, and Fagan asked if Madame Ravaut intended to marry "Cousin." The girls were embarrassed and did not answer. Fagan was angry and jealous; he feared they might become more fond of La Posterolle than of himself. He showed his anger like the Creole that he was, then suddenly became calm.

He met Madame Ravaut by appointment in the Avenue de l'Observatoire to discuss her marriage. She told him that it was not decided; but it would give her a good social position,

and opportunities to marry their daughters well. She promised she would not take them away from Paris. She advised him to marry, and said it was a pity that Madame Hulin was not free; she was separated from her husband. Fagan had believed her a widow. On his return home he learned that Maurice was ill, and that Madame Hulin had sent for a surgeon. Later he heard a dispute on the floor below, and opened his door. An angry man was leaving the house; he was abusive and slammed the door. Fagan went into the drawing-room and saw Madame Hulin. She told him that the man was her husband, and that she had left him because he was brutally jealous. In a fit of jealous anger he had expressed doubt as to their son's legitimacy, and thrown him on the floor. After that she obtained a separation, and Counselor de Malville gave the father the right to direct the education of the child after he should reach the age of ten years. That evening he had come to inquire for the child, and approached her while she was with the boy; when she refused to have anything to do with him he became angry and abusive. Fagan told her she should get a divorce and marry again, but she said she would never ask for a divorce.

Madame Ravaut understood the character of her daughters, and knew how to arouse ill feeling toward their father; Rose was jealous of Madame Hulin taking any place in her father's heart; Ninette was encouraged to believe that Fagan would adopt Maurice and leave him a fortune.

Madame Ravaut married Monsieur La Posterolle, and a few weeks later the bridegroom was made Prefect in Corsica. Three months later Madame La Posterolle was giving a ball at the prefecture in Ajaccio. A note from Régis was brought to Rose, who took it to her mother. Régis was at the Hôtel de France waiting to see his daughters, and if they did not come in half an hour he would go to the prefecture for them. Rose and Ninette, with Mademoiselle, their governess, went to see their father, whom they met affectionately, but remonstrated gently with him for his imprudence in coming to Ajaccio. No one knew of the divorce, and it might interfere with Rose's marriage if it were known. A Monsieur Rémory, a deputy at Bastia, had made proposals of marriage.

Régis spent his days in his room, and in the evening met his

daughters and their governess on the beach. Madame La Posterolle was to give a fancy-dress and mask ball on Shrove Tuesday; Fagan regretted that he was to sail for home on that day, and so could not see his daughters in their costumes. He sailed as he intended, but a violent storm coming up, the steamer was much disabled, and was obliged to return to Ajaccio. Fagan met Baron Rouchouze, an old acquaintance, who took him to his house to dinner, and provided him with a fancy costume and mask, for he wished Fagan to accompany him and a few others, in visiting several houses on this last night of the Carnival. They went to the prefecture, where Régis spoke a word to his daughters, and Madame La Posterolle recognized him. She vowed that he should pay for his boldness.

On his return to Paris, Fagan found that Madame Hulin and her boy had gone to Havre. A few days later the newspapers announced that Régis de Fagan, the dramatist, had gone insane, the result of malarial fever contracted in Ajaccio; that the first manifestations of the dread disease had appeared at a ball in Ajaccio. Fagan showed himself everywhere in Paris that day in order to prove to the world his perfect sanity.

Régis learned that Monsieur Hulin had committed suicide, and felt that now the obstacle to a second marriage was removed, and he would ask Pauline to marry him. He was strangely happy. That night he was taken ill. After several days he opened his eyes and saw Madame Hulin and Maurice sitting by the window. The boy rushed into his arms, and Fagan wept and kissed the hands of Pauline, telling her she was free at last; but she begged him not to speak of that.

Mademoiselle, the governess, came to inquire for Fagan's health. Madame La Posterolle and her daughters had been in Paris three days, but she did not wish the girls to go to see their father for fear they might meet Madame Hulin. Rose thought "that was over long ago." Mademoiselle was sent to find out the state of affairs, and reported that she was received by Madame Hulin. Rose was wounded, and thought he did not need her, and neither she nor Ninette went to see him.

One day Madame Hulin spoke of her husband, and told Régis she did not know why he had committed suicide. While they were talking Rose and Ninette entered suddenly; Fagan

stretched out his arms; but Rose stood still and told her father that neither she nor Ninette would remain a moment longer unless he ordered Madame Hulin to leave the room. He refused, saying that they, "the undutiful daughters," might leave the room, but not the woman who had nursed him faithfully. Suddenly, with much tenderness, he asked Rose to beg Madame Hulin's pardon, and insisted, although Madame Hulin protested. The two girls refused to do his bidding. Then he told them to leave him, that he was "divorced from his wife, and henceforth he would be divorced from his children."

Fagan met Madame La Posterolle in the Avenue de l'Observatoire to consult about Rose's wedding; Rose wished to enter the church on her father's arm. La Posterolle, too, must be in the procession. It was amicably arranged, and then she asked him when he intended to be married. Hulin had committed suicide, she said, after a night spent with his wife, she having yielded to his demands in order to keep her son; he really was not her husband, for they had been legally separated for five years; and he wrote De Malville that he did not care to live "after that happiness without a morrow." She enjoyed the look of pain that came into Fagan's face. Telling him the children were near there, waiting for her, she asked if he would like to see them; but he felt he could not see them just then.

Fagan rejoined Madame Hulin and Maurice, who had accompanied him. He understood her scruples now. She had spent the night with a man whom she detested, a man not her husband! Pauline was right, and her scruples were his.

"Where there are children, divorce does not solve the problem," he said to her, and she replied that neither did a separation.

"Perfect purity in marriage—that would be the only true happiness," Fagan said.

He saw his daughters driving away with their mother, while he stood with a woman and child into whose past he could not enter, and to whom he should remain forever a stranger.

THE LITTLE PARISH CHURCH (1895)

Daudet's psychological study of the passion of jealousy in the novel of *La Petite Paroisse*, which has in the French the phrase *Mœurs Conjugals* ("conjugal habits") as its sub-title, hinges on what allies it to the problem novel. It suggests another solution of conjugal infidelity in the forum of justice than that of vengeance either personal or legal. Forgiveness of the repentant sinner is the text of this vivid homily in fiction.



RICHARD FENIGAN, an enthusiastic hunter and fisherman of Seine-et-Oise, had inherited a fortune from his father, a notary, and lived with his mother the year round in the country. The Uzelles estate consisted of a park with two buildings, the château occupied by the dowager, Madame Fenigan, who ruled the domestic régime with a somewhat imperious hand, and the Pavilion, an old structure of earlier date, separated by a hedgerow, where Richard and his wife were domiciled. On the Corbeil road, which bordered the property, and not far from the park-gate, was a white church with this inscription on its rough-cast wall: "Napoléon Mérivet, Chevalier of the Order of St. Grégoire-le-Grand, built this church in memory of his wife, Irène, and Presented it to the Village of Uzelles." Monsieur Mérivet, a pious Christian, had been betrayed by his spouse, and, having fully forgiven and taken her back, had thereafter preached this doctrine of pardon with increasing unction. The satire of the neighborhood had therefore characterized the little edifice as "The Church of the Good Cuckold." Monsieur Richard, one morning on his return from drawing his nets, was met near the church by his wife's maid, who asked, to his consternation, if his wife had not gone with him, as she had sometimes been wont to do. Madame could nowhere be found. Then came his mother, of whom he asked. "Where is Lydie, mother?" to be answered with: "Your

wife has gone, my child, and it's the only favor she ever did us. And not alone, as you may imagine."

The younger Madame Fenigan, who had been adored by her husband, a shy, taciturn man with but little power to express his strong emotions, was an inmate of the orphanage in the village, with no knowledge of her origin. When Richard had avowed his predilection for the pretty face, doomed to the cloister unless its owner should marry, the mother had consented; for in such an alliance she could see no danger of that rivalry in domestic authority which she dreaded. If Lydie had escaped the fate of the nun, she had yet found herself exiled from the active occupation of mind and heart which maternity and household responsibility give to a woman; while her husband's deep-rooted reserve concealed from her the depth and strength of his tenderness. If her life was free from care, it was yet devoured with ennui. It was from the acquaintance of the Dauvergne family that the tragical episode came to pass.

Under the First Empire, Charles Dauvergne had risen to be Marshal, Duc d'Alcantara, and Prince d'Olmütz. His son, Alexis Dauvergne, became a general of rank, and, succeeding to the family title and wealth, greatly increased the latter by his marriage with the daughter of a millionaire banker of Vienna. The heir, known as the Prince d'Olmütz and christened Charlexis, concealed under his adolescence the finished depravity of a Don Juan, and was rotten to the core with vice and sensuality. Young as he was, woman to him was merely the object of licentious pursuit; and all the energy and ambition which had made his forebears distinguished in soldiership and public service were, in this decadent, poured into the cowardly mold of iniquity.

Grosbourg, the seat of the noble family, was just across the Seine from Uzelles, and a sort of business intimacy, begun between the great soldier and Fenigan *père*, the *bourgeois* notary, had been transmitted to the next generation. Young Charlexis, as he grew toward manhood, found in his neighbor, the hunter and fisherman, an agreeable companion for his many idle hours. In that neighbor's wife he realized a more piquant intercourse in the appeal to propensities far advanced beyond his years. What had at first amused and interested her idle thoughts, in the devotion of a handsome youth, became finally infected with

an emotional taint under his cunning assiduity, which her ignorance of the world did not allow her to interpret. When the moral catastrophe came she scarcely realized her tremendous lapse, though she knew it opened a gulf between herself and the husband, whose utter devotion she had not grasped. The father of the young Prince had banished him to a preparatory school for St. Cyr, expressly to separate him from Lydie Fenigan; but through an ex-intendant of the Duke, who had been the pander of his vices, he had made an arrangement for a considerable sum of money, and had hired a fully equipped yacht, which waited his arrival at Brest. This was the destination of the elopers.

The point of view of the D'Alcantaras, when Madame Fenigan went to Grosbourg to unbottle her wrath, was indicated by the shrug and sneer of the Duke. Their dear innocent had departed with a hundred thousand borrowed francs, which would cost them twice that amount, whereas his Danaë had fled with only the chemise to her back. The grotesqueness and horror of the episode to the husband had been the thought that his wife had seduced and carried off a schoolboy. It was expressed in a sentence: "Let her go where she pleases; we will never mention her name again." He tried to regard her as a diseased creature, an hysterical subject, though his heart-strings quivered at her memory. M. Napoléon Mérivet, his elder brother in misfortune, sought to comfort him and urged him to the policy of forgiveness, but to little immediate purpose. Much as Richard Fenigan sought to feed the conviction of Lydie's worthlessness, the spirit of jealousy and vengeance grew amain in his disturbed spirit. He could not bridle his imagination from dwelling on her happiness in the arms of her lover. But he became doubly taciturn, and schooled himself to bide his time. It became known, however, that he spent much time in practising with sword and pistol, vastly to the alarm of Madame la Duchesse. She sent word to her son of his danger through Monsieur Alexandre, the ex-intendant, who had helped the successful intrigue with Lydie, and was also the medium of lavish money-supplies to Charlexis. The youthful *roué*, disporting himself at Monte Carlo, soon made it clear to his mistress that he was incapable of even short-lived fidelity. The scales fell from

Lydie's eyes, and she began to measure the hideous folly and wickedness of the step she had so rashly taken.

When M. Alexandre arrived without warning and apprised the Prince that Fenigan was searching for him in Monaco, bent on bloody vengeance, it suited them to take flight in the yacht, he, through prudence, she through poignant shame at meeting the man whose life she had blighted, much as she had begun to deplore the sin now so naked in her eyes. Lydie was landed again and hurried across France by the perfidious M. Alexandre, while the Prince, putting to sea in the *Red, White, and Blue*, was wrecked in a collision and barely escaped with his life. The victim of her own folly and man's perfidy, who had begun to fear that she might be *enceinte*, found in Quiberon in Brittany so remote a place that she could hope to escape from all but the tortures of her own conscience.

Richard's mother sought diligently to make her son forget his misfortune. She invited his cousin, Élise, a pretty widow, once Richard's child-sweetheart, to visit them. There was a vague hope that divorce and remarriage might restore her son's peace of mind. But while he was affectionate to the guest, his demeanor proved that he continued to brood over his lost wife. One day Madame Fenigan *mère* ventured to chide him and openly exulted over her son's freedom. He turned fiercely on her and told her she had spoiled his life, and dwarfed his development even in youth by her selfish and domineering rule. It was she who had thrown Lydie into his arms, in hope of finding a mere household appendage in her son's wife. It was her despotic jealousy and Phariseeism that had alienated Lydie and had driven her to ruin. Finally, he loved the fugitive yet, and was determined to forgive her when the time should come, and restore her to her lost happiness and virtue. This bolt shattered the maternal armor, and soon after pregnant sentences in the prayers of the church so haunted her conscience that she began to realize that she herself had been largely responsible for the domestic wreck.

The hasty flight from Monte Carlo was not compelled by Fenigan's persistent pursuit, as the pretext was a mere deceit of M. Alexandre, at the instigation of Madame la Duchesse, to break up the relation of Charlexis to his mistress. The victim

was to be bought off, if possible, by a lavish money-settlement. The Prince had already determined to forsake his conquest, and, when he returned after his sea-adventure, his facile mind easily accorded with the sordid views of his mother on the efficacy of such a compensating salve. It relieved him of fear of consequences; and on his appointment to a military sinecure in the district, he made bold to appear openly at Grosbourg. The family learned at once that they had reckoned too hastily. Richard Fenigan despatched a cartel to the young Prince demanding satisfaction. This was suppressed by the Duc d'Alcantara, but was followed by others in still more imperative terms. The worried father, though an invalid, proposed to meet Fenigan on the dueling-ground in his son's place if he could be permitted to receive and deliver fire sitting. But this substitution was, of course, refused. The injured man did not succeed in getting his enemy on the field of honor, but he impressed on the D'Alcantaras a sense of his deadly purpose.

Madame Fenigan in the mean time was deeply agitated by the new light which had illuminated her conscience. Her very force of character made her all the more firm to make prompt reparation, and she told her son that she should accompany Élise back to Brittany. She had been led to suspect that Lydie was at Quiberon from clues indiscreetly revealed by M. Alexandre. The small port narrowed the field of inquisition, and she had no difficulty in finding the forlorn waif, of whom she was in search. Lydie, given over to grief and despair, believing that she was abandoned by God and man, had attempted suicide, and had undergone a severe operation. Madame Fenigan's womanly tenderness, fully aroused under her stern nature, found, at first, difficulty in wakening a response from Lydie; but at last it won its way, and the word "mother" again fluttered to her lips. When the sick woman was able to travel, the two returned to Uzelles, and Lydie was placed for temporary seclusion in the convent home whence she had emerged to be married. Here she now received the tenderest nursing from the good nuns, who had never ceased to love her. Madame Fenigan told Richard of her journey to Quiberon, and that she had reconciled the unhappy wife again to life, though she did not reveal that Lydie was then very near his house.

One day he met Eugene Sautecœur, head gamekeeper of the Grosbourg preserves, and went with him to his house, known as the Hermitage, where the daughter-in-law of the "Indian" (as the man was dubbed from his saturnine complexion and fierce black eyes) was visiting. The son and husband, a floor-walker in a Paris magasin, a good-natured, easy-going fellow, had married a shop-girl, who was a typical Parisian coquette. Young Sautecœur was with his battalion, the same in which the Prince d'Olmütz was serving, in the military maneuvers. The Indian was disturbed over the handsome earrings which the young wife had received through M. Alexandre, as she said, from the Duchesse d'Alcantara. When he thanked the great lady for a gift far too handsome, her amazed expression, and the manner of M. Alexandre, who was present, had at once revealed the truth. He had then waited for Alexandre, and warned him he would put a bullet through his forehead if he ever dared to undertake such a commission again. The dark shadow of Charlexis arising from this episode again fevered Richard's jealousy, and when he saw his wife for the first time after their separation, even the raptures of the meeting could not banish the ominous specter. He felt that he could not yet fully forgive the woman, for whom he had a stronger passion than ever before, much as his heart longed for her, under that resurgent memory. In consequence, he accepted an invitation from M. Mérivet, who had business in Algeria, to be a companion of the trip. Lydie was now at the château, living in great amity with her mother-in-law, who was as devoted to her as she had once been cold.

Interestg as Algeria might be, Richard was so eager to see Lydie again that he could scarcely wait for the time to roll by. He would not abide the delay of old Mérivet's affairs in Marseilles, but caught the first express for Paris. The omnibus carried his luggage to his park-gate; but having walked through the forest, he was astonished to see a large concourse of excited people in the road; and lying there, too, a lifeless form partly covered with a great yellow umbrella. "Ah, my dear Fenigan, this is horrible," cried Monsieur Delcrous, the district magistrate. "What! you don't know? Why, it's the Prince d'Olmütz. He has been dead, as we suppose, for two or three days."

Richard's lips paled, as he gasped with amazement. God had taken vengeance out of his hands.

They had just been putting the body back where Alexandre had found it some hours before to await medical examination. The Prince had left Grosbourg on Friday evening after dinner, and this was Monday morning. But no one had been alarmed till Sunday evening, as he had been in the habit of sudden disappearances. That being the arrival of his nineteenth anniversary, to celebrate which the whole neighborhood had been invited to dinner, his absence had inspired alarm. M. Alexandre, on being notified, had told the Duke that he had seen the Prince both Sunday and Saturday, lying under a big umbrella in the ferns, apparently waiting for someone. The steward went to search again and found the body with the same umbrella near the Fenigan's gate. The head was a hideous mask of disfigured death, where the ravens had had their will, and ants and maggots and worms swarmed in sickening riot. That was what so many women had loved and caressed, and had driven so many men mad with jealousy. M. Delcrous and the physicians were inclined to believe that death came of a sudden congestion of the heart, a family trouble. Yet there was a possibility of murder, too, he said, though far less probable. When Madame Fenigan first heard of it, she had said to herself: "How fortunate that Richard is away!" When Lydie saw the luggage betokening Richard near at hand, it went through her heart like a dagger. "It was he who killed Charley." The two women had looked at each other with terror. Yet even in Lydie's agony she felt a wave of affection, a fever of intense love in the thought of what her Richard had done. As he, too, pressed her to his heart, a thrill of passion and admiration shook him in the fancy: "What if Charlexis had approached her again, and she herself had killed him?"

M. Delcrous had been the successful suitor for the hand of Élise, and was looking forward to a superior Paris appointment through the powerful influence of the Duc d'Alcantara. He was greatly surprised when his patron insisted that Richard Fenigan had killed his son. To the logic of motives he added circumstantial proof of violent threats and persistent hatred. So venomously in earnest was the indictment of the magnate

that the magistrate yielded inclination to self-interest, and caused the arrest and confinement of Richard. Active investigation of all the circumstances was entered on, and, pending conclusion, the hideous remains were laid in a brick vault in the Grosbourg woods, where tennis balls and rackets had been kept. The Duchesse, one day, insisted on the building being opened —she knew nothing of her son's terrible fate—to get out some balls, and saw the awful figure; and the ghastly shriek that pealed from her lips had been repeated intermittently ever since in her lunacy.

M. Delcrous came to see the Duke—the paralytic sat helplessly in his chair—to say that the proof of Fenigan's innocence was overwhelming; that he positively could not have committed the crime, as he was absent at that time. To which the Duke had answered with rage: "Here am I in my invalid's chair between that dead boy and that mad woman. And you talk to me about letting the assassin go." But even as they were talking, the gamekeeper, Sautecœur, demanded admittance. The Indian, a mere ghost of a figure, then confessed that he had fired the fatal shot. He had received warning that someone had an assignation with his daughter-in-law, and had lain in wait with his gun. When, near daybreak, a figure had slipped out of her window and raised the umbrella against the rain, he had fired. By the light of the lantern, he saw whom he had killed, and with the aid of the horrified woman he had first dragged the body to an old stone quarry, then into the ferns; then to the grass bordering the Fenigan park on the night before discovery. The Duke could not make him admit that he had been instigated by another. He reiterated that he confessed because an innocent man was accused. The Duke did not think it politic to press the matter against Sautecœur, and Richard Fenigan was released from confinement. When he and Lydie met that night there was the fullest outpouring of mutual love and confidence. Each had fancied the other the perpetrator of the deed, in a cause which each justified.

Richard's refusal to exculpate himself had been the final test of his single-minded devotion, as he had been willing to take any risk in his determination to avert possible suspicion from his wife.

THE SUPPORT OF THE FAMILY (1899)

This tragic little tale was dramatized for the French stage under its original title, *Le Soutien de Famille*.



N office-boy brought Pierre Izoard a letter, as he was sitting down to breakfast. Without reading as far as the signature, he sprang up, and, calling the first cab, jumped into it, shouting above the rattling of the wheels:

“Eudeline take his own life! Eudeline forfeit his honor! *Macareul!* I must see that before I believe it!”

But when, on alighting, he saw the placard, *Premises to Let*, and was confronted with the despairing family, the Marseillais felt a pang.

Victor Eudeline, involved in hopeless business complications, had, for the sake of his wife, two boys, and little girl, left them to gain by compassion what he could not gain by justice.

Marc Javel, the Under-Secretary of State, his new landlord, who had been about to commit him for arrears of rent, when confronted by his orphaned boys and the fear of newspaper notoriety, forbade the sale he had ordered, and declared himself their friend and protector.

“Children,” he said at the funeral, “all that Victor Eudeline, in his letter from beyond the tomb, asks of us for Raymond Eudeline, his oldest son and the support of the family, shall be done.” From that day Javel became popular.

The dead man’s one wish had been that his boys should learn Latin and get away from business. He had risen from the ranks, and had married his employer’s daughter, making havoc, by his violent temper and impractical methods, of the old and flourishing establishment.

Raymond continued his studies at the Lycée, but the little one, Antonin, was apprenticed to an electrical contractor. The

mother and little Dina were sent south to live with relatives till Raymond should send for them to come back to Paris.

Izoard, the children's godfather, lived at Morangis, a hamlet in the suburbs. He was a stenographer to the Government and knew all the political celebrities. He had an invalid wife and a daughter, Geneviève, a pure and beautiful girl, four years older than Raymond, whose education he entrusted to Sophia Castagnozoff, an ugly, but amiable and learned woman, and a kind-hearted Russian, who harbored many refugees. Next door to Izoard lived Mauglas, the journalist, who always seemed to be smiling at his own thoughts, and who was in love with Geneviève. Grandfather Aillaume, too, owned an old château near, and the families, all together, made happy parties every Sunday. Tantine, as they called Geneviève, helped them with their lessons; and Raymond fell in love for the first time as he leaned against her knees and looked into that beautiful face. She, too, loved him, though hardly realizing it; but at their first kiss, in the gardens of the château, when he was about seventeen, she knew that she would never love anyone else, although she would marry where her father wished.

On that very day, her father was obliged to confess to her avowed suitor, a government clerk, that he had lent part of her dowry to Raymond's father; and with the confession Geneviève's prospect of a husband had disappeared; for the young man bowed his departure, saying he had been deceived.

Raymond did not make brilliant progress in his education, but the little Antonin went forward steadily in his business. He felt himself hopelessly inferior to his handsome brother, who was the head of the family, as his hands were hard and stubbly from work and his manners timid. He made so much money that, after a time, he rented a small shop near the Seine for his mother and Dina, filled with electrical *lampyres* of beautiful shapes and shades, and bearing the sign "The Wonderful Lamp"; and here the widow with her long English curls sat and read novels, while Dina worked as a telegraph clerk, and Raymond, now in the employ of the Government, with a small salary, but very much taken up by fashionable society, came and went, waited on by the two women, who lent him money and cooked him dainty dishes.

Raymond's great friend was Marquès, whose mother had married, for her second husband, Monsieur Valfon, one of the ministers. Valfon was a hideous person, the son of an actor, who in the changes possible in democratic France had risen to power. This amiable man fell in love with his wife's daughter, the beautiful Florence Marquès; and it required all her mother's care and jealousy to guard the girl from him. Madame Marquès, to be requited, fell in love with the handsome Raymond; this brilliant intrigue turned his head, and he needed all the money he could borrow from his mother to keep up the necessary appearance. The old friends, the Izoards, were somewhat lost sight of for a time, but Geneviève loved Raymond, and when in need, the Eudelines looked to her for comfort.

A very grand minuet was to be danced at Madame Valfon's. Madame Eudeline and Dina taxed themselves to the utmost to dress Raymond in a manner befitting his character. As he drove off in his coach, which could hardly turn in the little alley, he looked like some grand prince, waving farewell to his humble subjects. They were making merry contentedly in the humbly furnished back room, with the Izoards, when suddenly their prince reappeared with the news that the leader of the shepherdesses had sprained her ankle, and that he had bespoken that office for his beautiful little sister, Dina, so piquant and fascinating. Ah, then he was indeed the "support of the family," the hero! All flew about, and the charming Dina was dressed in costume, with wig, powder, and patches, and flew off in the coach to all the splendors of the grand ball, where the little Cinderella made the hit of the evening, and captivated the lover of Mademoiselle Florence herself, who quarreled with that young lady and canceled his wedding on Dina's account.

This evening was an eventful one for Raymond as well; for Madame Valfon had declared her love for him, and had appointed a rendezvous for the first time. Then indeed he felt himself to be a successful man, the lover of a lady so highly connected; and his only regret was that he had no suitable rooms where he might receive her, the poor place where his mother and sister lived being out of the question.

It was necessary, however, that she should come to see him.

A little ready money must be forthcoming, and where could he turn for this? He had borrowed all possible, and Tonin was away on business. He bethought himself of Marquès, Madame Valfon's son. This young man was very willing to lend his friend a few louis, and an embarrassing difficulty was thus overcome.

Raymond took Madame Valfon to an inn in an obscure part of Paris. Somewhat timid, the young man did not conduct the affair with the abandon of a practised gallant. Alone together in the little room, the lovers were embarrassed and self-conscious. As Raymond was beginning to feel somewhat easier, they were both horrified to hear the sound of a violent quarrel in the adjoining apartment. A loud shriek and then a heavy fall proclaimed a tragedy. Raymond, gasping in terror, looked out of the window just in time to gaze into the face of a man, crawling by on the roof—a face ghastly white, and eyes that looked into his own with an expression strangely familiar.

Horrified, the couple took advantage of the confusion to make their escape from the place; and the incident put an end to their love-making for some time.

The next day the papers were full of the horrible murder of General Dejarine, the former Prefect of Police at St. Petersburg, taken at a rendezvous, a furnished lodging-house near the Bastile. Only by an oversight of the coroner had they failed to search the house with all in it at the time. Raymond shuddered to think of his escape.

It soon appeared that Marquès was also in love with Dina and wished to marry her. He enlisted Raymond's coöperation by the threat of defeating him in his running for the presidency of the Association, a much-coveted honor, which would bring the young man no money, but further honors and social obligations. Dina was in love with Claudio Jacquand, however, and refused to listen to the suit of Marquès. Soon after, Claudio and Madame Eudeline began to be pestered with anonymous letters, assailing the character of Dina. A violent scene between the brother and sister ensued, in which he reminded her of the sacrifices he had made for the family, and she taunted him with his selfishness and constant change of plans. He had tried to enter the Normal School, to be a lawyer,

to go to Indo-China, she exclaimed; all of which truths further enraged the pious Raymond.

Tonin, who was constantly increasing his fortune, now felt himself able to provide his beloved brother with a set of rooms, a dignity which the latter sorely needed. Weeks of preparation, of choosing furniture, of measuring and putting up curtains, of selecting ornaments, were necessary before the presentation could be made. Great was Tonin's joy when that charming little suite, overlooking the Seine, and shaped so curiously like a steamboat, was ready, and the head of the family introduced to his new possessions. Raymond was gratified; tears of patronizing affection stood in his eyes as he complimented the humble brother on his taste. Now, he reflected, he should be able to receive Madame Valfon as befitted her dignity. He accepted the rooms, but insisted upon giving his brother his bond, the money being not forthcoming, and thus ridding himself of all sense of obligation.

In leaving his family and taking up independent existence, Raymond felt dethroned. There was something annoying to his pride in taking so much from his brother, in spite of the bond just given. He could hardly forgive the little one for having accumulated the necessary money. He needed affection and admiration, and thought of his old friends, the Izoards, who had gone to the country shortly before.

To them he confessed that his life had been a failure; with tears and protestations he declared the burden his father had laid upon him had been too heavy.

Greatly comforted, he left these dear friends and returned to his new rooms late that night.

Who was it that awaited him tremblingly in the recesses of the tiny bedroom? Who but the pure, the lovely Geneviève? Touched to the quick by his recital of his shortcomings and unhappiness, the young girl, loving him all her life, had determined to surrender herself to him—herself and her thirty thousand francs, all that was left of her fortune, which he scorned to take, but did not prevent her from putting in a cabinet drawer in case he should change his mind.

Geneviève's motive in this was of the highest. True love illuminated her mind. She felt herself to be Raymond's lawful

wife. Moved by her unselfishness, Raymond determined to be always true to her, and ordered the concierge to admit no other woman to his apartment.

One day, however, owing to some disturbance in the street, the doors were left open; and Raymond returning, found the apartment tenanted—and by Madame Valfon, who had come to give him a charming surprise. The support of his family yielded, with his usual facility, to circumstances, and his days passed smoothly and agreeably.

Where did the money come from that supported this little *ménage*? Luxury and display marked all Raymond's surroundings. He was now devoting himself to literature; and it was said that, contrary to usage, it rewarded him substantially. The roll of francs in the cabinet drawer grew less, but Geneviève never looked.

She, poor child, was living a life of deception. Her old friend, the Russian Castagnozoff, was living for the poor and sick in the hospitals; and her father, who was obliged by business to spend his nights away from home, imagined that Geneviève was with her.

Sophia still continued to harbor refugees, and it was supposed that she knew the whereabouts of the fearful Lupniak, who had killed Déjarine, and whom they had all known in the old days when they were living happily in the country.

Mauglas, the journalist, was enabled to make himself valuable to the Russian Government as a spy. Naturally this was not known, though it was in some quarters suspected. M. Valfon, whom little escaped, was, as became his governmental position, aware of it; and he employed the spy to watch the movements of Madame Valfon, discovering, as he expected to, her liaison with Raymond. He thus knew to whom the drafts of passionate love-letters, discovered in his wife's desk, were addressed. Mauglas, in his turn, found out the secrets of Raymond's life, his luxury, extravagance, and near approach to poverty, Geneviève's fortune being nearly spent.

He therefore renewed his acquaintance with the young man, and telling him the story of his own life—his passion for letters and for spending time in polishing his sentences that were paid for by the line, the slight remuneration resultant, his enormous

responsibility, the responsibility of a wife who must feed all her relatives and friends, and of his successful following of the—well, perhaps at first sight, not altogether admirable profession of getting information for a foreign government—came round to the real object he had in view—the suggestion that Raymond should help him. There were some quarters in which he was a little too well known, and the services of a younger man were needed. Raymond repelled these advances with scorn.

Raymond's rooms now became the rendezvous of a set of young men who followed the newer lights of literature. Their writing consisted of a series of sharp, elliptical expressions, which had but slight meaning for the old-fashioned reader. Of these, Raymond became the chief, and was dubbed by them the *Symboliste*.

Tonin, coming home from England, on one of his vacations, saw flaming advertisements of a new novel, *A French Family*. With pride he purchased a copy, and holding it conspicuously, endeavored to read it on the train. The short, crisp sentences puzzled him, and he contented himself with regarding the cover and signature with brotherly affection.

When he reached "The Wonderful Lamp," he found the little circle there somewhat *distraite* and depressed. At last it all came out. Raymond had written a disgraceful book—a book which travestied them all and which represented them as parasites hanging on himself, preventing him, the patient, self-denying one, from achieving his true success. They were all in the book, and all were travestied. The home ones asked awkward questions about Raymond, too. Where did he get his money? Tonin's loving heart was sadly troubled.

Madame Valfon, being of a deeply religious nature, and feeling that Raymond's love for her was practically dead; moreover, being confronted with her husband's threats and reproaches at the discovery of her unfaithfulness, carried out a determination she had formed some time before, and departed with Sophia Castagnozoff to nurse the wounded in Indo-China. Her daughter was thus left at the mercy of her stepfather, who did not hesitate to make use of his opportunity. The girl, half dead from wounded pride and fury, cut off her magnificent hair, and was discovered by her friend, Jeannette, in a fainting and de-

spairing condition. Jeannette, frivolous and longing for gaiety herself, persuaded her to go to a luncheon, given for a colonel, who had just returned from Africa, bringing with him a queen of the dwarfs and a collection of curiosities. The beautiful girl, with the strange, feverishly excited expression, and cropped head, aroused more interest than the Colonel, with his tales of African swamps and wild adventures. The tiny queen herself hardly awakened more than a perfunctory comment, so deeply did they all feel that a tragedy was being enacted before them. Among his curiosities, the Colonel showed five poisoned arrows, which, he said, would cause death within five minutes after even scratching the flesh. He left these, with the other curiosities, in one of the state rooms, while most of the party went for a drive.

When Valfon returned from the drive, he went at once to the shelf where these curiosities lay. "Duperron," he called, to the usher, "did the Colonel leave four of these arrows or five?" "Five, Monsieur," was the reply. There were but four on the shelf. Valfon, possessed by a fearful thought, rushed into his stepdaughter's room.

That night, as Raymond perused the evening papers, his eye caught the headlines: "Fearful catastrophe in the family of the Minister of Accounts. Instant death of Mademoiselle Florence Marquès, stepdaughter of the Minister, Valfon."

The good Tonin had but one dread—that he should be drafted for the army. What, in this case, would become of the little family at the sign of "The Wonderful Lamp"? When one dreads a thing, is it not sure to happen? At the drawing, the unlucky number came to poor Tonin, and great was the grief of the little circle.

At this juncture, who should step forward and offer himself in Tonin's place but Raymond? Raymond, now indeed the support of the family, now that he would leave the one who could earn for them free to pursue his humble way; Raymond, who had spent the last cent of Geneviève's money; Raymond, whose book had failed to make the sensation he had expected! He was at last the hero, the unselfish one, and could be worshiped to their heart's content.

After he sailed, a letter came from Raymond, a letter in

which he laid bare as well as he was able, the mainspring which had governed his actions. This letter ran as follows:

"AT SEA, STRAITS OF BONACO.

"This is my confession, written for you, my Antonin, for you alone. I shall not go away behind a hypocritical mask, applauded as a hero, when in reality I am a coward. I am a weakling, and still I have this excuse for my weakness, that it dates from my father's death. That tragical shock, too violent for young children, caused in your case embarrassment of speech, in mine, nothing apparent, but some organic disturbance. Until then, I had been very strong in my studies; afterward I was simply a passable scholar, diligent as before, but one whose efforts never once succeeded. Was it that my will-power had been impaired? Probably. It seemed to me that after that day only the outside of me lived; beneath, everything was empty, hollowed out.

"In spite of everything, I have delightful memories of my life at the Lycée, because all there was ordered for me. I did not have to think for myself. I was too weak, when it came to real life, to hold the burden imposed upon me.

"Ah, the irony of life! To think that at home all are praising me, when I am simply running away! I know that if I stay Pierre Izoard will make me marry his daughter. I am fleeing from a family that I could not support, the prospect of a family of my own, for Geneviève will soon be a mother. I was incapable of doing that thing, simple as it seems, and dreaded it almost as much as death—a household, a home to construct, children to rear, an example to set them, and a career to choose for them. It was in face of all this that I was afraid and recoiled.

"Before long, our little Cinderella's miraculous marriage will have made the family burden less heavy for you. Dina, when she is Madame Claudiois Jacquand, will not leave her mother behind a shop-counter.

"Oh, my brother, I implore you, do not desert Geneviève. She knows my weakness better than anyone, but she loves me through it all. She has been more of a mother than anything else to me.

"And, above all, Tonin, Tantine, I implore you, do not let my child learn Latin, do not let him study the classics! By making the opposite request for his son, my father spoiled my life."

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

(United States, 1831)

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT (1867)

To the reader unfamiliar with this novel as a whole, the following abridgment of it will not give the significance of its title, because "waiting for the verdict," according to the author's intention, meant the momentous decision which would be rendered to the freed negro by the white man; whether the four millions of emancipated slaves should remain "beasts or men," as Mrs. Davis phrased it. Indeed this novel, aside from its diversified characters and plot, is nothing short of a powerful plea for equality for the negro. The dedication indicated this purpose: "To my friend, who is a friend to all the weak and wronged among God's creatures, they owe the few words which he urged me to write in their behalf."



OWARD the close of a chilly, pale, November day in the late 'forties, the ferry-boat plying between the great flat Quaker City and the opposite shore was making her final trip. There were not many passengers: Ann Gates, a little apple-cheeked Quakeress; James Strebling, a gentleman from Alabama, with his mulatto slave-boy, Sap; and old Joe Burley, who came aboard guiding his big Conestoga wagon, while his diminutive granddaughter, Rosslyn, watched his skilful management of the eight roadsters. The mulatto boy helped the jolly drover with the horses, eliciting thereby a cry of admiration from the Quakeress, who conversed with his thin master about the past, bringing out the information that his wife had died, and that he had a boy, Bob, now eight years old. James Strebling evinced extraordinary interest in the child, Rosslyn, the market herb-girl, as she played with Sap's dog, Luff. When he had ascertained her identity it had even a more marked effect upon him. He scrutinized keenly the yellow hair and brown eyes. "I mean to be a good friend to you, child," he said. "It is not

my fault if I have been late." Little Ross did not understand, but she was glad that the kind gentleman gave her Luff. This disposal of his property almost broke Sap's heart, and before the trip across the water was over, he had killed the dog rather than let another possess him. Then the poor lad lost consciousness. Rosslyn was sorry, and took hold of the yellow fingers. Ann Gates was deeply moved, too. When they landed she detained him in the darkness. "Here, boy, I must have a word with thee," she said.

Meanwhile Strebling was following the big Conestoga as it lumbered into the country beyond Camden, and drew up in front of a house as square, and short, and dumpy as Ross herself. Old Joe fed and stowed away his horses, while his capable little granddaughter prepared supper. After the meal the two comrades talked of the child's mother, who had died when Ross was born. There was a strained, strange something in the good old fellow's voice as he talked of his daughter. Rosslyn vaguely understood that some wrong had been done, and she strove to soothe her agitated grandfather. After she had climbed the crooked stairs to bed, a long, tense argument ensued between the two men, in which the gentleman from Alabama tried to prove that the drover should relinquish Rosslyn. "I'd like a daughter about me in my old age . . . you are making a market huckster out of her," said Strebling. He pushed the point. Old Joe was sorely bewildered by the man he thoroughly hated, when Ross appeared. She had overheard the heated conversation, and understood the men were going to allow her to choose her own course. Facing Strebling, the child told him never to come back again. She rejected his proffered gift of a watch and chain, and clung to her grandfather. The Alabama gentleman hastily took his leave. From that night Rosslyn Burley made a child's resolve, but one worthy of a mature woman, to raise herself above the circumstances sneered at by James Strebling.

Fifteen years passed, bringing the time to the early days of the Civil War. A young woman, Margaret Conrad by name, a guest of Garrick Randolph, living beside the Cumberland River in Kentucky, discovered the body of a dead scout in a thicket. Though Rob Strebling, a soldier in the Confederate

ranks, and his father were visiting their kinsman, Randolph, who was a scholar and book-worm, Miss Conrad revealed her discovery to the student, rather than to the soldier. Thereupon Garrick had the scout buried secretly; and a sham bullet, held in the clenched hand, containing a cipher message, was unscrewed by Margaret. Upon sudden and unusual impulse, Garrick decided to deliver this despatch, fulfilling the commission of the slain man, despite all danger. It was the least service he could render the Federal cause, in which his sympathies were enlisted, though he was of the Randolph-Page blood. Margaret Conrad tried to dissuade him, reminding him of the terrible hazard of crossing into Ohio. As she had come from Pennsylvania into Kentucky to sell mules for her blind father, and was under a flag of truce, she offered to smuggle the cipher message through on her way home; she would start the next day. But Garrick was firm in his purpose. He insisted upon taking the risk. Even Aunt Laura could not deter him from his quixotic quest, so the cultured, honorable scion, who proudly traced his lineage back to the Champernouns of Elizabeth's time, set forth in the night. The next day Margaret Conrad started for Philadelphia. Before she left, the elder Strebling told her that he had known some persons in that city: a Quakeress named Gates, who had taken an odd fancy to his boy, Sap, a mulatto. Sap had died, he believed. Then there had been a girl, Rosslyn, but of course Miss Conrad would never meet her because she was a market huckster. James Strebling spoke vehemently, and an awkward silence succeeded his unusual outbreak.

It was in November, 1861, when the forces of North and South were grappling in every county of Kentucky to end her sham of neutrality, that Garrick escaped pursuit and certain death, and was enabled to deliver the cipher despatch within the Federal lines at Louisville. But it was owing first to the quick wit of a negro driver, who changed places with him, and then to the courage of Rosslyn Burley, who happened to be in the neighborhood with her aged friend and companion, Abigail Blanchard, a Quakeress. Indeed, the latter proved to be an old-time associate of the Randolph-Page clan, and had known Coyne Randolph, the father of Garrick. This chance meeting

developed into closer association; and after Garrick had ascertained that the name of the poor scout whose place he had taken would receive proper recognition for service rendered the Government, he accompanied Friend Blanchard and Miss Burley to Philadelphia, where he hoped to obtain a commission and enter the army.

Long before these events had taken place, Margaret Conrad had reached the Quaker City; and her sole object seemed to be the restoration of her father's sight. Hugh Conrad was a Methodist preacher of the old-fashioned type, strong, rugged, and eloquent in his own rough way. Margaret was devoted to him. His blindness was a deep grief to her, though, like every other emotion of hers, it was concealed under a mask of seemingly imperturbable calm. As a last resort, she had determined that her father should be examined by Dr. Broderip, a very famous surgeon and oculist, who also bore a reputation for extortion, strange vagaries, and noble charities. Hugh Conrad was prejudiced against the physician, but Margaret brought about their meeting by means of a ruse. Contrary to all expectation, the dogged old preacher took a great fancy to Dr. Broderip, in spite of his singular whims and unfathomable actions. The men began an odd friendship, but there was no help for the stricken sight of Conrad, and nothing could induce the celebrated surgeon to accept any payment for his examination and opinion. However, he would like to retain a bracelet of rose-colored shells, worn by Margaret and dropped by her during the first visit to his house. Of course this apparently childish fancy was gratified, and the sallow, insignificant-looking doctor seemed highly pleased with the pretty bauble.

That was a memorable journey from Louisville to Philadelphia for Garrick Randolph. The trip was made partly by water, and there was plenty of time in which to study and admire the character and mind of Rosslyn Burley. He grew to consider the girl a part of his daily life, and the shrewd old Quakeress speculated on the outcome, for the difference between the two was vast in birth, breeding, and ideas. Garrick was a conservative, a representative of the old régime, while Ross was an ardent radical, and an active apostle of equality. Yet their friendship progressed, though the golden-haired, brown-eyed

girl felt that an indefinable barrier separated her from the aristocratic Southerner, whose pride of blood and family honor were always in evidence. He, too, was aware of an obstacle to their companionship; once when he asked to be admitted into her life as a friend, with all that term signified, she had warded off his protestations. Rosslyn Burley could not forget the past. She knew, moreover, that he was the cousin of James Strebling. Mention of that man had also revealed an unknown circumstance in the life of his father to Garrick. Friend Blanchard told him in confidence that she had been witness to a will, drawn by his irascible grandfather, in which his father, Coyne Randolph, had been disinherited, and James Strebling made beneficiary instead. Why? Because Garrick's father had been fond of a gay, careless life, spending money lavishly, and incurring debt. Abigail Blanchard wondered what had happened to that will, which would have beggared Coyne Randolph and his son. If anyone knew, the old slave Hugh was the man, for he had been body-servant, aye, foster-brother, to the late Coyne Randolph. Garrick listened to the gossipy old Quakeress, and was startled and stung to the quick; he dwelt on every detail of the painful story, rejecting every suggestion of guilt as to his dear, dead father's conduct. It galled, angered him to entertain such notions, but he resolved to interview old Hugh, who, he recalled, had two sons long ago, one of whom was a boy called Sap.

After their arrival in Philadelphia, Friend Blanchard went to live with Rosslyn Burley in her small farmhouse beyond Camden, where the girl resumed her designing work, at which she had achieved a reputation. The good Quakeress had not been able to obtain a commission for Garrick and he was lonely and disheartened, when one day he ran across Margaret Conrad, who gave him cordial greeting and congratulations on his success in carrying the cipher to the authorities. She invited him to come home with her, and he was introduced to the blind preacher and Dr. Broderip, who had become an habitué of the Conrad household; the latter regarded Garrick with a curious expression, but evinced an uncalled-for desire to please him; Garrick experienced an unusual twinge of envy at seeing the famous surgeon, a man no older than himself, yet so renowned.

Dr. Broderip soon left them, and extended a cordial invitation to Garrick for his reception on the next night. But the physician was in a dangerous, evil humor upon reaching the hospital, where his assistants, knowing the mood, trembled for his patients. Certainly this man was an odd mixture of kindness and brutality, one moment as winning as a woman, the next a surly misanthrope.

The following day a lawyer named Ottley, a friend of the Conrads and of the surgeon, visited Broderip to urge that the powerful doctor interest himself in securing an appointment for Garrick Randolph. A queer look came into the intent, sallow face; but its owner did not exactly promise his aid. When the lawyer had gone the physician sought his mother's apartment. She was a very old woman and partially paralyzed. Conversation with her son was full of mysterious allusions; there was some unmentionable secret between them. Love and marriage were under discussion, but, judging by their oblique colloquy, John Broderip had an ineffaceable stain upon his life that would forever bar him from domestic felicity. His aged, weak-brained mother saw that he was in love, and her distress almost equaled his agony. Yet before he quitted the room Dr. Broderip had determined on two heroic measures: to extend a helping hand to an enemy bitterly hated, and to confide the truth of his past to Margaret before declaring his passion.

Among his guests that night the little surgeon singled out Garrick to tell him that he had written to Washington a letter which would secure him a place in the civil service. Mr. Randolph was elated but bewildered at this sudden step. Broderip watched his opportunity of being alone with Margaret, and when it came he fairly overwhelmed the stately, reserved girl. She felt the power, the magnetism of this man as of no other, but there was also an undefined fear of him in her consciousness. He caressed the string of rose-colored shells which had been around her wrist, and in other subtle ways acknowledged his love. Margaret was pale and trembled with emotion, but forbade him telling her a certain story he was anxious to narrate. Thus ended a strange interview, one that had stunned Margaret Conrad, but had given Broderip a sense of delirious pleasure. To see that strong, impassive girl so moved

had been a sweet triumph to the imagination of the man. In the same gathering that night two others began to understand the bond between them, for without a word Rosslyn Burley and Garrick Randolph knew that they loved each other.

And Garrick spent several hours of the following day at the old farmhouse. Rosslyn was supremely happy for a while, until their talk revealed more sharply and surely than ever the gap between them. His life had been so unsullied, while hers —she thought of the circumstances of her birth, the years at the market. Garrick talked on. He told her of the will which had been made in favor of his cousin, Strebling, and of the part the negro Hugh had supposedly played in concealing or destroying it. Dully the girl listened, but she advised him to investigate the affair, prove its truth or falsity, and abide by the consequences, even if they meant transferring the property over to the detestable James Strebling. After Garrick had taken his departure, Rosslyn flung herself on her knees to pray. Now she knew the bitter path she must tread; never to marry the man she loved, but remain content to devote all thought and tenderness to that grandfather who had nursed her and cared for her through childhood and girlhood.

Meanwhile where was old Joe Burley? Out among the snow-covered Cumberland hills, in the Federal uniform, searching for a lost comrade, Lieutenant Markle, who had strayed while reconnoitering. For days he had tramped amid dangers, and when rations had vanished, and death was nigh, he found the missing man in a hut. Markle had been shot, but a negro was caring for him. This fair-skinned member of the black race had taken a fancy to the young lieutenant, who expected to be well enough to walk within a few days. Then Markle planned to escape with Nat, the slave, and take him to the Union camp, where he would be free. Poor Nat was looking forward to this great event that he might search for his wife and little boy, from whom he had been separated for years. Incidentally, it came out that Nat had once been a Strebling chattel, and that he had had a brother, Sap, and a father, Hugh, the latter being with the Randolphs of Kentucky. Old Joe grimly listened to the information. "That cuss Strebling" seemed bound to cross his life.

Plans were laid, and Joe, Lieutenant Markle, and Nat had apparently solved every difficulty; but there was always danger of pursuit. Nat secured a skiff and they were to make their way to camp by water. Big Joe carried the wounded lieutenant down to the stream, where Nat was to meet them. The boat was there, but when Nat appeared, it was simultaneously with men giving chase. The moonlight revealed them to be James Strebling and his son, Major Bob. Alas, for the poor negro with his dreams of family reunion! He was caught in a spot where his companions were helpless to lend succor. Burley and Markle, indeed, had to use all their time to escape themselves. In this they barely succeeded. As it was, Major Bob fired upon them in their tiny boat, and the bullet hit old Joe in the shoulder. But their pursuers were baffled in the long run.

Hugh Conrad had lost his money, and was compelled to sell his place and move West. Margaret looked forward to the change like the stoic she was. Relations between her and Broderip were at the same tensity—the atmosphere required clearing. A second time had he attempted the task of telling her his secret, but a trifling incident prevented the revelation. Margaret was puzzled and pained, yet she trusted him, allowing for his peculiarities. With the blind preacher it was otherwise. He grew jealous of his daughter's happiness, and the move West would be a good thing for her. Therefore the Conrads left Philadelphia, prepared to battle against adverse circumstances. But the misunderstood little surgeon was alert for their welfare, and became the means of their renting the Markle farm in the region in which they had settled. Both the Markle boys had gone to the war, and the place needed a caretaker.

Old Joe reached home at last. His wound had laid him low. Rosslyn was a capital nurse, and coddled the incapacitated, aged soldier. It was during these convalescent days of the brave old man that Garrick Randolph, back from Washington and civil service, pleaded his love. Rosslyn heard him with sore misgiving, but she did not hesitate to tell her proud suitor of her ignominious origin. Though it was a shock to his sensibilities and ideals, he was man enough to sweep all caste prejudice aside; and ere he left Rosslyn they were betrothed. Indescribable was their happiness, and old Joe participated in the

joyous compact. Dr. Broderip attended the wounded man, and sneered at the engagement, but then everybody knew that the surgeon was unbalanced. No time was lost in celebrating the nuptials of Rosslyn and Garrick, in spite of the caustic comments of Broderip and the antagonism of Abigail Blanchard, who was loath to lose her favorite friend. However, she did not immediately suffer separation from Rosslyn, for Garrick went South to prepare the way for his wife. Upon reaching his plantation Garrick hastened to cross-question Hugh about the will drawn in Strebling's favor, and learned many bitter, humiliating truths. Troubled, tempted, Garrick, under a pretense, delivered the old slave over to a taskmaster, without discovering that the faithful servitor possessed the very document which deprived him of his birthright. But in ridding himself of the old slave he felt he had saved the honor of the Randolphs.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Markle, on a furlough, had fallen in love with Margaret Conrad; and when he returned to camp he was full of her praise. The advent of old Burley, cured, prevented further expatiation on the subject. And then, together, the friends effected the rescue of Nat, who had been imprisoned in a calaboose in a neighboring town. Not till then did Joe Burley trace a striking resemblance between the tired-out, sanguine Nat and the Philadelphia surgeon, Dr. Broderip. Bluff and outspoken, he remarked it, and the opinion impressed Nat. This idea also disturbed Markle so that he could not sleep; for he had heard of Broderip's vacillating attentions to Margaret Conrad. Forty miles away from this scene there was sleeplessness, too, for if one could pierce the darkness one might see Anny and Tom, the wife and son of Nat, plodding along the weary roads, walking miles and miles, tirelessly seeking Nat, the weak, shivering mulatto, whose life meant everything to them.

Markle's injury produced a nervous disease, and he was advised to go to a Philadelphia hospital, where relief might be obtained. At first he demurred, but, learning that Margaret Conrad and her father had returned there, he delayed no longer. Faithful Nat went with him. Fate had a finger in the affair. One day the ailing Lieutenant and Nat saw Dr. Broderip in the company of Hugh Conrad and his haughty daughter. The

negro was startled. He asked permission to leave Ma'kle for a short time, a privilege readily granted. Nat made his way to Dr. Broderip, who received him coldly, discourteously. The former slave asked the fastidious surgeon to examine a wound. Then, incoherently, he talked of slave days, of slave life; he even dared to call Broderip his brother! Though reputed cold, merciless, and cruel, the little physician was moved to hysterical tears. He sought Margaret Conrad and told his long-postponed story. He met the issue, the call of the blood! Yes; he was the brother of Nat, the despised negro slave. Miss Conrad heard the narrative, hardly believing her ears, and at the end turned away from him in horror.

The action of Margaret was but a prelude of what followed. Courageously, Broderip made known the so-called taint of his blood. All the world, with the exception of a few tried, liberal friends, forsook him. He faced contumely at every turn. Such treatment he expected. Filled with enthusiasm for his down-trodden people, the famous Dr. Broderip—once the neglected, obscure Sap—sold all his possessions, gave the price to the cause of freedom, and enlisted at the head of a regiment of negroes. He had lost Margaret, but he had gained the glory of self-renunciation.

Bewildered, sorrowing, Nat made his way to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Randolph. The moment was propitious at which he appeared. Garrick had suffered, and longed to atone for his wrong to old Hugh. Eagerly he accompanied Nat in search of his father, whom they eventually found, and touching was the reunion of father and son.

The war was over. Joe Burley—Captain Burley now—received his honorable discharge. On the journey home to Rosslyn, he stopped for Anny and Tom, wife and child of Nat's, having kept track of their whereabouts. Generous soul, he did not pause here, but found James Strebling, and persuaded the tottering old man to join him. Major Bob was dead, and his father had little now to live for. It was not long before the broken old fellow died, but he had the happiness of dying in the arms of Rosslyn, who tearfully forgave him the wrong he had done her.

Aged Hugh, his son Nat, Anny, and Tom were at length

united in a cozy home provided by Rosslyn. As for her, she was thankful for all God's blessings. Her grandfather had returned safe and sound from the war's bloody ground; Garrick was a new man; and her child—her boy—crowed in her arms. If there was a shadow in her home it fell upon Hugh Conrad and his pale, immovable daughter, who had given up her life to educating the negro. Broderip had died, after serving his race and country, at the hands of a cowardly assassin. Lieutenant Markle had brought Margaret the sad tidings. She listened with bowed head. After he had told her the pitiable tale, he asked if he might not see her again. Realizing his sincerity and truth, she replied that they must see each other. Enough. The little soldier drew a long, brave breath: "Come what may, what better thing is there for a manly man to do than to share in her despised work?"

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

(United States, 1864)

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE (1899)

This story was dramatized by Augustus Thomas, and was played first at the Hyperion Theater, New Haven, February 17, 1902. Robert Edeson starred for the first time in the rôle of Robert Clay. A month later it began its successful run at the Savoy Theater, New York City. We present here the author's own version of the story.



Alice Langham, a society beauty of international reputation, was placed between Reggie King and Robert Clay at a certain New York dinner-party. That King should have been seated next to her was taken as a matter of course. For several successive seasons, it had been generally understood that the agreeable millionaire, who by birth and breeding was in every way desirable, was waiting to marry Miss Langham as soon as she gave any evidence that she was ready; but with Clay it was different. No one knew anything about him, save that he had come from Mexico with a good letter of introduction and that he talked very little. During a conversation about civil engineering, in which King spoke in high praise of the Jalisco and Mexican Railroad, Clay was forced to explain that he had built that railroad.

Urged by the thought that he was sailing the next day for a long absence, he took the liberty of telling Miss Langham, when they were alone together after dinner, how, through the newspapers, he had followed her social career since her début; how he always knew they should meet; and he showed her her picture, reduced from a photograph he had bought, which he always carried in his watch.

Immediately after returning home, Alice sought her father

and asked him if he knew of a Robert Clay. He told her Robert Clay was going to sail the next morning for Valencia, the capital of Olancho, one of the South American republics, to open up the largest iron deposits in that country for the Valencia Mining Company—and that he, her father, was the company.

Clay accomplished the herculean task of throwing out a pier, building a freight railroad, and dumping five mountains of ore into the cars, helped by an unruly gang of lazy natives and a man named MacWilliams, a humorous chap, who had had charge of the railroad when Clay arrived as general manager and resident director.

Shortly after his arrival, Teddy Langham came to learn engineering and to look after his father's interests. Then followed the announcement that Mr. Langham and his two daughters, Alice and Hope, were coming, the doctors having ordered him South for rest and quiet.

A charming bungalow was built for them near the mines. Clay's dreams of future happiness were interwoven with every effort they put forth to make the place attractive to Alice Langham. One of these dreams was interrupted by an unexpected call from General Mendoza, the leader of the opposition in the Senate. Ostensibly he came in behalf of his party, which he represented as being dissatisfied with the Government's disposal of the mines for ten per cent. of their profits. Really he came to get Clay to bribe him with a handsome profit to keep silent about the mines. Clever subterfuge on Clay's part soon made it evident that Mendoza was the opposition; and then Clay called Langham and MacWilliams, whom he had sent away so that they could be unseen witnesses of the interview, and dismissed the irate and defeated General, who swore revenge, and predicted a new government, a new president, and a new director for the mines within two months. He was enraged that the fearless Clay should have fifteen hundred of his men working in the mines and devoted to him.

On the night of the Langhams' arrival, the boys called at the bungalow; and Clay, although he felt that he could love Alice Langham as he believed her to be, was not so bold as he had been the first night he met her, because, after all, he had only a drawing-room knowledge of her.

Before the evening's pleasure had come to an end, they sighted Reggie King's yacht in the harbor. Clay contrasted his childhood of poverty, when his mother taught a little school at Pike's Peak, his early orphanage, his life as a sailor, as a cowboy, in the mines of South Africa, his war experiences in Madagascar, Egypt, and Algiers, with King's life of ease; and he determined to fight for the girl, if she proved to be worth fighting for.

It was a gay party that set out to see the beauties of Valencia; and the excursion ended by Clay's calling and introducing them all to President Alvarez and his wife, also to an attractive English youth, Captain Stuart, of the President's household troops, in whom he had the most perfect trust, knowing full well the young man's regard for his wife.

The charm of the place, the novel dinners, the unusual distinction of the men, all had its effect; but in time Alice Langham, although delighted, was forced to caution Clay that if they were to remain good friends he must be more reserved; she told him that he really did not know what his own feelings about her were; and until he did, there should be less said about them. Clay needed no second reprimand.

Her younger sister, Hope, found Clay a most romantic and interesting figure. She liked to hear of his building the highest bridge in Peru, of his bravery, of his marksmanship, of his being made a baron by the German Emperor in recognition of his engineering feats; and she enjoyed every minute she spent with him, whether it was on King's yacht, where they entertained the President and Madame Alvarez, or on her pony inspecting the mines, in which she was deeply and intelligently interested, much to Clay's surprise and pleasure. Miss Langham and King, who were bored, and had dropped out of the party of inspection on one occasion, sought the shelter of the bungalow, where they learned that Madame Alvarez, who before her marriage was a Spanish countess, wished to overthrow the Republic, establish a monarchy and proclaim her husband king and herself queen—at the very least, report had it, she was plotting to make Olancho into a Spanish dependency. General Mendoza was the leader against her and, as commander-in-chief of the army, was a formidable antagonist. The Vice-President, Gen-

eral Rojas, stood high in popular favor; and if the people were allowed to vote he would be their choice for the next President.

Mendoza had threatened to take the mines, to turn the whole plant into a government monopoly; and while he was trying to make himself President, Alvarez was waiting to proclaim himself Dictator.

Shortly after the visit to the mines, President Alvarez gave a ball in honor of the Langhams; and Alice, when Hope was all dressed to go, decided against her going because she was not yet "out." Clay, who had begun to think, since the visit to the mines, that Alice and he had not much in common—particularly after she had told him that the work he had done was not worth while—slipped away from the ball on the pretext of riding back to the bungalow for Alice's lost fan, which he found in the carriage and sent back to her by Stuart, while he called on Hope, whom he saw that evening for the first time in evening dress and realized that she was grown up. Hope's pleasure at seeing him so unexpectedly was genuine, although she told him jestingly that he only came back to see if she were crying. He blurted out that he came to tell her he thought she had been treated abominably; then they ate the bonbons he had stolen for her; and she insisted that he tell her all about the decorations he wore. He went further and told her of his early life and ambitions; and when he left her, he felt that her sympathy with his experiences and work was the sweetest thing that had ever come into his lonely life.

On his return to the ball, Stuart asked him to meet him secretly later; and then he found that the revolution was imminent. Placards concerning Stuart and Madame Alvarez—detrimental to her honor—had been pasted up in the street, and Stuart's men had been tearing them down. Mendoza's troops were crowding into the city for the annual review, which was to take place in a day or two. Alvarez, fearful of the uprising, had all the drafts and his wife's jewels packed ready for flight.

Early the next day, Clay, by accident, met a professional filibuster whom he had known in some of his past war experiences and quietly arrested him; and later it was learned from him where he had hidden the arms he had brought into the

country for Mendoza, who ordered Clay's miners to appear in the review, and said if Clay refused he would fetch them.

Clay had been waiting for this. With the knowledge of where the hidden firearms were, they took a force of his men, found them, loaded them on the waiting cars that MacWilliams had run down to the place of concealment, and had them in the mines before midnight, much to the rage of Mendoza's men, who arrived only to find the men who were left in charge gagged and the firearms gone.

The review was a brilliant sight. Madame Alvarez spied Hope, who had stolen away to see the excitement, and Clay, who, she knew by what he had said, cared for her. She was made to come close to Madame Alvarez.

There in full view, amid his own army troopers, Mendoza galloped up to President Alvarez and arrested him for high treason, and arrested the Vice-President also. Stuart without waiting for orders galloped off to rescue the state carriage, and seizing the bridle of the nearest horse, shouted to his men: "To the palace—shoot anyone who tries to stop you!" Effort was made to guard the palace from the mob. Hope got in through the rear and went to Madame Alvarez, who had left the drafts, but had packed her jewels ready for flight. All the servants had fled at the first sound of the uproar. Stuart, with his men at his heels, rushed up the stairs of the palace on his way to protect Madame Alvarez. Noticing that his men grouped themselves at the foot of the staircase and stopped, he turned and went down several steps to meet them, asking them what it meant. Clay, who had just reached the top of the stairs and saw Hope and Madame Alvarez coming toward them, yelled to him to come back and reached him just in time to catch him as he fell, shot dead by the maddened turncoat soldiers, whom Mendoza had bought for his own ends. Stuart, whose innocent and loyal love for Madame Alvarez was returned in kind, was avenged by Clay's shooting as many of the panic-stricken and retreating soldiers as he could before he left the palace.

Hope and Madame Alvarez were concealed in the state carriage and with MacWilliams on the box with the driver, and Langham and Clay riding beside them, they started out of the city to the chosen place where King was to meet them

with his yacht, on which Madame Alvarez was to make her escape.

It was a perilous journey; they drove at high speed, being stopped by Mendoza's men, who were fooled by subterfuge and bribery as to Madame Alvarez; there was a price on her head, as it was believed she was leaving the country with the government drafts in her possession.

Finally they reached the beach off which King's yacht was anchored. Madame Alvarez was escorted to the launch by the three men, who had left Hope in charge of the driver. When Madame was finally safe in the launch and the men turned to come back to Hope, they were shot at by concealed marksmen on all sides. Escape seemed an impossibility, when suddenly they saw coming toward them the forgotten carriage, being driven furiously by Hope, who was alone on the box. Taking in the situation, she cried to them as she got within calling distance: "I am going to turn slowly; run and jump in." This they managed to do, Clay working his way finally to Hope and taking the reins from her. That ride sealed their fate; and at its termination, they told her brother and MacWilliams of their engagement.

When they returned to the Langhams they learned that Alvarez had been shot, that Mendoza was Dictator, and that General Rojas was still imprisoned.

Disappointed with Mendoza's attitude, the soldiers begged Clay to take his men and lead them against Mendoza, which he was compelled to do; and Fate so favored him that it was he who shot Mendoza and proclaimed Rojas President. And so, with Mendoza dead and Rojas imprisoned, he found himself for a brief hour Dictator of Olancho.

With Rojas President, Langham had nothing to fear for his mines; and at midnight the whole party were aboard a steamer bound for New York.

In the cabin Alice Langham smiled across her book at King, who smiled back contentedly, while Clay and Hope went on deck planning to have MacWilliams for their best man and discussing where they should spend their honeymoon.

EDMONDO DE AMICIS

(Italy, 1846-1908)

THE ROMANCE OF A SCHOOLMASTER (1876)

This is the only work of fiction by this author, who is known chiefly by his accounts of travel in the Orient and elsewhere. This story was bitterly condemned in Italy, because of its frank revelations of the peculiar methods followed in the Department of Public Instruction.



CIRCUMSTANCES, as well as temperament and innate aptitude, conspired to make of Emilio Ratti an ideal schoolmaster. His father, the proprietor of a small printing-office, died suddenly, just as he was on the highroad to fortune, leaving penniless his widow and four children, of which Emilio was the eldest. Near relatives there were none, with the exception of a cross-grained uncle, whose only daughter had been obliged to leave home, and was studying to become a schoolmistress. The distant relatives did not help, and strangers provided for the children. A well-to-do and childless family named Goli took charge of the little girl, and maintained Emilio until he could refresh his memory of his studies (which he had abandoned to work in his father's printing-office) sufficiently to enter the local Normal School as a free pupil. His mother died on the day he announced to her his admission to the school. Meanwhile, Emilio's love for children had been awakened by the pity he felt for his unattractive little brothers and sister, as he dragged them about in his efforts to provide for them.

The students at the Normal School came from the most varied social classes, and ranged from seventeen to thirty years of age. The two with whom Ratti was thrown almost exclusively were Lérica, a former corporal, of somewhat violent

disposition, who had huge moustaches, protruding eyes, enormous fists, a *cannon*-like voice, and a face to inspire terror in small boys; and Labaccio, an industrious, tranquil fellow, proud of his uncle, the Mayor of Azzorno. The best of the professors was Megári, instructor in pedagogy, beloved by all the students. This man placed his own individual stamp upon young Ratti. It seemed to Ratti that the professor sometimes looked at him in a particular manner; and, in fact, when they parted, Megári gave him a note which his mother had written in pencil the last day of her life: "I commend to you, from my death-bed, my poor young son."

When he was graduated, the Goli family (who had become much attached to his sister and were greatly pleased at his success) presented Ratti with the money they would have spent upon him had he not obtained a scholarship, and found him a place in the neighboring village of Garasco. He was to serve as substitute, for a year, for the schoolmaster who was ill in Turin, at a salary of seven hundred *lire*.

The Mayor of Garasco, a very wealthy landowner, spent most of his time in the country, rarely going to Turin, but devoted rather too little time to his duties because of hunting and social distractions. His plans for improving everything were magnificent; but pending these improvements, the conditions were extremely bad, including the state of the schools. He had appointed an old college friend as the Communal Secretary, and when any troublesome affair cropped up the two young men mounted their bicycles and rode off, leaving the burden on the shoulders of Toppo, the assessor, who was much disliked in the village. Contrary to the law, he allowed his sister to keep a private school alongside the communal school, rather than support her, although she was an old peasant who knew nothing beyond the alphabet. The parish priest, a decrepit old man of more than eighty years, was ruled by his house-keeper who, having been in the service of the school superintendent for ten years, aspired to rule the schools by becoming an inspectress. The other schoolmaster, Don Léri, was a priest, most majestic of aspect, with a fine, grave, dignified face fit for a cardinal. He welcomed Ratti cordially, and expressed the hope that he would call occasionally; but not in the evening,

as for years he had consecrated his evenings to a very important work which he had begun in his youth, and which still required much reading. Don Léri always seemed anxious to avoid Ratti when the latter tried to avail himself of the invitation, which wounded the young man until he accidentally discovered that Don Léri's "great work" was imaginary, and that his evenings were devoted to reading works of fiction.

Ratti's first impressions of his pupils were not favorable. They were chiefly peasants, over whom his predecessor had evidently exercised no authority. He had been engaged to teach the first elementary class, but found the second class also imposed upon him. Full of good-will, he did not refuse the burden, and found his task, in general, infinitely more difficult than he had expected. He had to contend with a sort of leaden inertia, not only in the schoolboys, but in everything else.

He led a solitary life; especially after yielding to the urgent invitations of the assessor to call, when he began to receive hints to marry the assessor's niece, and discovered that he was regarded in the community as an aspirant to her hand. His best friend was Schoolmistress Strinati, an old woman of the village, who counseled him not to cease his visits too abruptly, lest Toppo should play him some scurvy trick with the authorities. Moreover, no one knew whether the girl's license to teach was genuine or had been forged, for a consideration. But in spite of his precautions, Toppo took umbrage, made things as unpleasant as possible for him and was aided therein by the parish priest's ambitious servant, who spied on him, tattled disingenuously to Toppo, and instigated parents to find fault. The servant's grievance was that Ratti did not take his hat off to her in the street. As to the dispositions of pupils and parents, Ratti began from the first day to accumulate a stock of surprising knowledge. One result of this was to convince him that his theory of ruling by kindness was wrong, and that the opposite theory was correct, namely, that neither boys nor men can be governed or improved by gentleness; that they respect only that which they fear. In this conviction he was confirmed by the advice of the Inspector, and resolved to adopt a sterner method in his next post, for which he had already applied.

With the warm weather arrived numerous summer residents, and Ratti, who was agreeable and adaptable, speedily acquired the polish that made him a welcome guest among them. But he was soon disillusioned as to the estimation in which his profession was held. He found that, while these well-born people expected schoolmasters to impart culture to their children, they regarded the masters themselves and their profession as petty, inferior, and rather ridiculous.

A part of his vacation he passed with the Goli family; then went to call upon his cousin in the mountain village of Pilona, where she was schoolmistress. As they dined under an open shed, where his cousin caused the meal to be served, she narrated to him a most astonishing history of her experiences with the school authorities and scandal-mongering villagers, and with the pupils, whom she loved and taught with enthusiasm.

Ratti's next post was at Piazzena, a village on the plain. He bore a letter of recommendation to Don Piotta, the chaplain of a fraternity and founder of an orphan asylum, which had procured him an order of knighthood. But the dominating party of the village was headed by Don Piotta's enemy, the parish priest, who was jealous, and exercised his authority to render life unpleasant accordingly. Here the school building was good, and Ratti's colleagues were worthy and agreeable. It was contrary to his nature, and correspondingly difficult, for him to carry out his plan of severity, especially as some of the boys inspired him with sympathy, which he dared not show. He soon found that the Mayor was inclined to correct his Italian in school, and the priest was given to preaching against persons whose identity was perfectly plain to the congregation. Schoolmistress Fanari was the priest's pet detestation, because she had chosen Don Piotta as her confessor instead of himself. The Mayor soon began to find fault with Ratti's choice of subjects for his pupils' compositions; and the priest himself questioned them as to Ratti's remarks on religion in school. One compensation for many of these annoyances was a visit from the Inspector, who happened to be the one of whom Ratti had asked advice the year before. The Inspector approved of Ratti's methods, and comforted him when he complained that he could not force his heart to be as severe as his exterior by

telling him that if a schoolmaster were resigned inwardly he would no longer be a good teacher, since he would not love his boys sufficiently.

After the examinations, Ratti tried to apply himself to his studies, with a view to passing the examinations for a place in Turin. But, to his surprise, he found that he could not work; there was an absolute lack of stimulus in the atmosphere and people. His friend Don Pirotta died suddenly in September; and, hearing that the Council intended to engage a priest for a schoolmaster, he decided not to renew his contract with them for an extra term of two years, at the expiration of the two for which he had signed, and resigned. This had the effect of rendering somewhat less acrid the parish priest's rancor toward him. But the priest gave such an outrageous sermon against Signorina Fanari (inspired by some advice she had given contrary to his, and by a new gown she wore and a call made upon her by a good-looking stranger) that the schoolmistress instituted a suit for defamation of character. Almost everyone was against her, chiefly because they suspected her of being happy, and because she had committed no other fault, or even unpleasant action against them. It ended in the schoolmistress withdrawing the suit on the eve of the trial, and the priest paying her an indemnity of a thousand *lire*, and giving her a document wherein he stated that he had had no intention of attacking her honor. For the rest of that year the priest and his assistant did not meddle with the schools, and Ratti was relieved from the Mayor's interference with his choice of themes.

Meantime, Ratti had competed for a post in the mountain commune of Altarana, where the democratic and progressive Mayor wanted a young master. The indirect recommendations of the Goli family had settled the choice in his favor. But some time before his departure from Piazzena he abandoned his strictness for his previous milder methods, partly to rest his spirit, partly by way of experiment. Only four or five of the very best and most docile boys refrained from abusing this slackening of the reins. The rest, in less than a week, were so transformed with a sort of savage joy that he was instantly convinced that, while it may sometimes be possible, though with difficulty, to pass from gentleness to severity, it is absolutely

impossible to reverse the operation without reducing the school to a bedlam. Threats proved useless; he was an abdicated sovereign. Enlightened by this experience, he resolved to adopt the severe method with his future pupils, and swore to himself a solemn oath nevermore to abandon it.

Ratti's new post, Altarana, was a village in the western Alps. It was the first year of obligatory school attendance, and Ratti's official list of pupils numbered seventy-four. The Mayor instructed all the teachers to exact with the utmost rigor the fines for non-attendance; but, in practise, this proved impossible. Some of the parents even calmly argued that they were rendering the Government a service in sending their children to school, and demanded a recompense. Ratti's schoolroom was badly lighted, dirty, inadequately furnished. Warned by his experience in Piazzena, Ratti went at once to call on the parish priest. To his amazement, the priest declared that Ratti had disturbed himself unnecessarily; he, the priest, did not bother himself about the schools in the least, as he disapproved of the manner in which religion was spoken of in them. To avoid complications, he never set his foot inside them. Altogether, Ratti thought, for three months, that he had reached a harbor of peace. But Schoolmistress Falbrizio revealed to him that there were troubled waters even in Altarana. The Mayor, a widower and a ladies' man, had had her discharged, because he wished to have her predecessor brought back. The predecessor had a husband now, and so there would be no more of the scandal about her and the Mayor which had forced her to leave. However, men were changeable, and Signora Falbrizio thought the Mayor did not care for that woman any longer. He was interesting himself in a competition for the place of Schoolmistress Pezza, who had resigned. The competition had already been advertised, and candidates had been requested to send their photographs along with their papers, young teachers being in demand, "as if it were a matrimonial competition!" commented Ratti. When the photographs arrived (only three candidates sent them), the one that pleased the Mayor and the Council showed a Madonna-like face, with smooth bands of hair and a very beautiful mouth. Its possessor had good recommendations, and was chosen.

The state of Ratti's finances did not permit him to leave Altarana that summer. But he was drawn into the life of the summer residents, to which, after his previous experience, he no longer aspired, by the visit of one of them, who was cordial, without arrogance, and invited Ratti to his villa. This visitor was a wealthy lawyer named Samis, a native of the place, who lived in Turin, and had made a name for himself. He was interested in elementary education, and told Ratti of an experiment he was desirous to make. He wished to take a country lad, willing and talented, and make him study, in order that he might observe, step by step, the moral and intellectual transformation that would be produced in him by instruction and civil education; and the progressive alteration, so to speak, of his horizon in life. Ratti began to frequent Signor Samis's house, where he was well received by Signora Samis, a very charming woman, whose exquisite manners put him at his ease and removed all suspicion that he was being patronized or scorned. Shortly after this agreeable family had departed, the schoolmistress arrived with her small, aged, half-paralyzed father, and took up her abode in the quarters vacated by the former incumbent, on the same floor with Ratti. She was small, not pretty, but had fine chestnut hair and tiny hands. Ratti thought he never had beheld so tiny, so beautiful, so good and sweet a mouth as this Signorina Faustina Galli possessed.

The wing of the house in which Ratti lived opened on a little terrace at right angles to which ran the terrace upon which Signorina Galli's quarters opened. The two terraces were separated by a wooden balustrade. Before long Ratti and Signorina Galli were saying "good morning" to each other, and exchanging their views on children and education. Ratti was astonished to find how exactly her views as to the gentle treatment of children, and on many other points, coincided with his own. At first no one else paid much attention to her, as she was small, delicate, and badly dressed. But the Mayor soon began to take an interest in her school, and the doctor's wife (who had been appointed inspectress at the beginning of the scholastic year) called one morning to inspect the woman. The mother of the *prætor* seemed friendly, at first; but turned cold when Signorina Galli repelled the advances of her idolized son.

The woman clerk at the post-office, whose aspiration toward the young prætor had been scorned by his mother, was insolent to the new schoolmistress, and the Communal Secretary (to whom Ratti had applied for an explanation of the mysterious cause) advised that Signorina Galli should "look out for herself." Enmities were accumulating, as usual. Ratti called on the young lady two or three times, and felt his affection for her steadily increasing; so much so that the sight of the Mayor at his neighbor's door one evening rendered him jealous, and he questioned her the next morning. The Mayor had called on a matter connected with some of her pupils, the girl told Ratti, with apparently complete indifference. Ratti suggested cautiously that perhaps the Mayor was so foolish as to be capable of hoping that his time was not wasted. "That hope cannot last long in my case," the girl curtly replied.

By this time Ratti admitted to himself that he was in love with Faustina Galli. Consequently, he was deeply wounded by the coldness which she began to display toward him immediately after this conversation. He caught the Mayor's official servant spying on his brief talks with her, and presently the Mayor began to turn his back instead of responding to Ratti's salute. The Mayor's persecution of Signorina Galli promptly made itself felt. First he tried to transfer her to a remote suburb, which was contrary to her contract. Next she was ordered to report at Turin, and on arriving there she found that the Mayor had recommended the transfer "in the interests of morality"—because she had received calls from Ratti, in the presence of her father. (The Mayor asserted that the father was too old to be a proper protector, though he had himself called under the same auspices.) In the ensuing long and bitter struggle between the Mayor and Signorina Galli, the authorities at Turin sometimes upheld one, sometimes the other. The Mayor closed the school, and the girl was deprived of her paltry salary. She was obliged to encroach on her tiny hoard, saved for giving her aged father a proper burial; and she showed signs of starvation, as matters grew worse daily. Ratti repeatedly offered her his small savings, which she refused. Everyone turned against her, for one petty reason or another. No one except Ratti and Signora Falbrizio showed her any

sympathy, and the shopkeepers refused her credit, or gave it on exorbitant terms. The local authorities even refused to pay her the salary due her for the time she had taught. When the Turin authorities ordered the school reopened, the Mayor, instead of obeying, flew to Turin and invented fresh calumnies.

One evening, when Ratti knocked at her door and again offered her his savings, she broke down, after refusing, dropped her head on his shoulder, crying, "I can endure it no longer!" and wept. Ratti wept with her, and kissed her. Three days later an official was sent down from Turin to order the reopening of the school, to see that it was done, and that the salary was paid. The Mayor and his allies were quelled; the general public became friendly and admiring toward Signorina Galli; but Ratti's love-making was checked—to his great surprise—by a definitive refusal from the girl. The Mayor revenged himself on Ratti by preventing the municipal servant from cleaning the school, which encouraged the pupils to insolence and insubordination. In their faces he could read a set intention to do him serious harm. He was so unhappy that he took to drink. Signorina Galli eventually begged him to abandon it, matters having become very desperate. Ratti found himself obliged to use strenuous measures to repress the insolence of the liquor-dealer's son; and a few days later the father made his appearance in the school in the quality of school superintendent. With a view to injuring Ratti, the Mayor had secretly retired the former superintendent and appointed this irate father. Ratti vigorously remonstrated, and ordered the lad out of the school, along with the father. Both parties appealed to Turin, and Ratti was ordered to report there. By the time he was admitted to the official's presence he was intoxicated almost to the point of stupidity. Happily, the official proved to be his old friend and professor, Megári, who treated him with all possible consideration, brought him to a sense of his position, and gave him a chance to retrieve himself.

On returning to the village he ceased to drink, confided to Signorina Galli the whole truth about his trip to Turin, and resumed his studies, hoping that time would plead for him with the girl. The advent for the summer of the Samis family rekindled his ambition to rise in the world. Several things,

however, had disgusted him both with his own condition and with Altarana. A visit from his easy-going comrade of the Normal School, Labaccio (who had thriven exceedingly), was one item; another was an unpleasant experience connected with some private lessons which he had been requested to give to the son of one of the Samises' friends, resulting, among other things, in a coldness on the part of Schoolmistress Galli. He decided that he could not pursue his studies for a post in Turin in this uncongenial atmosphere, where the Samis family alone now attracted him. Samis asked him, in pursuance of the plan he had already outlined the previous summer, to give private lessons to a peasant lad whom he had selected for experiment; and Ratti consented. This occupation, and the observation of the clear-headed, cold-hearted peasant boy in process of evolution, served him as an agreeable distraction. Ratti left Altarana with regret, chiefly on account of Signorina Galli; his former admiration for her heroic life and his love for her having returned.

That summer he passed two months in the house of the Goli family, with his sister. Later, Ratti betook himself to his new post, Camina, refreshed and encouraged by this brief taste of family life. The most interesting features of his experience here were the two schoolmistresses. Signorina Pedani was a cool, athletic young woman, with a magnificent figure, who took her girls on long walks, and attended so strictly to her duties that it was not easy either to make trouble for her or love to her, and she was much respected. The other teacher, Signorina Adelina Gamelli, suffered from the fame which had preceded her. Some injudicious friend had sent on in advance a journal containing an extremely sentimental article from her pen (she had an extraordinary mania for writing about every trifle), and the community supposed she had done it by way of heralding herself. Though outwardly courteous, the people ridiculed her incessantly, without her suspecting it. The Mayor, a self-made man, held no great opinion of schooling as an essential, would not furnish Ratti with the proper lists of pupils, and frankly declared that Italy would not suffer if a few boys played truant for weeks at a time; men could become great without schooling! This reasoning confounded Ratti, who could find

no reply. Here he returned to his early method of gentleness and persuasion, with good results, on the whole. When the vacation arrived, he would have been glad to rest for a month; but he was obliged to qualify for his license in gymnastics, and consequently applied for admission to a course of training in his native town. Among other old acquaintances whom he met at the exercises was Schoolmistress Strinati, from whom he learned the news at Garasco. His old enemy, Toppo, had fallen into utter disgrace. It had been proved that the niece's license to teach was forged, and not only had she been excluded for life from examinations, but Toppo had been forced to resign as superintendent. The news which interested him most was furnished by Signora Falbrizio, of Altarana. Signorina Galli's father was dead, and the vindictive Mayor had allowed her only three days' vacation, though she had spent twenty nights at the dying man's bedside. The peasant *protégé* of Signor Samis was performing wonders at the Technical School in Turin, and his manners had become so refined that he would no longer eat at table with his father, because, he said, the old man had no teeth and spat in his plate!

The second year at Camina was not agreeable. The authorities appropriated Ratti's schoolroom for other uses, and installed the school in the theater, to the delight of the boys; but the unsuitable arrangements added greatly to the master's difficulties. One of the lads who had responded best to his efforts was the son of the Deputy. Ratti learned that the boy had never known affection or happy family life, as his father and mother fought continually, and the Deputy, in addition, was jealous of his wife, a woman of easy virtue. This winter the woman began to accompany her boy to school, and to inveigle Ratti into the house, under various specious pretexts, so that he could not avoid going in, despite the warnings that had been given him. His repulse of her advances resulted in acrimonious hostility on her part, as well as on the part of her husband, which last Ratti had been utterly unable to avoid. The Mayor and the Deputy began to prowl about and watch him with menacing looks. Conscious of his own rectitude, Ratti paid no heed. He felt more and more as though all the lads were his little brothers. The boys responded, and during leisure hours

many came to him for explanations of difficult points. To some he gave lessons in free-hand drawing; to others he lent books or journals. Suddenly they ceased to come, and when, suspecting some plot against him, he asked explanations, they became confused, and would not even tell him whether they had been forbidden by their parents. Matters at last reached such a pass that he demanded an explanation from the Mayor and the Deputy, and, after considerable evasion, received from the latter an insulting reply which resulted in his dealing the man a heavy blow, sending him reeling against the wall. The whole place rose against him; but he appealed to the Proveditore and Prefect of Turin, who were convinced of his uprightness; and this conviction was confirmed by the report of the Inspector, who was sent to obtain testimony at Camina. So evident was it that Ratti had a strong case of defamation of character against the Deputy, that the latter even prudently refrained from claiming indemnity for his broken spectacles.

Ratti was so determined to obtain a post at Turin that he now regarded his provincial peregrinations as practically at an end, and took very little interest in Bossolano, where he passed his last winter. The persons who most attracted his sympathy were the organist, Schoolmaster Delli, and Schoolmistress Marticani, whose boy was in his school. Signora Marticani's husband had never been seen in Bossolano; he was a very busy official of the post-office in Turin, she said. The village busy-bodies began to calumniate her and her boy, and to doubt the husband's existence to such an unpleasant extent that she was obliged to send for him and exhibit him.

During the last months of his stay in Bossolano Ratti lived in almost complete seclusion. A competitive examination for sixteen posts at Turin had been announced, and he had sent in his papers, which spurred him on to intensified preparations. At Turin he would feel sure of the stability of his post, would have the opportunity to attend university courses, and the society of cultivated colleagues. When he set out, at the end of July, he was accompanied by the hearty good wishes of the community. Most of the vacancies were for schoolmistresses. Out of the three men who passed the examinations successfully were Ratti and the ex-corporal, Carlo Lérica. His nomination

to the suburban school of Lucenta, in the environs of Turin, at a salary of one thousand *lire*, promptly followed, to the great gratification of his relatives and the Goli family. His career as a rural schoolmaster was concluded by an important event.

A pedagogical conference for the school-teachers throughout Piedmont had been appointed for Ratti's native town, and immediately followed the examinations at Turin.

One morning, as he was crossing the public square, Ratti came face to face with Faustina Galli. Ratti already knew, through his friend Samis, that, unable to endure the village where her father had died, Signorina Galli had succeeded in obtaining a place in the suburbs of Turin, where she had been for the past year. The three years which had elapsed since their meeting had not passed over them without leaving visible traces; but their former sympathy survived. At the end of their brief conversation they expressed the hope that they would meet in Turin, but the young woman evaded Ratti's suggestion that they bear each other company in the train thither. Nevertheless, the young man became more and more engrossed with the thought of the straightforward, charming girl, which outweighed all the pleasant meetings of old friends and the new friendships begun at the Conference. Eventually they traveled to Turin together, with a throng of other schoolmasters and mistresses, yet isolated by their feeling for each other and their dreams of what might be. When the train stopped, they were conscious of each other's feeling, dreaded parting; and then suddenly exchanged a fervent kiss, just before they alighted and joined the undulating throng that surrounded the white-haired Proveditore.

CHARLES DE BERNARD

(France, 1805-1850)

GERFAUT (1838)

Charles de Bernard was at one time Balzac's secretary, as well as his professed disciple. He had a great knowledge of life in Paris and the country round about, a knowledge upon which he drew extensively in writing this book, which was crowned by the French Academy soon after its publication.



ARLY in September, 1832, a man about thirty years of age was walking through a valley of Lorraine, which was watered by a little river. The road climbed the hills as they closed in upon the stream. The man was in workman's dress, but his white hands showed that it was an assumed costume. At last he came out upon the river-bank, opposite an immense château built on a thirty-foot rocky bluff.

"An ugly castle," said a gruff voice behind him. "But the cage is fit for the bird. The Baron de Bergenheim is a rich nobleman, and I a poor carpenter. I have been carving his wood-work for six months, but yesterday that wild boar turned me out because they said I talked too much with the servants. I have cut this cudgel in his own woods, and shall use it on him."

Just then, the energetic, soldierly, handsome Baron rode up, and, as the carpenter threatened him, he quietly dismounted, took the stick away, thrashed the man well, and whirled him into the ditch. The young man, concealed in a thicket, saw it all. A furious thunderstorm now suddenly broke, the Baron spurred across the bridge, and the young man sought an inn.

On the first floor of the château was a very large room, lighted by three windows, the middle one opening like a door upon the balcony over the river. A graceful young woman

was watching the storm outside. Suddenly an old voice, from an armchair near the fire, said:

“You are crazy, Clémence, to leave that window open: air-currents attract lightning. Pray close it.” The speaker was Mademoiselle de Corandeuil, a withered crone, about seventy years of age, who then went on to chide her niece for her restlessness.

“Have you had trouble with your husband?” she asked.

“No, aunt, Christian is very kind and full of good-humor. He tries to do everything for my pleasure.”

“What is it, then? Two months ago, in Paris, you insisted on coming hither to rejoin your husband; now, you yearn for Paris. Whom have you left there to regret—some of your adorers? Monsieur de Mauleon, Monsieur d’Argenac, Monsieur de Gerfaut?”

“Ah, aunt, you do them too much honor. As to Monsieur de Gerfaut, he writes books that one hardly dares read and plays that it is almost a sin to see.”

“Well, he is very clever. I never could understand your dislike of him, nor your haughty treatment of him, especially during the latter part of our stay in Paris.”

“But, aunt, it is no one of those gentlemen that I think about—only, I want some amusement.”

The old lady resumed her *Gazette*, while the younger took up *La Mode*. Soon she gave a cry of surprise. On the first page, where the Duchesse de Berry’s coat-of-arms was engraved, in the shield—now empty of the *fleur de lis*—was sketched a bird, its head surmounted by a baron’s coronet. Curious to see, Mademoiselle de Corandeuil said: “A cock! Upon Madame’s shield! What can that mean?”

“It is not a cock,” said Clémence, “it is a coroneted gerfaut [*gerfalcon*].”

“Bah! I tell you it is a cock, and what you take for a crown is a badly drawn cock’s comb. Who can have done it?” And the old lady summoned the ancient servitor, who confessed that at the inn the daughter of the inn-mistress had looked at *La Mode*, and that, later, of two young men sitting there, one smoked while the other looked at the same journal.

With a reprimand the old man was dismissed, as a slight,

pretty girl bounced in—Aline, the Baron's sister—gleeful at having defeated her brother at billiards. Mademoiselle de Corandeuil reproved her for her rough tastes—billiards and horses (since she was in riding-habit)—and left the room. As soon as Aline and Christian had clattered out of the courtyard on their side, Clémence descended to the gardens, passed the gate in the shrubbery, and walked slowly along the river-avenue. Presently a man wearing a blouse followed and joined her.

“It is you!” he exclaimed, “you, whom I had lost and now find again.”

“What madness, Monsieur!”

“Clémence!”

“Call me Madame, Monsieur de Gerfaut,” she interrupted severely; but she slowly withdrew to a retired place in the park, granting him “one moment,” after which he promised to leave her. She reproached him with endangering her peace and safety. He pleaded the long two-months' absence, and his urgent desire to see her. But she denied his prayer that she would meet him occasionally in the park, adding:

“You do not know Monsieur de Bergenheim; you cannot come to the château. I recognized your peculiar visiting-card, drawn in *La Mode*, and was astonished and afraid. The whole thing is perilous and crazy. You shall see me next winter in Paris. Adieu, Monsieur.”

But Gerfaut declared that if she would not meet him outside he would shortly, in some way, be admitted to her drawing-room. Clémence replied:

“Since I am to see you to-morrow, I will leave you to-day. I should not stand here in the wet grass,” and, raising her skirt a trifle, she showed her slipper, beaded with rain. Gerfaut quickly kneeled, and with his handkerchief began wiping off the water. She drew back her foot—and the slipper remained in his hand. At last he restored it, with the privilege of putting it on, concluding by kissing the pretty instep through its open-work stocking.

“My husband!” she exclaimed, at the rattle of horses' hoofs, and fled to the château. Gerfaut disappeared in the woods.

A league below the castle was the inn of *La Femme-Sans-Tête*. In the great room, this evening, sat peasants drinking, and at one end a buxom damsel, while an artistic-looking, bearded young fellow was painting her portrait, and grumbling because "that Gerfaut" did not come to supper. At last he came, and, after supping, the two friends retired to their room, where Gerfaut related his love affair.

Gerfaut was a talented writer. He had been bred to the law, but had been drawn into literary work, achieving success in all departments by his versatility and industry. Marillac, his fellow law-student, had also entered the literary life, but had accomplished little besides showing himself a brave, happy fellow and a sterling friend to Gerfaut.

The tale recalled to Marillac how worn out Gerfaut had been the year before, until his physician ordered him to Switzerland. One day, climbing the road to the *Mer de Glace*, feeling renewed vigor, he threw his alpenstock across the road at a tree, frightening a mule just turning the corner, on which rode a charming young woman, ahead of her party. The pass was narrow and the mule balky, but Gerfaut seized the bridle and led the animal to safer ground. The young woman looked up as he apologized, and, seeing some rhododendrons he had gathered, exclaimed with pleasure, when he presented them to her. Her friends coming up, they all passed on. But in the afternoon he saw them descending from Montanvert to the *Mer de Glace* and followed them. His imagination was already fired by the simple charms of the young woman, and he saw her lightly running upon the ice, bounding over the small crevasses, while her friends remained at the border of the glacier. Suddenly she stopped, paralyzed, at the edge of a deep crevasse. Knowing the dangerous attraction of such abysses, he ran, and, putting his arms about her, led her back to her friends. When they departed he saw her name on the register —Baroness Clémence de Bergenheim.

In Paris Gerfaut had heard that name among the families of the Faubourg St. Germain, and he determined to find her, recalling every slightest circumstance of their meeting and every impression and fleeting sensation he had experienced. Before her return to Paris, he discovered in his family records

that in 1569 one of his ancestors had married a Yolande de Corandeuil; so that, the first time he met Madame de Bergenheim and her aunt, he claimed kinship with the old lady, securing her regard by sacrificing himself at whist with her. He was invited to call; and, as the Baron de Bergenheim was at his estate, pursuing his country duties and his hunting, Gerfaut could devote himself to the younger dame. Madame de Bergenheim had admirers, but no lovers, and soon Gerfaut dared to intimate, to say, and at last to write, the sentiment with which she inspired him. She never had loved even her handsome husband, whom she had married because he was an eligible *parti*, approved by her aristocratic aunt—her guardian since orphaned childhood. But, while susceptible to the charm of this famous and fascinating young author, the lady was self-respecting and careful. She enjoyed attention, and though not seemingly responsive to his love, she did not repel or reprove it. One day, however, by her manner she inadvertently betrayed a weakness she had not acknowledged to herself, and he clasped her in his arms. The next day he had to go to Lyons, and she fled and took refuge with her husband. Gerfaut had not seen her since until this very day.

On the morrow Marillac, who knew De Bergenheim well, called at the château; but, while he was making his visit, the Baron and Aline were out riding; her horse ran, and was stopped by a young gentleman, who was thrown against a tree, cutting his head. Of course he was taken to the château; and thus was Gerfaut introduced to the household, pæans of gratitude attending. Clémence received him politely, but coldly, and Gerfaut devoted himself to the rescued Aline and to Mademoiselle de Corandeuil.

That night Clémence spent hours in her own apartment, contrasting her manly husband with the pale and rather tired-looking poet, whose intelligent eyes and arch smile were his only beauty. She reviewed all Christian's fine qualities, but, at last, burying her face in her pillow, sobbed "I cannot, I cannot love him!" and wept bitterly. Having virtuously determined to plead illness and remain in her room the next day, hoping that Gerfaut would go, she arose, and from a secret closet in the wall-paneling took some letters of his, then return-

ing to bed to enjoy a brief, sad happiness. But alas! the wine of the letters ran through her veins, and, closing her eyes, she murmured softly, "I love thee! I am thine!"

The next day Clémence remained in bed, saying that she was ill with neuralgia. But Aline, and then Christian, came to her, begging her to get well, and to come down to dinner. They were followed by Mademoiselle de Corandeuil, scolding her for pretending illness just to show courtesy to a man she disliked, although he was a relative. When the old lady had gone, Clémence leaped from her bed.

"He has bewitched everybody," she cried; "Aline, my husband, my aunt—to say nothing of myself. I shall end by going mad." And sitting at her desk she wrote, dashing her pen along, and ending with an energetic flourish.

That evening, when Madame de Bergenheim accepted Geraut's arm from dinner to the drawing-room, she gave him her note. After reaching his room, he kissed it ecstatically. On opening it, he saw first the vigorous final word—"Adieu!" Then he read it all, and raged inwardly, so that when Marillac came in, trying to joke with him, he broke forth.

"She has treated me shamefully," he told Marillac. "This note was a most insolent dismissal. The woman is a monster. I hate her! I abhor her!"

But, after he had unpacked his heart of its anger, sundry philosophical reflections upon woman's nature cooled Geraut's ire, and he affirmed that she loved him, and that it was written in eternity that she should be his.

The next morning Marillac rode off early to meet the buxom daughter of the inn, to finish her portrait, in the woods. They were broken in upon by Lambernier, the carpenter, in scornful mood. Marillac quarreled with him and struck him with his riding-whip, when the carpenter pulled out his compasses and rushed at his opponent. Marillac drew a poniard, and Lambernier halted. Then they talked. Finally Marillac gave him ten francs, promising ten napoleons if he should come at four o'clock the next Monday afternoon to the rocks above the park, with proof that Madame de Bergenheim had a lover—which accusation had come out amid Lambernier's denunciations of the château and everyone in it.

Festive entertainments enlivened the castle during the next few days. Clémence remained cool and polite, while Gerfaut tried to arouse her jealousy by attentions to the pretty Aline, and pleased the Baron by searching the library for material with which Marillac should engross a Bergenheim genealogical tree. Clémence began to fear him less, and to wonder what attraction he found in Aline. Gerfaut was bringing her to wish for an explanation. One day, none being about except the old lady in the drawing-room and Clémence in her boudoir, Gerfaut mounted a staircase from the library to a small wardrobe-room, separated only by a muslin-curtained glass door from Madame de Bergenheim's private parlor. Clémence lay on her divan. Presently Aline came and talked with her, finally telling her that recently, when she teased her brother for a watch, he said: "It is hardly worth while now; when you are the Vicomtesse de Gerfaut your husband will give you one." Clémence assured Aline that her brother was joking: this led to sharp talk, during which Aline flung out of the room. While Gerfaut was considering whether he should enter, Clémence sprang up and hurried out. Gerfaut, returning to the library, presently heard from the drawing-room such a Niagara of piano-playing that he recognized the woman's way of relieving her mind. He went to the drawing-room door and listened. The storm gradually subsided to gentle melancholy, and then to tenderness—and he entered. He was taken aback by seeing the old aunt asleep by the fireplace, but he passed on to the piano, and a mutual smile over the sleeper brought him into amicable relations with Clémence, who began with her right hand playing a dreamy waltz, while he deftly took up the bass with his left hand. Then, what could the two unoccupied hands do but gently join! Silently he raised her fingers to his lips. He was understood and forgiven. They sat happily a long time, without speaking, when suddenly a terrific trumpet-blast burst upon them. All sprang up, including the awakened old lady. It was Christian, who slowly pushed open the door.

"Aha!" he cried. "You did not expect such an accompaniment. Come, Vicomte, take a gun and come along. We're going to shoot in the woods before dinner."

They set out—the Baron, Gerfaut, Marillac, some neighbors,

and the dogs. Some distance up the road they jumped a ditch to a field leading to the woods. Gerfaut saw Clémence strolling in the other direction, and in jumping he stumbled over a vine, twisting his foot, and fell. The Baron sent him back. Of course he found his lady; the interrupted drawing-room interview was renewed and completed with a final kiss, that sent Clémence to rapid flight.

Gerfaut stood awhile, reflecting, and then, turning away from the château, climbed the river-rocks. But he quickly stopped, shocked to see the Baron in the bushes at the top, as if watching—whom, was not clear. It was the afternoon when Lambernier was to meet Marillac on the rocks. On his way thither he had quarreled with two of the Bergenheim servants, stabbing one of them with his compasses. The Baron, passing through the woods, had seen this, and had cut off the carpenter's retreat, awaiting him at the top of the path.

Lambernier soon appeared, haggard and bloody. Desperate at being halted, he again drew his compasses, but the Baron's leveled gun stopped that. Finally he threatened that, if delivered to the police, he would tell what the Baron would not like to have told. Forced to reveal it, he related how, at Madame's request, he had finished the paneling in her chamber with a secret closet; and how later, examining the wood-work for shrinkage, he had found in the closet some letters, one of which he had taken.

“And what has that to do with your attempt at murder?”

“Oh, nothing; only I thought you would not care to have people know that Madame has a lover.”

The Baron paled, forced the letter from Lambernier, read it, and then told the carpenter that he might go. “Leave the country,” he said. “But if you breathe a word of this I shall find you, and kill you. Go!” And he pushed the man toward the downward path. But the push was so sudden and so unintentionally vigorous, that Lambernier, weakened by struggles and emotions, fell, struck his head on the rocks, and with a shriek rolled into the river. Gerfaut had seen it; but the unwitting Baron, with a double torture in his heart, went gloomily home.

That evening there was a men's hunting-supper at the château, and the guests became excited with wine, especially Maril-

lac; but two—the gloomy Baron and the pale Gerfaut—remained sober. At last, in his intoxicated vanity, Marillac began a story: subject, "The husband, the wife, and the lover." The more Gerfaut tried to stop him, the more he drunkenly persisted, until, when he called for water, Gerfaut filled his glass with the clear but potent *Kirsch*, and Marillac fell like a log.

This broke up the party, and the Baron, who had been roused by the talk and the story, rushed out for air, and for reflection. After a while he went to his wife's chamber, and, sending her on an errand to her aunt, he opened the secret repository, read some of Gerfaut's later letters, and replaced them before her return. Then he told her he had to go away on business, but should return on Wednesday.

All day Tuesday Clémence remained with her aunt; for it seemed base to take advantage of Christian's absence: and she spent the entire evening in her little parlor, dreaming of Gerfaut, but bitterly. She must choose between two abysses, shame in her love, or despair in her virtue. At midnight she heard a slight noise that petrified her. "It is he!" she thought. It was. As she felt Gerfaut's hands touch hers, she drew back and said:

"You deceive me when you say you love me. I will accept only one proof of it—go away!"

Instead of going, he seized her in his arms. She reeled, and fell over, fainting. He bathed her temples and chafed her hands until the spasm relaxed, and unconsciously she passed her arm over his neck as he kneeled by the divan. When she was once again awake, she again repulsed him; but at last allowed him to sit beside her, and they talked in low tones. A distant noise startled her, but he calmed her, and they continued their loving discourse, until the glass door quietly opened, and Christian stood on the threshold. Clémence fell lifeless to the floor.

The Baron made a step backward. "Come, Monsieur," he said; and they silently left the room and traversed the castle to the Baron's apartment.

As they faced each other, Gerfaut declared that he had entered Madame de Bergenheim's apartment without the slightest authorization from her. "There is only one guilty person in this affair," he said, "and I am the one. Necessity obliges me to admit a love that is an outrage to you, and I offer any rep-

aration you demand. But I insist upon exculpating Madame de Bergenheim from any accusation against her reputation or her virtue."

"As to her reputation I will watch over that," replied the Baron; "as to her virtue—" and his face took on an ironical expression.

Gerfaut passionately persisted in his defense of Clémence, but the Baron said:

"Enough, Monsieur. A false oath under such circumstances is no dishonor to you, but let us return to facts. One of us must die. I might have killed you, but that would have been inconvenient. It is necessary to guard my wife's name." And then he unfolded a plan for a boar-hunt, in which he and Gerfaut should be stationed fifty paces apart, and when he should cry "Take care!" as the boar sped by, one or the other should fire first. Gerfaut acceded, and a tossed coin gave the lover the first shot. The Baron asked that, whatever the result, it should all be kept profoundly secret. And Gerfaut, agreeing, asked the Baron's intentions concerning his wife, if he should survive, again asseverating her innocence. The Baron coldly denied his right to concern himself with that matter.

"But I have ruined her," cried Gerfaut, "while her innocence is unsullied, and I will protect her." Then, leaning over the table, he said savagely, "You killed Lambernier!"

Christian bounded back.

"It is true, I am a gentleman and not an informer," pursued Gerfaut, "but I shall write a deposition of what I witnessed on the rocks, and place it in trustworthy hands. You will be watched after I am dead, and when you abuse your power over her the deposition will be given to the authorities and you will be condemned, thus giving her a legal separation from you. Yes: I will pick up this stone from the mud, and I will crush your head with it."

When Gerfaut had departed, the Baron went to his wife, and, after making her swear to her innocence, got out Gerfaut's letters, and shamed her with them. A pebble struck her blinds. Christian ordered her to open them, when there came in another wrapped around a letter from Gerfaut—a letter of farewell, and finally of a craving for pardon in that his love had

ruined her life. This frightened Clémence, who saw that the men were to fight, and she begged Christian to kill her, and let that end it. But he cut her with sarcasms, and crushed her with reproaches, ending by cursing her if—he being killed—she should follow her lover. He left her more dead than alive.

The next day was gloriously brilliant. The boar-hunt began in gaiety, which was checked by the dogs discovering the body of Lambernier, cast up by the current. One of the hunters, the public prosecutor, remained by the body to prepare a report, and the rest rode on, Gerfaut casting a keen glance at the Baron.

The boar was located; the hunters were placed along his probable route; and, at the end, fifty paces apart, stood Gerfaut and the Baron. The dogs gave tongue; distant shots were heard; the trampling of the boar sounded from the wood.

“Take care!” shouted the Baron, and after the report of a single gun, the boar vanished, and De Bergenheim lay bleeding.

The morning scene in the drawing-room showed Mademoiselle de Corandeuil reading, Aline at the piano, and Clémence embroidering. A disturbance in the court-yard aroused them, and Aline rushed out, soon coming back with a piercing shriek as the Baron was borne in. He roused, called his wife, and sent all others away.

Clémence, racked with remorse, devoured with fever, knelt by her husband, begging him to live and to forgive her, while the Baron taunted her, savagely reproached her, and with his failing breath said:

“Some women do not see their husband’s blood on their lover’s hands, but I would curse you”—his eyes closed and his mouth frothed: “I would curse you—I would curse—” and Clémence rushed from him, and like an insane woman gazed at herself in the mirror. Her face, her hands, her clothing, were stained with blood. Then, in sheer madness, she ran out on to the balcony, and, before he died, De Bergenheim heard his wife’s body fall into the river.

The world saw only a sad hunting accident, and the suicide of a devoted wife. Gerfaut wore his mourning in his heart, and the exquisite tone of his lyre was evermore softened by the sad memory of the woman he had loved—and ruined.



DANIEL DEFOE

(England, 1661-1731)

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE (1719)

The most widely known work of fiction in any language, *The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, ran through four editions in four months after its publication. A second part was then added, and a year later a third part, the "Serious Reflections" now rarely included in the volume. DeFoe was charged with having obtained the material for his masterpiece from Alexander Selkirk, a South Sea buccaneer, who in a quarrel with his captain was left (1704), by his own request, on the desolate island of Juan Fernandez, where he lived alone four years; but the whole construction of the story is proof that DeFoe obtained nothing more than a suggestion from Selkirk's experience. The association of Crusoe with Juan Fernandez has persisted in the general mind to the present time. The press continually refers to it as Crusoe's island. But the scene of DeFoe's story was a totally different one, on the northeast coast of South America, just off the mouth of the Orinoco. A charge was also made that the Crusoe story was written by DeFoe's patron, Lord Oxford, in 1715, while confined on an accusation of high treason in the Tower of London. It was also ascribed to Arbuthnot. Many imitations have appeared and the stage has seen its representation in various ways.



WAS born in the year 1632 in the City of York of a good family, though not of that country, my father being a foreigner from Bremen, named Kreutzner. My mother was from York, of a family named Robinson, after whom I was called, that is to say, Robinson Kreutzner; but by a corruption of the name such as is frequent in England, we are now called, nay, we call ourselves, and write our name, Crusoe. As I was the third son of the family and not bred to any trade, my head began to be filled very early with rambling thoughts. My father designed me for the law, but I would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea. When I was eighteen years old, being one day at Hull, whither I went casually, I met one of my companions then going to London by sea in his father's ship, who invited me to go with

him free. I consulted neither father nor mother nor so much as sent them word of it, but embarked on the first of September, 1651. We had a storm; and, as I had never been at sea before, I was most inexpressibly sick in body and terrified in mind. On the sixth day we came to anchor in Yarmouth Roads, and there it blew a terrible storm; and all the vessels around us, as well as our own, were in distress. Our ship at length was but a wreck upon the water; but another ventured a boat to help us, and with much difficulty we all got safe to shore.

I now should have gone back to Hull; but my ill fate pushed me on with an obstinacy that nothing could resist; and I went on board a vessel bound for Africa, not as a sailor, but as a gentleman and a friend of the Captain. This was the only voyage in all my adventures which I may say was successful. I then set up for a Guinea trader and resolved to make the voyage over again. But I was doomed to misfortune. Our ship was surprised in the gray of the morning by a Turkish rover of Sallee and we were carried all prisoners into that port, which belongs to the Moors. Being young and nimble I was kept by the Captain as his proper prize, and for two years I served him, continually thinking to make my escape. He caused the long-boat of our English ship to be comfortably made over to be used for cruising after fish; and we frequently went out in it for that purpose. One day this boat was provided extraordinarily for a pleasure cruise; but his guests put off going; and I was ordered to go out with a man and boy as usual and catch some fish, for his friends were to sup at his house. I prepared not for fishing but for a voyage I knew not where: anywhere to get out of this place. We put out, and I mancouvered to get as far away as possible and then brought to as if I would fish. Then, giving the boy the helm, I stepped forward to where the Moor was and took him by surprise, with my arm under his waist, and tossed him clear overboard into the sea. He swam like a cork, begged to be taken in, and would have reached me very quickly, there being little wind; but I stepped into the cabin and fetching a fowling-piece, presented it at him, and told him I had done him no hurt. "But," said I, "you swim well enough to reach the shore, and the sea is calm; make the best of your way to shore, and I will do you no harm; but

if you come near the boat I will shoot you through the head." So he turned himself about and swam for the shore; and I make no doubt but he reached it with ease, for he was an excellent swimmer.

I would have been content to take this Moor with me and drown the boy; but there was no venturing to trust him, and the boy, Xury, swore to be faithful to me and to go all over the world with me. We kept the boat's course down the coast of Africa, from time to time going on shore for water and meeting with some negroes, who offered me no harm. After twenty-five days or more, doubling a point at about two leagues from the land, I saw plainly land on the other side to leeward. I concluded this was the Cape de Verd and those the islands called from thence Cape de Verd Islands. I now could not tell what I had best do; but in this dilemma a sail appeared. They saw my signals, and in about three hours I came up with them. It was a Portuguese ship; and the Captain treated me very generously and told me he would take me free with him to the Brazils, whither he was bound. He bought my boat for eighty pieces of eight and gave me sixty pieces of eight for my boy Xury, with an obligation to set him free in ten years if the boy turned Christian. In the Brazils I sold all those things which I had brought away from the Moors, and resolved to turn planter.

When I had prospered here about four years, some of my fellow-planters, knowing I had been on the coast of Africa, proposed secretly to fit out a ship to go to Guinea to secure negroes for their plantations. If I would go as supercargo, they offered to give me an equal share of the negroes without my providing any part of the stock. I told them I would go with all my heart if they would undertake to look after my plantation in my absence, and would dispose of it as I should direct if I miscarried. I also made a will. In short, I took all possible precaution to preserve my effects and to keep up my plantation. Our ship was about one hundred and twenty tons burden, carried six guns and fourteen men, besides the master, his boy, and myself. We set sail, standing away to the northward. In about twelve days' time we passed the line and were by our last observation in $7^{\circ} 22'$ north latitude, when a violent tornado took us quite out of our knowledge. We could do nothing but

drive before the hurricane, which settled in the northeast. When the weather abated a little, the master found that he was upon the north part of Brazil, toward the river Orinoco.

We resolved to stand away for Barbadoes; but when we were in latitude $12^{\circ} 18'$, a second storm carried us westward. In this distress, the wind still blowing very hard, one of our men early in the morning cried out, "Land!" and we had no sooner run out of the cabin than the ship struck upon the sand; and in a moment, her motion being so stopped, the sea broke over her in such manner that we were driven into our close quarters. We knew nothing of where we were. The boat we had at our stern broke away; but we had another on board which we flung over the ship's side; and all getting into her we let go, and committed ourselves, being eleven in number, to God's mercy and the wild sea. After we had driven about a league and a half, a raging wave came rolling astern and took us with such fury that it overset the boat at once; and separating us, as well from the boat as from one another, gave us hardly time to say "O God!" for we were all swallowed up in a moment. The wave carried me a vast way on toward the shore, and went back only to come on me again and again, the shore being very flat. At last I got to the mainland and sat me down on the grass, free from danger. Then I walked about on the shore lifting up my hands, my whole being, as I may say, wrapped up in the contemplation of my deliverance. As for my comrades, I never saw them afterward or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

About a furlong from the shore I found some fresh water, to my great joy. The night I passed in a tree with a truncheon for my defense. When I waked it was broad day, the weather clear, and the storm abated. By the swelling of the tide the ship was driven within a mile of the shore, seeming now to stand upright, so that I wished myself on board that I might save some necessary things for my use. I saw the ship's boat tossed on the land about two miles on my right, but an inlet of water, I found, lay between. A little after noon the sea became very calm, and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. I pulled off my clothes and took to the water; for though it was October the weather was hot to ex-

tremity. By the help of a rope I got into the forecastle. First I found that all the ship's provisions were dry; and being well disposed to eat, I filled my pockets with biscuit and ate as I went about. Instead of a boat, I flung over some spars and made a raft of them. On this I laid all the planks and boards I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I loaded my raft with provisions, viz., bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh, and some other like things. There had been some barley and wheat together; but to my great disappointment, I found that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all. As for liquors, I found several cases of bottles belonging to our skipper, and these I stowed by themselves. Of clothes I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use. After long searching, I found the carpenter's chest and took that. My next care was for ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin and two pistols; these I secured first, with some powder-horns and a small bag of shot and two rusty swords. With much search I found three barrels of powder, two of them dry and good; the third had taken water. Those two I got on the raft, with the arms.

Having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, and, besides the tools in the chest, two saws, an ax, and a hammer, I put to sea with this cargo. I saw the mouth of a little river, where I succeeded in landing in a small cove on the right-hand side. My next work was to view the country and seek a proper place to build my habitation and store my goods to secure them from whatever might happen. Whether I was on a continent or an island I knew not, nor whether the land was inhabited. I traveled for discovery to the top of a hill; there I saw my fate, to my great affliction, viz., that I was on an island environed every way with the sea, with two small islands which lay about three leagues to the west.

I made eleven voyages to the ship and brought away all that one pair of hands could well be supposed capable to bring; but the twelfth time the wind rose very hastily and soon it blew a storm. But I returned home to my little tent, where I lay with all my wealth about me very secure. It blew very hard all that night and in the morning when I looked out, behold, no more

ship was to be seen. I now made for my dwelling a strong place like a fortification, semicircular before a large rock, with strong stakes in two rows about six inches apart, which intervening space I filled in up to the top with pieces of cable from the ship. The entrance to it was by a short ladder over the top, which ladder, when I was in, I lifted over after me. Here I placed all my possessions, and I made within a large hut to preserve me from the rains, with a tarpaulin over the top. I discovered that there were goats on the island, very shy, but I finally killed one. I divided my powder into near a hundred parcels laid in different places, in hope that whatever might come it might not all take fire at once. I had a dismal prospect before me. In this desolate place, and in this desolate manner, I should end my days. The tears would run plentifully down my face when I made these reflections. To prevent losing my reckoning, I cut with my knife upon a large post which I made into a cross and set up on the shore where I had first landed: viz., "I came on shore here on the 30th of September, 1659." Upon the sides of this square post I cut every day a notch with my knife, and every seventh day was as long again as the rest, and every first day of the month as long again as that long one. We had in the ship a dog and two cats. I carried both cats with me and the dog swam to shore, so now I had their company. I found pens, ink, and paper in rummaging the chests, and I kept a journal, till having no more ink I was forced to leave it off. This place I called the Island of Despair. Having no light, I made a little dish out of clay, which I baked in the sun, and with the tallow of the goat and some oakum for a wick I made me a lamp; and this gave me a light, though not like a candle. The bag of corn, or what was left by the rats, I emptied by my rock, needing the bag for another purpose. There was little besides dust and husks in it; but about a month afterward, the great rain having set in, I saw some stalks of something green shooting out of the ground. After a little longer time I saw that it was English barley and rice. I carefully saved the seed and in successive years so husbanded it that I came to have crops of a goodly magnitude.

When I went to explore the other or west side of my island, it being a clear day I fairly descried land. It lay very high and

was not less than fifteen or twenty leagues off. Whether it was an island or continent I could not tell, though I knew it must be a part of America. I soon left off afflicting myself with useless wishes of being there. I was comfortable in my island with meat and food in plenty, then why go there, perhaps among wild savages? But nevertheless I made a large canoe from the trunk of a tree. Many a weary stroke it cost me; and then I could neither get it down to the sea nor the sea up to it, and so I left it. This was in my fourth year on the island. The clothing I had brought from the wreck now was near worn out, but I had saved the skins of all the creatures I had killed, and from these I made a cap and a suit of clothes. And I made an umbrella, as I was in great want of one, and covered it with skins, the hair upward, which both shed the rain and kept off the sun effectually. For five years more I lived on in the same course just as before, and I built another canoe, but a smaller one. I fitted a mast in this and went on a cruise around my island. As I came near being carried out to sea, I made no more long voyages in this craft. It was in the eleventh year of my residence that I trapped three kids and reared them; and in about a year and a half I had about twelve goats, and in two years more I had forty-three. Sometimes I had a gallon of milk a day.

It happened one day about noon, going toward my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore. I stood like one thunderstruck. I listened, I looked round me, but I could hear nothing nor see anything. I slept none that night thinking of how this footprint got there. For two years I lived in apprehension. Then, going to a part I had not before visited, I was confounded to find the shore spread with skulls, hands, feet, and other bones of human bodies; and there was a spot near where a fire had been. I had been here now almost eighteen years, and I observed that these wretches who had sat at their inhuman feastings never came to search for what they could get, and I might be here eighteen years more as entirely concealed as now. In the month of December of my twenty-third year on the island I was going out early in the morning and was surprised by the light of some fire on the shore. It proved to be from the fire of nine naked sav-

ages, whom I could see with my perspective glass from my safe position. As soon as the tide was right they took to their canoes and paddled away. I then examined the place and also the spot where I had first found signs of them, and all about I saw the marks of horror—the blood, the bones, and part of the flesh of human bodies, eaten and devoured by these wretches with merriment and sport. I was so filled with indignation that I now began to premeditate the destruction of the next that I saw there, let them be how many soever.

It was the next year that I saw them again, just after the wreck of an unfortunate ship on the rocks. All from the ship were lost, to my deep regret. From the wreck I obtained many stores as well as a great deal of money, which I put with that which I had obtained from our own vessel. Following this I was surprised one morning to see no less than five canoes all on shore together and at least thirty savages with a fire kindled and meat dressed, as I plainly saw with my perspective glass. Two wretches were brought out for slaughter, one knocked down immediately; and two or three set to work cutting him open for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself. This one suddenly darted away and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands directly toward me. He outstripped his pursuers exceedingly, only two at last following him. It came upon my thoughts that now was the time to get me a servant. With my two guns I placed myself in the way, hallooing aloud to him that fled and beckoning him to come on. Rushing upon the foremost pursuer I knocked him down with the stock of my piece. The other fixed an arrow to his bow but I killed him at the first shot. The savage who fled was so frightened that he stood stock-still. I got him to come to me a little at a time, and then he kneeled down, kissed the ground, and set my foot on his head. The savage I had knocked down now revived. Upon this the one I had rescued spoke some words to me, and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear; for they were the first sound of man's voice that I had heard, my own excepted, for above twenty-five years. My savage, for so I called him now, made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which I did. He no sooner had it but at one blow he cut off his enemy's head

so cleverly no executioner in Germany could have done it better. Then he came laughing to me in sign of triumph. He was a comely fellow of a tawny color, and he had a very good countenance. In a little while I taught him to speak to me, and I let him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I likewise taught him to call me Master. He was the aptest scholar that ever was. Now my life began to be so easy that could I have been safe from more savages I cared not if I was never to remove from the place where I lived. But I determined to go to the land to the west, which Friday said was his; and we built a canoe for that purpose. This plan was frustrated by the arrival of another band of savages with a bearded man as a captive. There were twenty of these wretches this time; but with Friday I attacked them, and with the fire-arms routed them and saved the man. The living fled to their canoes and escaped. In a canoe that was left behind we found another living victim. When Friday saw this man he went into a frenzy of joy, for it was his father. The bearded man was a Spaniard, one of seventeen who had been wrecked on the mainland, his companions being still alive there, but sore pressed for necessaries. I planned to send him and Friday's father over to get them to come to my island; but he was not to bring any man who would not first swear that he would in no way injure me. While waiting for his return I discovered a ship one day at anchor about two leagues distant from me. This turned out to be an English vessel with a mutinous crew, who brought their captain on shore to kill him. By my strategy and timely help the wretches were overpowered and some of them killed; and he regained his command, whereupon he said, as I was his deliverer, the ship and all that belonged to her were mine. I was at first ready to sink down with surprise, for I saw my deliverance. It was then arranged that I should depart with my man Friday in this ship, while several of the worst of the mutineers were left there. And thus I left the island the nineteenth of December, after I had been upon it eight and twenty years, two months and nineteen days. I arrived, a perfect stranger to all the world, in England the eleventh of June, 1687, having been thirty-five years absent.

My estate had been well administered and I found myself

a rich man. After some eventful travel on the Continent, returning from Lisbon, I settled down in England and married, and had three children; but my wife dying I went on a voyage as a private trader, on the eighth of January, 1695. I visited my island and took out supplies for those who might be there. The Spaniards had come over and with the mutineers, who had taken wives from among some savages, the population was greatly increased. I was able to arrange the troubles that had beset the island during my absence, and I left them all in good circumstances and in a flourishing condition and proceeded on my voyage after twenty-five days among them. On the way to the Brazils poor Friday was killed by savages who attacked us. From the Brazils we made the Cape of Good Hope, then Madagascar and so on, with some adventure, around to the China coast. While in the city of Nanquin I saw a great caravan of Muscovite and Polish merchants preparing to start by land to Moscow; and I resolved to join them, which, indeed, I did, and spent that winter at Tobolski in Siberia, letting the caravan go on. The following year I went on to Archangel, whence I sailed for Hamburg. From there I went to The Hague where I got passage for London, arriving there the tenth of January, 1705, having been absent from England ten years and nine months. And here I resolved to prepare for a longer journey than all these, having lived a life of infinite variety for seventy-two years, and learned sufficiently to know the value of retirement and the blessing of ending our days in peace.

STEPHANIE DE GENLIS

(France, 1746-1830)

LOUISA DE CLERMONT (1802)

This story, which appeared in a series of moral tales by the author, is characteristic of a style of thought and speech in vogue at the time of its production. It was translated into English in 1825. The character of Louisa de Clermont was drawn from life, this heroine being an interesting historical person, sister of the Duke of Condé, who was Prime Minister during the minority of Louis XV.



LOUISA DE CLERMONT had received from nature and fortune every enviable endowment. She had royal birth, enchanting beauty, and a meekness and equability of temper seldom met with in persons of her rank and station. Possessing great intellect and a soul of deep sensibility, she was simple and unaffected in her ways and was admired and beloved by all who knew her.

At the age of twenty Louisa de Clermont, a princess in rank, a favorite of the King, and courted by many suitors, was as yet untouched by love or passion. Her brother, who was Prime Minister, and with whom she made her home, was her only relative, and on account of the superiority to which his age and character entitled him, he was regarded by his sister with timidity and reserve.

With this brother she visited Chantilly, a place rich in natural beauties, which comprised, besides an excess of social magnificence, the rural seclusion and peaceful retreats that appeal to the heart of the sentimentalist. In this beguiling place, Mademoiselle de Clermont, who had always loved books, found her taste for them becoming a passion, and devoted a large portion of her time to this congenial pursuit. Besides the

enjoyment that she herself derived from this source, she added much to the pleasure of others by frequently reading aloud from her favorite romances. On these occasions the favored company never failed to praise the exquisite manner in which she rendered her selections, and she was warmly applauded by her admiring audiences, who alternately wept and smiled.

One man alone, who was always present at these readings, preserved a frigid and melancholy silence, and his apparent indifference did not escape the notice of Mademoiselle de Clermont. This was the Duc de Melun, the last descendant of an illustrious house. His character and virtues gave him personal consideration independent of his fortune and birth, and he was endowed with a noble form, expressive features, and a brilliant mind. In society his manner was apt to be distant and reserved, his indifference, however, not being caused by pride or disdain, but by his entire lack of dissimulation and of the endeavor to captivate. In spite of his coldness, he was generally beloved and respected, and Mademoiselle de Clermont realized with an emotion of pain that he was the only one who withheld from her his tribute of applause. She finally inquired of his relative, the Marchioness de G——, as to the cause of his aloofness, and learned that he did not listen to her reading, but remained in the room simply because the atmosphere was more quiet than that of the billiard-hall or the saloon. Piqued by this information, she resolved to question the Duke with regard to the matter, and find out whether the frivolous character of her reading repelled him.

Upon being interrogated, the Duke was astonished and remained for a moment speechless, and then recovering from his confusion, said:

“I see, without pain, people of middling condition and talents squander their youthful faculties in vain and frivolous pursuits; but this abuse of them in persons whom rank and superiority elevate above others afflicts me most sensibly. Mademoiselle orders me to lay my heart open to her; she now has read it.”

The Duke pronounced these last words feelingly. Mademoiselle de Clermont blushed, looked down, and was silent.

The next day, at the reading-hour, a novel was handed to

Mademoiselle de Clermont, which she had begun the evening before.

"I am tired of novels," said she, looking at the Duc de Melun. "Can we not read something more useful and improving?"

A volume of history was brought, which she began with a look of interest and attention which did not escape the Duke. That evening at the supper-table she placed him at her side. They were both silent until the general gaiety became so excited as to favor a private conversation.

"You saw, a while ago," said Mademoiselle de Clermont, "that I know how to benefit by the advice that is given to me; I hope this fact will encourage you."

"The fear of displeasing you," answered the Duke, "can alone repress my zeal; sanctioned by you, I feel that hereafter it will be boundless."

These words, uttered with warmth, affected Mademoiselle de Clermont; and a look of feeling was her only answer. Never had she felt so lively a desire to please, and she displayed that evening all the fascinations of her wit. On his side, the Duke astonished her by a vivacity which she had never observed in him before, and by the choice, as well as delicacy, of his expressions.

The following days, Mademoiselle de Clermont dared not show for the Duc de Melun that preference which would not have escaped the prying eyes of courtiers, but she lavished her attentions on the Marchioness de G——, cousin to the Duke, whom he had loved from his infancy. In friendship, as well as in love, princesses are obliged to make the first overtures, but the Duke, who appreciated the distance in rank that lay between them, dared not give rein to the fancies with which this intimacy inspired him.

Although Mademoiselle de Clermont, who was surrounded by her attendants, found difficulty in indulging in any private interviews, she did on one occasion succeed in eluding her companions and joined the Marchioness and the Duke in an evening walk. This event proved most enjoyable and Mademoiselle de Clermont found herself becoming more and more interested in her new friend.

While she and the Duke were conversing together they were interrupted by an elderly man who approached Mademoiselle, presented her with a petition which he said was of great importance, and begged her to secure for him her brother's signature that very evening. With this request she gracefully complied, assuring the man that his commission should be executed without fail. Upon returning to the castle, however, she became interested in discussing the fancy-dress ball that was to take place later in the evening, and learning that her new ball-gown had arrived during her absence, she hurriedly went to her room. In her haste the petition was completely forgotten, and was left lying on the table, where the Duke found it and took it into his possession.

Louisa de Clermont arrayed herself for the ball with most joyful anticipations as she looked forward to the attentions of the Duke, who was accounted one of the best dancers at court, and to whom she was desirous of displaying her own accomplishments in that line. What were her disappointment and chagrin, when she appeared in her dazzling attire, which won for her universal admiration, to learn that the only person whose applause she desired had absented himself from the ball. Irritated and vexed, she endeavored to assume a gaiety that she did not feel; but after a time this effort became irksome and she left the ball, filled with unconquerable disgust and with the desire to be alone.

Sorrowful reflections filled her thoughts during the remainder of the night, and rising early the following morning she was setting out for a walk when she was confronted by the man who had given her the petition the night before. Her first feeling was that of acute self-reproach for her forgetfulness, but to her astonishment the man approached her with a beaming face and, thanking her, told her that to her goodness he owed the happiness of his future life.

When she questioned him on the subject he responded that the Duc de Melun had condescended to hand him the petition with his signature affixed, telling him he was indebted to the kindness of Mademoiselle de Clermont for this fortunate conclusion.

Louisa de Clermont at once sought her brother, who con-

firmed the man's statement that the Duke's intercession had procured his desired signature, and she was overcome by her varied emotions. Seeking the Duke at her earliest opportunity, she acknowledged her shame and mortification and said that in reparation of her fault she would make a vow to pass a whole year without dancing.

Soon after this conversation the Duke, realizing how deep his infatuation was becoming for the lovely Princess, decided that he must tear himself away from her before he had betrayed the secret of his heart. Besides feeling that it was dishonorable to try to win the affection of one destined for a royal alliance, he was opposed to offending the Duke her brother, who was a warm friend, and to whom he felt he owed a strict allegiance. Accordingly, he returned to Paris, causing Mademoiselle de Clermont to experience such melancholy and *ennui* that she hailed with joy the day that conducted her back to the capital.

After her return, she saw with solicitude that the Duke shunned her society, but this fact only attracted her more strongly to him. Winter was approaching, and a dress ball was announced at Versailles, in which the King, condescending to dance a quadrille, selected Mademoiselle de Clermont for his partner. The favored lady, however, remembering her vow, notified the court that a sprained ankle would prevent her dancing at the coming ball and would oblige her to keep her room for six weeks; and this position she maintained for that period, reclining on her sofa and receiving her friends who flocked to do her homage. When visited by the Duke she explained to him her stratagem, and he was greatly overcome by this proof of her loyalty.

From this time he was assiduous in his attentions, and finally on one occasion, finding himself alone with her, he threw himself upon his knees and declared that human reason could no longer withstand the feelings that were agitating him. Before the lovers were able to indulge in any further conversation, steps were heard approaching; but this interruption did not prevent the vehement words, "Forever," which fell from Mademoiselle de Clermont's lips, while the response, "Till death," came in the passionate accents of the Duke.

The recollection of this scene engrossed the whole soul of

Mademoiselle de Clermont. Nothing now could affright her. She saw her lover faithful till death, and thenceforth no obstacle could daunt her.

In the mean time, the Duke, reflecting upon his infatuation, was struck with horror at his own weakness. He was thirty, was one of her brother's friends, and possessed his full confidence; he was under the highest personal obligations to him, and he had just declared an extravagant passion to his sister, to a Princess of the blood, youthful and inexperienced. He knew that, even at that moment, her brother was engaged in a negotiation, the object of which was to form a matrimonial connection between Mademoiselle de Clermont and a crowned head. Under these circumstances, to take advantage of her partiality for him, to seduce her affections, was to mar her brilliant destiny, and to be wanting in all the duties of gratitude and honesty. He hesitated not for a moment to sacrifice his love to his duty; but how could he restrain, how hope to conceal it, after his imprudence of the preceding evening? As the result of these reflections, he addressed to Mademoiselle de Clermont a letter, couched in the following terms:

"MADEMOISELLE:

"Yesterday, I was but a madman; to-day, I should be the vilest of men if I felt aught but the deepest remorse. Would that, at the expense of my blood, I could recall the rash and guilty avowal; but I swear, at least, even by the feelings that have led me astray, hereafter to preserve an eternal silence. This idea, become my only resource, will make everything possible to me. I will exile myself, but it shall be for your repose, for your reputation, for your glory; I shall suffer, but it will be for you— Ah! fulfil your noble destiny, and do not pity me. During six months, has not my very existence been identified with yours? Is it not as indispensable for me to see you the object of universal admiration, as it is for me to preserve my own esteem? Live happy, live peaceful, and my own fate will yet be enviable.

"DE MELUN."

He had just finished this letter, when a page entered and handed him a note from the Princess, the first he had ever received from her. He opened it with extreme perturbation to find it merely contained a few formal lines, but upon examining it further, to his great surprise, he discovered stamped upon

the sealing-wax his own words, "Till death." This note was followed by another, which was in response to his own, and this bore simply the words, "Forever."

This affecting billet he kissed passionately and, putting it in his bosom, said: "Thou shalt remain there till the last flutter of this agonized heart is over."

Soon after this he took his departure, but after an absence of several months returned to find the love between himself and Mademoiselle de Clermont unabated. He departed again, this time to return and find her the victim of a violent illness brought on by her disappointment and sorrow.

His anguish was extreme when he learned of her pitiable plight, and he haunted her bedchamber, listening to her fevered accents. The disease, a dangerous case of measles, had proved almost fatal when one day he stole a short interview with her in the absence of her nurse, and this caused a crisis, which was followed by her recovery.

The Duke himself contracted the disease and after a severe illness was forced to seek health in a milder climate, where he remained many months. Upon his return, Mademoiselle de Clermont and her brother were on the point of setting out for another sojourn in Chantilly, and he had the pleasure of accompanying them.

With what joy the Princess found herself again at Chantilly with her lover! After two years of love, surrounded by difficulties, and strengthened by mental sacrifices, what happiness to be at last together! The only way that they could secure any private interview was by meeting at the cottage of one of the Princess's dairymaids, who had been taken into their confidence, and finally a secret marriage in this place was decided upon.

After this event, great preparations were made at Chantilly for the coming of the King, who was to pass a few days there. During the festivities that attended his arrival the most conspicuous ornament was Mademoiselle de Clermont, whose loveliness was so enhanced by her perfect happiness that she attracted all eyes, and the young King singled her out for his attentions.

The devotion of the Duke was noted by her brother with much displeasure, and on the occasion of a stag-hunt in which

all were to participate, he approached his sister as she was about to enter her carriage and sternly commanded that she should forbid the Duke to follow her calash.

This command filled the Princess with agitation and alarm, and as soon as her husband approached her she leaned toward him and whispered: "Leave me; go and rejoin the King and my brother; this evening I will tell you why."

The Duke made no further inquiry; but saying that he intended to join the hunt by the shortest route, he took leave of the Princess, and set off at full gallop, followed by a single groom. Before entering a little side alley, he turned his head and looked at the Princess, who followed him with her eyes. This sad look was a last, an eternal adieu. He entered the fatal alley and disappeared forever. At the end of two or three minutes a piercing shriek was heard, and at the same moment the Duke's groom was seen coming at full speed toward them. The calash stopped, while, pale and trembling, Mademoiselle de Clermont interrogated the groom, who exclaimed that the Duke had just been unhorsed and wounded by the stag, which had burst through the alley.

The unfortunate Princess, stupefied by grief and despair, indicated that she wished to alight. She was supported out of the carriage; she could neither speak nor stand, and they placed her at the foot of a tree. She again expressed, by a gesture, that they should all hurry to the Duke's assistance, with the calash, and she was immediately obeyed. The Marchioness, in tears, placed herself on her knees beside her, and, supporting her fainting head on her bosom, told her they were far from the castle, and that the Duke would be promptly succored. Mademoiselle de Clermont, looking at the Marchioness, with an air of stupefaction, said:

"It is I who told him to leave me!"

With these words, she made an attempt to rise, intending to go toward the fatal spot, but she fell back into the arms of the Marchioness.

In a short time the news was brought that the Duke, though seriously wounded, still lived; and the Princess, who refused to return to the gaiety of the castle, remained for several hours in the forest accompanied by her ladies in waiting.

When returning to the castle the first thing that greeted her was the sound of the funeral bell, which announced the administration of the last sacraments to the dying. With death in her heart, the Princess alighted, and saying, "At least I shall see him once more," joined the procession of priests that was then crossing the courtyard. As they entered the palace they met the Duke, her brother, hastening to meet the procession, and he was greatly surprised and displeased to note his sister's presence. He at once requested her to withdraw, and on her refusing to do so, he waited until they had reached the Duke's apartments, and then, drawing her into an anteroom, forbade her to enter the dying man's chamber.

The Princess then proclaimed that the Duke was her husband, to the astonishment and rage of her brother, who still declined to allow her to go to him. Finally, persuaded that the injured man was in no immediate danger, the Princess returned to her own apartment, where later the news of her husband's death was brought to her by his confidential servant, who also presented a letter from his dead master.

The wretched Princess threw herself on her knees to receive it, and rallying the little strength that remained to her, she opened the fatal scroll; it was the first note she had formerly written to her lover, which contained only these words: "Forever!" But her dying husband, before he uttered the last sigh, had also retraced, on the note, his own declaration, adding these affecting words: "I deposit in your hands all I held most sacred. Farewell; forget not him who loved you 'Till death!'"

EDMOND AND JULES DE GONCOURT

(France, 1822-1896; 1830-1870)

RENÉE MAUPERIN (1864)

In a preface to an edition of this novel published in 1875, Edmond de Goncourt writes: "Would not the title under which we first announced this book, *The Young Bourgeoisie*, have been better than the present? Did it not better define the psychological analysis of the contemporaneous youth which we have attempted? It is now too late to change the name, but I wish to warn the possible reader that, unlike other novels, the plot of this story is secondary. The authors have rather preferred to paint, with the least amount of literary elaboration, the modern young woman as she is; the product of the artistic and masculine system of education in force during the last thirty years. We have also attempted to portray the modern young college man influenced by the republican ideas of the time since Louis Philippe."



DISLIKE society; perhaps it is that I have met only poor representatives of it. My brother's friends do nothing but quote. As to the women, with them you can only discuss the latest sermon, the latest concert, or the latest fashion in dress"; and Renée turned in the water toward the man who was swimming beside her.

"Nor must you read," she continued; "everything you undertake has its limits of decency. I paint in oils; everybody is shocked. I ought only to paint roses in water-colors. To swim here is indecent; on the seashore it would be quite proper. Why should the waters of the Seine be indecent?"

Renée's father, Charles Louis Mauperin, born in 1787, was of good family, and had been educated for the army. He had participated in the Russian campaign, and had undergone all the vicissitudes of the politics of that time. He had married a cousin, by whom he had a boy, and a year later a girl. To these children he remained indifferent; for the boy developed into an effeminate prig, while the girl was an intellectual nonentity.

Several years later Renée was born; and on her Mauperin centered all his affections. Renée was now twenty, and heiress of a fair fortune.

Her sister had married and lived an empty society life. Now all Madame Mauperin's efforts were engaged in finding a suitable match for Renée. But Renée was a wilful child. Every eligible man presented to her she soon shocked by some exceptionally unconventional bit of behavior. Her mother was each time indignant; but her father was secretly pleased and encouraged her, seconded by an old family friend, Denoisel.

Denoisel was a true Parisian, a middle-aged man who lived economically on the income from a small fortune. He was clever, intelligent, and universally esteemed. He came often to the Mauperins' and was an intimate friend of Renée.

In disgust, Madame Mauperin turned her attention to her son, Henri. He was a discreet young man; he had made up his mind that the way to good position was through an advantageous marriage, and he frequented those social functions that seemed likely to serve his purpose. His mother adored him; his every action was to her perfect.

Renée had undertaken to organize an amateur theatrical company, and had chosen *Le Caprice* to be played; but it was difficult to find women suitable for the parts. Henri, who had volunteered to play, casually suggested that Noemi Bourjot be invited into the company. Renée was delighted, for Noemi had been her school comrade, though Madame Bourjot had displayed a decided coldness toward Madame Mauperin.

Renée persuaded her mother to visit the Bourjots, who lived showily in a luxurious, fashionable house. Madame Bourjot this time received her cordially, deplored the length of time between her visits. Henri had been coming frequently to her salons. She eagerly consented to her daughter's taking part in the amateur theatricals.

The rehearsals were under Denoisel's management. Noemi, a shy girl, of a tender, timid nature, attended; and she and Renée renewed the intimacy of their school-days.

At last came the evening of the performance; and the salon of the Mauperins was crowded with a brilliant assembly of bejeweled women. Madame Bourjot feared that Noemi's timid-

ity would cause her to fail in her part; but to her gratification, Noemi came through brilliantly. Henri, whose part was that of lover to Noemi, surprised those that knew his cold nature with his successful acting. He was just in the middle of a passionate love-scene when a commotion arose amid the audience. Madame Bourjot had fainted.

"You cannot deny it," she whispered, after she had recovered, to Henri, who had followed when she was carried out. "You love her. I saw it in your acting."

"Laure," replied Henri sadly, "I cannot deny it. I have learned to love her, though I have struggled against it."

Madame Bourjot returned to the drawing-room, but despair had gripped her heart. She had never loved her husband, but for twenty years she had been a faithful wife. Then Henri came, and to him she had given herself up entirely.

After the revelation of that evening, she sought an interview with him, which he reluctantly granted. She told him then that she had grown reconciled to the situation; more, she would even use all her influence with her husband to obtain his consent. But she warned him that Monsieur Bourjot was ambitious; he wished a title for his daughter. She suggested then that Henri add "de Villacourt" to his name, the title that went with the estate his father had bought from the last of the De Villacourt family.

The marriage was successfully arranged. Noemi was deeply depressed; and one day she confided to Renée that she knew of the relations between her mother and Henri. Renée's indignation was intense. That night she entered her brother's room and made a futile appeal to his better nature. He rose from his chair, white with rage, and pointed to the door.

"Go!" he commanded.

For a week after this interview, Renée was confined to her room, suffering from palpitation of the heart. Henri, fearing her now, attempted with assiduous attentions to regain her confidence; but her repugnance for her brother was insurmountable.

Henri found that the last of the Villacourt family was dead; so he began the necessary legal proceedings for assuming the title. One day he took Renée with him to the public library, leaving her in the reading-room while he went into the reference annex.

Two attendants, behind her, were carrying on a whispered, though, to her, perfectly audible conversation. On hearing that her brother was the subject of their remarks, she listened intently.

"Yes, he has taken the title," said one. "He believes the last of the family dead."

"And that is true, is it not?" asked the other.

"The last of the Villacourts is not dead," came to Renée distinctly. "He lives like a peasant, at La Motte-Noire, in the woods of Croix-du-Soldat."

Renée made a note of the address.

The legal assumption of the title of the extinct family of De Villacourt by Henri Mauperin was officially announced in the papers. Noemi seemed reconciled now to her coming marriage, more, even—happy. Renée, in conversation with her one day, became convinced that Noemi now regarded Henri in a different light than she had when she had confided to her the repugnance with which she regarded the proposed marriage.

One day Denoisel and Henri were sitting in the latter's comfortable quarters in Paris when a commotion was heard in the outer hall; and a stranger, a roughly clad man, broke into the room.

"Monsieur Mauperin de Villacourt?" demanded the stranger, with a fierce glare. Henri rose.

"I, sir, am Boisjorand de Villacourt." And with a sudden swing he struck Henri a savage blow in the face.

"Monsieur," calmly replied Henri, wiping the blood from his cheek, "leave your address with my servant; my second shall call on you to-morrow. Evidently there is one De Villacourt too many."

Denoisel, as Henri's second, made the necessary arrangements; and next day the two principals met in a wood outside the city. The measurements were made; the two, with loaded pistols, advanced toward each other. Henri fired first, and De Villacourt fell to his knees.

"I am done for!" he gasped.

Henri was turning away when suddenly De Villacourt called hoarsely:

"Monsieur, to your place."

Henri stood. His antagonist, with a violent effort, crawled to the barrier between them, leveled his pistol, and fired. Henri staggered and sank on his hands, digging his fingers into the soil convulsively; then rolled over on his side.

Next day Denoisel appeared at Villacourt and broke the news of the calamity to the family.

"Renée," he said, taking the girl's hand, "this is the work of an enemy."

She raised her terrified eyes to his, then dropped them, cowering.

"That man," continued he, "living a hermit's life, outside the world, would otherwise not have known. He was not a subscriber to *Le Moniteur*, but his second showed me a copy of it with the announcement of Henri's taking up the title underscored. It had been sent to him."

Renée raised her hands to her temples; the self-accusing words she thought she uttered became an inarticulate shriek, and she sank fainting to the floor.

Never had her malady gripped her so firmly. She rallied apparently, for a while; and noted specialists who were summoned spoke hopeful words; but Renée's form wasted day by day. Then it dawned on the distracted parents that the girl's life was doomed.

Denoisel came. At first she feared him, believing that that last shriek had betrayed her guilty secret; but she soon realized that he did not know.

"My friend," she told him, smiling wanly, "I shall leave you soon. No, do not weep so, for then I, too, shall weep."

The end came soon. And when the last repose came over the wasted face, all traces of suffering were gone, as though she lay in a serene and beautiful dream.

An old, gray-haired couple are often met, on boats, on railroads, in hotels, ever traveling—one day in Russia, another day in Egypt—seeking forgetfulness in the fatigues of constant movement. They are Monsieur and Madame Mauperin, childless now—for their eldest daughter had died in childbirth—homeless, hopeless wanderers.

EDUARD DOUWES DEKKER

(Holland, 1820-1887)

MAX HAVELAAR (1860)

The public of Holland, and to some extent of Continental Europe and of Great Britain, was much aroused by the publication of this work of fiction, which described with literal truth the cruel oppression of the native Javanese by their chiefs, with the connivance of the Dutch Government at home and in Batavia, and of the great commercial forces behind. For that reason it has been called the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of Holland. Mynheer Douwes Dekker, the author, had been for sixteen years an officer in the service of the Dutch East Indian Government. Mynherr Dekker challenged the Parliament and officialdom of Holland to contravene the substance of the allegations; but no serious attempt to invalidate them ever was made, except through the medium of abuse and slander. The translation into English was made in 1868 by Baron Alphonse Nahuys from the original Dutch manuscript.



BOUT ten o'clock one morning there was an unusual bustle on the frontiers between Lebak and Pandaglang, in the residency of Bantam, Java. The Regent of Lebak, Radien Adhipatti Karter Natter Negara, with a big retinue, mounted men and foot-runners, had come from Rankas-Betong, thirteen miles away, notwithstanding his great age, to receive the new Assistant Resident in accordance with the fixed custom in the Dutch Indies. The Controller, a man of middle age, who had filled the functions of the last Assistant Resident since the latter's death, was with him. The Dutch and native officials were assembled under a *peradoppo* (a great thatch of palm leaves supported on bamboo canes) to meet their new chief.

To understand something of the situation, it is necessary to explain briefly the machinery of government in these regions. The Dutch Indies are divided into residences where the burden of administrative government is carried on. The Governor-General, though assisted by a Senate, is practically all-powerful;

and the chiefs of the government departments at Batavia are the connecting links between the Viceroy and the Residents, except that in political matters the latter apply directly to the Supreme head. Each residency has from three to five departments, controlled by Assistant Residents, and under these are controllers, military commandants, overseers, and other officers. In every department the Assistant Resident is aided by a native chief of high rank, known as the Regent, who is a paid official and always belongs to the highest Javanese aristocracy, usually of princely rank. The feudal rule of the princes still remains a part of the religious cult, and thus Dutch administration is the régime of an olden time. The mass of the natives know nothing of the Batavian Government, only submission to the Regents who are hereditary, the Assistant Residents, and the Resident. Nominally the Assistant Resident is higher in authority, but practically he is compelled to pay great deference to the native functionary, who has so much power and influence over the people as to make him a very dangerous factor in possible disturbance. The Assistant Residents live simply in single houses and have moderate salaries; the Regents are domiciled in palatial quarters with a great retinue of retainers, and thus incur heavy expense. Many of these chiefs, with incomes of two or three hundred thousand guilders, are always heavily in debt. The revenues of such native grandees are derived from monthly pay, subsidies to indemnify their bought-up rights, premiums on all products, and arbitrary disposal of the labor and property of subject peasantry. The Javanese obey their chiefs. It was only necessary for Dutch intrigue to win the chiefs to subdue the country. When the Regent is displeased with the action of an Assistant Resident he can appeal to the Resident, who is usually disposed to get along with as little trouble as possible. Each native chief pushes too far the limits of the lawful disposal of labor and property, and all Assistant Residents are under oath to resist this. As Regents are rarely accused of arbitrary conduct, it shows some insurmountable difficulty in keeping the oath to protect the native population against tyranny and extortion.

At the very time that the Regent and Controller Verbrugge were awaiting the arrival of the Resident of Lebak with the

newly appointed Assistant Resident, the Military Commandant, Duclari, who had ridden up, was commenting to Verbrugge—in Dutch, to escape the suspicious ears of the Regent—on the strange conduct of a common Javanese, so different from the ordinary native reticence. The petitioner had complained bitterly of the tyranny of the Adhipatti, and asked him if nothing could be done to lighten the pressure. The arrival of a mud-bespattered coach relieved the suspense. The Resident assisted a lady and a child from the carriage and the respectful homage of the Regent and the Controller bespoke his importance. But the keener curiosity was to behold the newcomer, Max Havelaar, now to be inducted in district authority. Immediately after salutations Havelaar began to question his preceding *locum tenens* on taxation in the district. To Verbrugge's wonder, he proved himself already a master of main facts and statistics.

The journey, after refreshments, was resumed to Rankas-Betong, the capital, where the simple ceremony of installation was performed at once at the Regent's palace. All the Dutch officials and the native grandees were present. When Havelaar took the oath, which included protecting the native population against oppression, ill-treatment, and extortion, there was that in his expression, voice, mien, and uplifted finger which spoke eloquently to everyone present. It was as if he had said: "I should do all that without any oath." Havelaar had recently returned from Europe, after resigning from an Assistant Residency at Amboyna in the Moluccas, where he had done sterling work in suppressing rebellion and straightening the affairs of an embarrassed district. He had spent most of his resources in recuperating health broken by faithful and intelligent performance, and had a right to expect a full Residency. Yet he did not complain when he was appointed Assistant to manage the poor district of Lebak. His ambition was of that noble kind which appraised itself for valuable service rather than for emolument. So when he took possession of his mansion, with its large garden, he and his wife, who was completely identified with his disinterested ambition, saw themselves happy in a long term of fruitful and faithful devotion to duty. Perhaps by simple living, too, he would be able to pay his debts.

Havelaar requested the chiefs who had assembled at Rankas-Betong to convene for a council the next morning. He then told them his plans, his hopes, his wishes for the good of the people, speaking in Malay, of which he was a master. He appealed to them to coöperate with him in the enforcement of the laws and in the administration of evenhanded justice. He would be lenient in ordinary mistakes or negligences.

“Only,” he said, “where negligence becomes a custom I will oppose it. Of faults of a graver kind—of tyranny and extortion—I do not speak; such a thing shall not happen—is it not so, Regent?” That dignitary gave him grave assurance, and he concluded: “Well, then, gentlemen, Chiefs of Bantam Kidool [the native name of the province], let us be glad that our province is so poor. We have a noble work before us. If Allah preserves us alive, we shall take care that prosperity comes. The ground is fertile enough, the population willing. If everyone is suffered to remain in the enjoyment of the fruits of his labor, there is no doubt that within a short time the population will improve as well both in the number of souls as in possessions and civilization, for these things usually go hand in hand.”

The Adhipatti accompanied Max Havelaar to his house, and as soon as he took his leave the new official turned sharply to Verbrugge and said:

“People at Lebak abuse their power in a fearful way, you ought to know it—do you know it?”

Verbrugge was silent.

“I know it,” said the other. “Did not Mr. Slotering [the preceding Assistant Resident] die in November? Well, the day after his death, the Regent forced the population to labor in his rice-fields without payment.”

Havelaar by questions compelled the Controller to admit that previous reports made by the Adhipatti and other chiefs were false, and that the unopened reports just received were probably so; that what the Regent himself had not dared to take from the people by seizing their goods and sequestrating their labor in his own fields many times more than was allowed by law, the other officials—especially his son-in-law, the Demeny of Porang-Koodjang—completed by their extortion.

"I do not care to know too exactly what has happened. But all that happens *henceforth* is on *my* responsibility," said he.

An examination of Mr. Slotering's papers fully verified all his suspicions. That official, an honest and able man with an alert conscience, had reported the facts to the Resident by word of mouth, as the latter objected to written reports. All that had resulted was quick information given to the Regent, which enabled that chief to terrify the witnesses into denying what they had before declared. Verbrugge was an honest but a timid man, willing to coöperate as long as he did not need to take the initiative.

That night at dinner Max Havelaar gave to his two guests, Verbrugge and Commandant Duclari, a sketch of his official experiences in Sumatra, where he had filled similar offices. He had been suspended or relieved or compelled to resign in several instances because he had stirred up hornets' nests by insistence on telling the truth and attempting to make reforms in dealing with the same kind of problems. He had angered Residents General, even the Governor-General, who would obstinately remain blind whatever the effort made to open their eyes and minds. But an honest man, with a single eye to duty and conscience, he thought, had but one pathway to travel, whatever the consequences. The latest instance of his misfortune had been a suspension on the pretext of dishonesty, as his accounts had been technically defective. Yet this malfeasance had occurred through his books being in the hands of incompetent clerks, when he himself was away prosecuting successful attempts to prevent a revolt, which otherwise would have renewed a war with the Atchinese, entailing large cost of life and treasure.

The little Havelaar family lived for a while in peace at Rankas-Betong. Havelaar was indefatigable in his work, riding every day through the district with the keenest inspection, often without the knowledge of the Regent or of the Controller. His relations with the Resident, with the Commandant, and with Verbrugge were cordial. He treated the Regent, who called him his "elder brother," with great consideration, and gave this aged spendthrift financial assistance when he could do so consistently with official duty. One thing he had occasion

to note with curiosity: Madame Slotering, widow of his predecessor, occupied, with her children, a cottage in the grounds. She was a native Javanese of superior intelligence and birth, to whom Madame Havelaar made the friendliest overtures. Yet she could rarely be persuaded to join the Havelaar family even at their veranda teas. She spoke little, and spent much of her time in watching everyone that approached her own or Havelaar's house. It was almost a monomania. Natives sometimes came to her gate stealthily by nightfall and exchanged a few words.

One thing distressed the Havelaars, for it curtailed the happiness of little Max: they were able to keep only a small portion of their large grounds free from grass and weeds where venomous snakes flourished in excess. To pay a premium for every reptile killed by native help in that serpent-breeding climate would have taxed Havelaar's slender resources. He would not levy unpaid labor, which he could easily have done. That would be an example, even if a trifling one, to betray his own set policy, the prevention of that system of semi-slavery which he recognized as the great economic and social wrong of the Dutch Indies. So little Max was not allowed to play far from his father's bungalow, and Lina, the mother, had not the pleasure in the flowers she had hoped for.

But it was not this that accounted for the growing gloom that clouded Havelaar's brow. As time passed, his convictions of the rottenness of conditions in Lebak were fully confirmed. He had spoken to the Chief of the whole regency about prevalent abuses and wrongs while with him at Serang, and had been answered "that this was everywhere the case in greater or less degree." He had responded that the question was not of abuses "more or less," but of abuses on a very large scale, whereon the Resident had dryly answered that "it was still worse at Tjiringien" [also belonging to Bantam]. The whole Dutch Government seemed to be pervaded by the spirit of brutal optimism, which completely veiled the truth. The reports of Controllers to Assistant Residents, of these two Residents, of Residents to the Senate and Governor-General, and of these high functionaries to The Hague, were always *couleur de rose*. Any irrepressible misfortune was painted as mere exception

and accident, and never of misgovernment. The memorandum of Havelaar's predecessor, who had probed the rampant evils of the district, was unofficial, and such as the Resident need not place among the public archives; and rebuke had been forthcoming for even that. Slotering had had good intentions and burned with indignation; but he had many children, and needed the salary, so he for the most part *spoke* to the Resident about excessive abuses, and did not incorporate them with definite exactness in an official indictment. Often the Government was directly interested in these abuses, too. In many of the provinces the Government had its coffee-plantations on a large scale; and those gave the greatest yield to which the Regent drove men, women, and children to work for nothing, the obsequious tyrant of course receiving a percentage. The whole affair in its wide ramifications was a dangerous subject to touch.

The story of the Javanese Saidjah, to which Havelaar, in the course of his constant investigation, secured ample testimony, illustrates another form of extortion of which this is but one of many cases, the wholesale robbery of buffalos, the draft animals of agriculture, from the people for the benefit of the Regent. This, indeed, was one of the causes that depopulated the district. Saidjah's factor had had several buffalos taken from him on different pretexts; and finally one of them, to which the boy was very much attached, killed a tiger, which had leaped on the lad, with his sharp horns. So everybody wept when the faithful animal was taken away by the Regent's emissaries to be butchered for meat. The family without any buffalo, for they had no means to buy another, managed to live, but were at last forced, by starvation and inability to pay their land laxes, to emigrate.

Saidjah, setting forth on his wanderings, had a promise from his sweetheart, and his bosom was full when after three years he returned with a little money to marry Adinda. She and her people were gone, driven out of the district, for their buffalos, too, had been taken. The factor had heard how Saidjah's factor had been whipped near to death for leaving without a passport, so he concealed himself and his family in the woods by the sea. Others, exiled for a similar cause, joined them,

and they seized a fishing-smack and sailed to the Lampoons, where the inhabitants were in rebellion against the Dutch.

'Saidjah, after much wandering, arrived there, seeking his betrothed. He found her in a burning village, which had just been taken by the Dutch troops, her father and brothers lying dead with wounds, herself naked, outraged, and mutilated. The maddened lover sought his own instant death by rushing on the soldiers' bayonets. The wholesale robbery of their draft cattle not only depopulated districts, but was one of the principal causes of native outbreaks, to be suppressed afterward by fire and sword. Havelaar was fully armed with a variety of such and correlated facts. Not only had he learned these in the villages, but hundreds of natives had stolen to his house at night, appealing to his chivalry. They had instinctively recognized the man, and knew of the solemn public oath he had taken. He had frequently expostulated, pleaded, warned, threatened the Regent; he had made informal statements to the Resident, but all in vain. Still he restrained himself from more explicit action till that occurred which set a torch to his heaped-up resentment.

One afternoon he observed Madame Slotering ordering a man at the gate away with violent gestures. When he asked her why she always dismissed persons that were trying to enter the grounds, she, after much urging, told her story. She reminded Havelaar that her husband, who had been his predecessor, like himself had been true to his oath in seeking to protect the people against oppression. Finally he had said openly that if no alteration took place by the end of the year, he should make a direct report to the Governor-General. A few days after this, in a journey of inspection, he dined at the house of the Demang of Parang-Koodjang, whom Havelaar knew to be one of the most unscrupulous of the Regent's underlings. Slotering returned agonized with pain, and died in a few hours. The woman knew the cause—her husband had been a very healthy man—for poison administered to remove one's enemies is almost as common in Java as the venom of serpents' fangs. She had not dared to whisper her suspicion even to the doctor, for fear of consequences. But she now was determined, as far as she could, to keep anyone from approaching the Havelaar kitchen.

Verbrugge, on being questioned, quaintly acknowledged his belief that, if the dead Slotering had not been poisoned, he would have been had he lived much longer.

Havelaar proceeded at once to draw up a formal indictment of the Regent, demanding his removal pending investigation. He accused him of unlawfully compelling the labor of the people, and of extortion by taking property and fixing arbitrary prices. He included in these charges also the Regent's son-in-law, the Demang of Parang-Koodjang. A private letter came in answer, from Mr. "Slymering," not from the Resident. It deplored the fact that the Assistant Resident had not first communicated his intention verbally, but said he would arrive next day at Rankas-Betong. Havelaar provided that another missive should meet him en route, with the information that there were still other charges which would be made later. He asked that there should be no communication with the Regent till the Resident had seen him; but, instead of complying, Slymering promptly visited the Regent and gave him more than a hint of the situation. He urged the Assistant Resident to withdraw his accusation and compromise the matter, but without avail; and the affair as interpreted by the Resident was placed in the hands of the Governor-General. The papers relating to the affirmation of the charges had also been sent in duplicate by Havelaar, with Verbrugge's affirmation of their truth. Of course the Havelaar charges had not been officially sanctioned by the Resident.

In due time a portentous document arrived from Buitenzorg, the viceregal palace, which severely disapproved the course of Havelaar. "Such conduct," said the great dignitary, "merits all disapprobation, and sanctions belief in your incapacity to bear office in the interior government of Java. I am therefore obliged to dismiss you from your employment as Assistant Resident of Lebak." He was named to a temporary office in another district, but with the intimation that he must conduct himself very carefully if he would retain that or any post in Java.

The righteous man, wounded to the soul, went to Batavia to make personal protest and present his case *viva voce*. He was refused an interview time and again. At last he was informed

that the Viceroy had resigned office and had sailed the night before for home on a man-of-war. His conscience and sense of personal honor united in compelling him to think no more of official work in a country where doing his duty would only bring him into perpetual collision with higher authorities. The last episode was only a more bitter repetition of earlier experience. So Max Havelaar was disgraced and impoverished, for he had spent his life in the official service because he had sought to introduce a nobler principle into the performance of duty than sordid acquiescence with gigantic wrongs.

CHARLES PAUL DE KOCK

(France, 1794-1871)

THE MAID OF BELLEVILLE (1830)

This lively tale has long been a favorite with the French public, in its dramatic version as well as in its original form.



IRGINIE TROUPEAU, to whom her fond father was accustomed to allude as "The Maid of Belleville," was a very pretty girl of seventeen, full of life, and very restive under the severe rule of her old and prudish great-aunt. But she was politic, and concealed her dislike for reading aloud the arid parts of the Old Testament, and similar exercises, because she hoped to inherit the old lady's income of twenty-five thousand francs a year, and a pretty country-seat.

Virginie's parents shared the old lady's view, and thought a young girl should be reared like a hothouse plant. Under this system, they flattered themselves that she was absolutely ignorant of coquetry. Their friends, the Vauxdorés, on the contrary, thought that plants were rendered more hardy by the fresh-air plan, and had reared their orphan niece, Adrienne, accordingly. Virginie, the demure, and Adrienne, the merry, were intimate friends, despite the difference in their future fortunes; for Adrienne would have no dowry.

Monsieur Troupeau was much addicted to the expression, "My means permit me to do it," and easily flattered (now that he had retired from business) by allusions to his wealth. On one of the frequent trips which he and his friend Vauxdoré made from Belleville to Paris, he called upon the Count de Senneville, who had owed him four thousand crowns for five or six years. The Count was a spendthrift, overwhelmed with

debts, and had original methods of dealing with his creditors. When Troupeau called, he was penniless, having gambled away his last sou the night before. He was intending (as often before) to borrow some money from his lady-love; but by dint of grossly flattering Troupeau, inviting him to breakfast, and inquiring after his family, he contrived (while pretending to insist upon paying his debt) to borrow four thousand francs more. To cap the climax, when he heard that Troupeau had a pretty daughter, he promised to call upon the family in Belleville, and invited Troupeau to visit him again whenever he was in Paris.

Thenceforth the Troupeau family existed, practically, for that happy day. But they unintentionally wounded the fine sense of modesty of Mademoiselle Bellavoine (Virginie's great-aunt); whereupon she hastily departed for her own home in Senlis. The next day, the Vauxdoré family came, as was their wont, to spend the evening; and while their elders played cards, the two young girls chatted in Virginie's chamber. Adrienne, Virginie's elder by two years, a frank, lively girl, told her friend about a young man who had recently come to live in Belleville with his mother: Monsieur Ledoux, generally called Doudoux. Adrienne had been eavesdropping, and had heard him tell his friends that he was too shy to declare his feelings, though he was always falling in love. Virginie said nothing, but thought a great deal.

The following evening, the Troupeau family went to the Vauxdorés', and young Doudoux was among the guests. He was given to quoting Latin, on slight (or no) provocation; and Virginie, thanks to the prudish training of her aunt, called ordinary things by extraordinary names—for example, she alluded to the cat's tail as its "superfluity." This sympathy of souls, aided by certain sly tricks of glance and manner, enabled Virginie to flatter herself, on her return home, that Doudoux had begun to look at her more than at Adrienne; a fact of which Adrienne was also sadly aware. After a few more meetings, varied by hand-pressures and tender words, Virginie suggested that the young man might promenade in front of the house, and see her, as she took the air at a window, a cough on her part signifying that she was not alone, while permission to talk to her would be indicated by her singing. But this afforded

him no opportunity to express his sentiments; accordingly she told him to come, on a certain evening, to a little gate (usually kept locked) which opened into the garden. He had made some progress in expressing his feelings, and was about to risk a kiss, when the aged wooden bench on which they were seated collapsed. At this moment, Adrienne happened to pass the open door (having been sent for some rolls and milk by her aunt), and announced herself. Virginie hastily thrust Doudou into the street, slammed the gate in his face, and scurried to her room, resolved to maintain that she had never left it, in case Adrienne should say anything. Adrienne, left in the little-frequented street with Doudou, proceeded to tell him her opinion of his conduct in plain terms, but was suddenly interrupted by Troupeau, who was returning from Paris, whither his wife had insisted upon his going to call upon the Count de Senneville. Shocked at this apparent rendezvous, Troupeau decided that Adrienne was not a fit companion for his immaculate Virginie, and he even went so far as to warn Vauxdoré about his niece. The latter, when interrogated by her aunt, frankly said that she had encountered the young man by chance in the street; and, although she might have justified herself and condemned Virginie with a word, she refrained.

Shortly afterward a troop of cuirassiers were quartered in Belleville, and distrusting the gallantry and charms of the military, Troupeau contrived to have the keep of four horses allotted to his share, instead of any soldiers. The Vauxdorés found that their handsome, dashing nephew, Godibert, whom they had not seen for years, was assigned to them. One evening, Adrienne proudly introduced Godibert to Virginie, to show that she also could have a cavalier. Virginie promptly attracted his attention by hiding behind the window-curtains and feigning fear of the cuirassier when she was discovered there; after which she riveted it by a few well-chosen words and timid but effective glances. Godibert could talk of nothing but Virginie as he escorted Adrienne homeward. Soon afterward Virginie's parents celebrated her name-day by a dinner and an excursion to the forest of Romainville, to which the Vauxdorés, Adrienne and Godibert (among others) were invited. At Romainville Virginie insisted upon mounting a horse, although she had

never ridden, while Adrienne was restricted to a donkey. The handsome Godibert undertook to guard Virginie, and presently they galloped out of sight of the rest, when Godibert persuaded the young girl to dismount. As he was about to kiss her, Adrienne arrived on her donkey, saw the horses, and hunted up the pair. Virginie made haste to decamp, leaving Adrienne to reproach her cousin, and quietly appropriating Adrienne's donkey, trotted back to the party, where she informed her mother that she had lent Adrienne her horse, whose return alone had already alarmed them. Troupeau and Vauxdoré went in search of Adrienne, apprehending an accident, and found her sitting on the grass with Godibert, weeping, and with reddened eyes. As they approached, Godibert begged his cousin not to compromise Virginie, to which she readily agreed, again assuming the consequences of her former friend's indiscretion.

People chattered and gossiped, and Virginie's parents resolved to appease the wrath of her wealthy great-aunt and remove her from the pernicious society of Adrienne by sending her to Senlis for a prolonged visit. Vauxdoré demanded his nephew's intentions in regard to Adrienne, and the nephew announced that as he was not in love with her he declined to marry her. Attracted by Virginie's coquetry and money, he resolved to retire from the army and marry her. Meanwhile Doudoux's mother, fearing that he was studying too hard, ordered him off to England for his health; and while Adrienne speedily consoled herself for Godibert's absence, and had long since banished Doudoux from her mind, the demure Virginie found it extremely stupid to have no one to whom she could make signs from the windows. Before Mademoiselle Bellavoine relented and replied to M. Troupeau's letter, a new young man came on the scene. The Vauxdorés had a small bachelor apartment in their house, which was taken by a good-looking lodger, so one of the gossips informed Troupeau, in Virginie's absence. The young man was rather mysterious in his actions, passed all his evenings with the Vauxdorés, had a superb piano, and appeared to be wealthy. As Virginie's parents were obdurate about her associating with Adrienne, she was in despair; she could bethink herself of no means whereby she could meet him. But suddenly a Monsieur Tir, who was

an enthusiastic inventor of fireworks, invited them to an exhibition of his latest designs, for which he had borrowed the courtyard of the Vauxdoré house. By an accident, too many of the fireworks were set off together, a panic ensued, the scaffolding seats began to give way, and a cry was started that the house was on fire. The young man, named Auguste Montreville (who had been Adrienne's escort), seeing the distress of M. Troupéau, went to the rescue of Virginie, who was in no danger, and offered her his hand to descend. She preferred to swoon in his arms. Her parents overwhelmed him with thanks; and Adrienne felt uneasy, being now fond of Montreville.

Three days later, M. Montreville called on the Troupéaux, and they learned that he was not only wealthy but well connected. When he dined with them, a few days after this, he said that he had come to Belleville to get away from his relatives, who did not approve of his vocation, which was that of a composer; and that the music which he had written for a little comic opera had just achieved success. Before going to this dinner, he had promised to tell Adrienne the secret of his actions, and of his evident gratification over that morning's journals, if she would allow him to do so in private, that evening. The argument which finally conquered her resistance was his promise never to go to the Troupéau house again. This promise he kept, although Virginie had given him very marked reasons for thinking that his presence would not be disagreeable to her; and her efforts to induce her parents (who scorned his profession) to bring him to the house again were soon interrupted by a call from the Count de Senneville and its consequences. The Count pretended that a bag of gold, which he had brought to pay his debt, had been stolen from his carriage. Virginie gave him a chance to admire her by fainting; the Troupéaux were so overjoyed by this aristocratic acquaintance that they piled wood into the fireplace until the Count was nearly roasted, and the chimney set afire; and having inquired as to her financial prospects, the young man, swearing Troupéau to secrecy, gave him to understand that he would speedily propose for her hand. On the strength of this half-promise, Troupéau eagerly offered another loan of five thousand francs. Virginie soon learned of the project from the hints of her parents, but

thought Montreville nicer than the Count; and she particularly disliked the latter because, in her quality of a future countess, she was no longer allowed to see any men at all.

By this time it was generally known that Montreville was Adrienne's lover; and now Doudoux returned from England, and Godibert—having secured his release from the service—were also in Belleville again. At this juncture, Mademoiselle Bellavoine sent her cabriolet, with her old horse and coachman, in charge of Monsieur Baisemon, her manager, to bring Virginie to her for a visit of several months. Virginie protested; but her parents, with an eye to the heritage, as well as to the presence in town of the two undesirable young men, were stern, and confided her to Baisemon, explaining to him her future grandeur and the necessity for strict supervision. Virginie contrived to inform Doudoux and Godibert, as they patrolled the street in front of the house, of this decree, and that she should die of ennui if she had no one to amuse her. Both young men took the hint, and followed the cabriolet, one on foot, the other on horseback. Godibert even contrived to clamber up behind the cabriolet and make love to Virginie through the window, while Baisemon slept, and the coachman wondered at the weight of the vehicle and the slow progress of the aged steed. Eventually, the coachman and Baisemon got a good look at the two suitors—even suspected Virginie of knowing them, which she roundly denied—and only escaped their pursuit when the rivals fell to pummeling each other out of jealousy.

Mademoiselle Bellavoine's house was an isolated dwelling on the verge of the town, with iron bars on the ground-floor windows, and double shutters on those of the first story, while the garden walls were eleven feet in height. Outwardly submissive, Virginie inwardly rebelled. When she found herself in her chamber, with a little light reading supplied, such as *The Perfect Gardener*, *The Bourgeoise Kitchen*, and *A Treatise on Mushrooms*, she resolved to "amuse" the family. The first night, after everyone was asleep, she roused the entire household to find out whether there was anyone under her bed. The second night she hurled every movable object in her room on the floor in the noisiest possible manner, then pretended that she was in a somnambulistic slumber from which they dared

not awaken her too suddenly. On the ninth night, just as the girl began to fear that her ingenuity was exhausted, the big watch-dog began to growl and bark, as if burglars had effected an entrance. But while Virginie (who suspected that Doudoux and Godibert might be at the bottom of the matter) stifled her laughter in bed, the harassed household could detect no cause. This continued night after night, the fact being that the young men had entered into an agreement to aid each other, and abide by the girl's choice, when she should have an opportunity of pronouncing it—which it was their object to provide.

Meanwhile matters were reaching a crisis in Belleville. Montreville had decided to atone for his misconduct by marrying Adrienne. He was talented, had some fortune, more expectations, wealthy parents, a distinguished family. Adrienne had nothing. He promised her that he would never abandon her, and thus cheered, she made no secret of the matter. Her aunt interceded for her with her angry uncle, and the marriage was to take place as soon as Montreville could make certain family arrangements. Unhappily, Montreville encountered one of the male busybodies of the place, who officially informed him that Adrienne had had little adventures with Ledoux and her cousin Godibert. This was just as the wedding had been postponed because of old Madame Vauxdoré's sudden death. Montreville jumped to the conclusion that Adrienne was perfidious, and that fear lest he should discover this fact had caused her to exact the promise that he would not go to the Troupeau house. Having (apparently) obtained confirmation from various persons acquainted with the local gossip, he departed that night without saying farewell, leaving notes for Adrienne and her uncle. To the latter he wrote merely that he could not marry Adrienne. To Adrienne he wrote that he would have pardoned her and married her, had she frankly confessed her intrigues, instead of making him believe that he alone possessed her heart. Vauxdoré promptly ordered Adrienne out of his house. Repenting, two hours later, and returning home to pardon and detain her, he found that she had departed, leaving no trace.

Virginie had worn out her aunt's household: Baisemon had taken to his bed, the maid-servant had her hands full with the work and with waiting upon him; while the coachman was in

an equally feeble state. *Perpétue*, the maid, suggested that the fruit-vender had highly recommended two young men, who might be hired, one for the garden, the other for the stable work. In truth, *Doudoux* and *Godibert* had bribed the fruit-vender to get them into the house, and now presented themselves disguised with wigs and long blue smocks. *Virginie* recognized them at once; and her aunt was satisfied, now that the dog had ceased to bark by night. They proved unsatisfactory as servants, chased away the dog, deliberately ruined the dinners—and contrived to obtain brief interviews with *Virginie*, but without in the least advancing their cause. Eventually, when *Baisemon* and the coachman were able to be about, the young men were recognized as the suspicious characters who had pursued the cabriolet on the way from *Belleville*; but out of fear, they were allowed to remain one night longer. Aided by accident, and (half-intentionally) by the mischievous *Virginie*, they had some startling midnight adventures with the supposed peasants, which *Virginie* discovered by eavesdropping, and which gave her a valuable hold over her aunt.

The old aunt owned another house, in the center of the town. Thither she removed soon afterward; and although a rear chamber was allotted to *Virginie*, she determined to get the advantages of the lively street-front when her aunt's back should be turned. As she was gazing from the window one morning, with this laudable object in view, she recognized *Montreville*, and promptly tossed out the first thing which came to hand—her scissors; then she ran down-stairs and cajoled the old coachman to unlock the street-door, and let her get them. In the conversation which ensued, she learned from *Montreville* that he had been living in Paris, but had been ordered to the country for his health, and so was visiting a relative in *Senlis*. As she did not see him pass the house again, she adopted other means to meet him. First she fascinated old *Baisemon*; then she begged her aunt to allow her to go out walking under *Baisemon*'s charge (as the town house had no garden for exercise); but although she kept the old man on his feet for hours during the first two days, she did not succeed in encountering *Montreville*. On the third day, she recognized him, seated at the foot of a tree, in a little grove, and plunged

in meditation. Pretending that she wished to sleep, leaning against a tree, she induced Baisemon to sleep in reality, a little way off, then uttered a cry and attracted Montreville's attention, which resulted in a long conversation. On the following days Virginie repeated the maneuver, and Montreville, though at first too reserved for her taste, gradually allowed himself to relax his severe resolve never to love again, after Adrienne's perfidy.

He soon began to court her mildly, and Virginie told him that while she loved him, her parents were determined upon marrying her to the Count de Senneville. Just as he was embracing her, and vowing nevermore to think of any other woman, an insect stung Baisemon and awakened him. Virginie promptly introduced Montreville as the Count de Senneville, saying that he was there incognito, to discuss certain matters with her, and therefore would not present himself to her aunt. Thereafter, their daily interviews were superintended by the vigilant Baisemon, who slept no more. But one afternoon Troupeau unexpectedly arrived, to entreat Mademoiselle Bellavoine to make them a visit at Belleville, bringing Virginie with her, as he and his wife were horribly lonely without their daughter. Baisemon, thinking to give him pleasure, betrayed the secret of the meetings between Virginie and the "Count de Senneville"—the real Count being in England, as Troupeau well knew. Accordingly, with the collusion of Baisemon, Troupeau joined the young pair on the following day, recognized Montreville (he had hoped it was really the Count), and was horrified when his daughter informed him that she loved Montreville, wished to be his wife, and expected to become so, as her parents would hardly wish to render their only child unhappy. Troupeau announced his intention of taking her home on the following day, and Mademoiselle Bellavoine undertook to reprimand her severely, and subdue her before they set out. But Virginie subdued her great-aunt by a brief allusion to the facts which she had learned by eavesdropping; after which the old lady refused to meddle, or to hear another word about the matter from Troupeau.

The wilful dams^{el} remained firm in her determination to wed Montreville, even after her parents had shut her up in

her room for six weeks. When they gave her permission to walk in the garden, she refused. She did not complain; but her health began to suffer, and Mademoiselle Bellavoine authorized Madame Troupeau to tell her daughter that she would cut her off from the inheritance if she did not forthwith consent to marry the Count. Virginie again brought her great-aunt to terms by an allusion to some of the occurrences at Senlis; so thoroughly, in fact, that the old lady advised the parents to marry the girl to Montreville. Then Troupeau wrote to summon Montreville. A fortnight sufficed for him to procure the necessary papers. It was decided that the young couple should live in Paris, as Montreville did not seem to like Belleville. Only ten days remained to the wedding, when a letter came from the Count de Senneville, in England, announcing his arrival in a week. To avoid complications it was decided to hasten the wedding, and Virginie decided to go to Paris in person, to see about her unfinished frocks, while her father arranged the affair to take place two days before the Count could arrive.

Accompanied by Baisemon, the girl visited the dressmaker, and found that her frock for the wedding-ball was done, but not the one for the wedding. It appeared that the very clever seamstress who was at work upon the latter lived in the attic of the same house, and being a young mother, could not leave her baby. Virginie insisted upon going to the room—and there found Adrienne. For the first time she learned the truth, including the name of the infant's father, which she could not doubt, so strong was the resemblance between the two. Adrienne even showed Virginie Montreville's letter which contained the accusation of intrigues with Doudoux and Godibert. Virginie wept, refused to try on her frock, refused to tell Adrienne whom she was about to marry, and affectionately kissing her unhappy friend, and promising to return, hastened away. She made Baisemon drive with her to Montreville's apartment, and wait in the carriage while she had an interview with her betrothed. To him she frankly confessed that it was she with whom Ledoux and Godibert had had rendezvous—not Adrienne; but that she had always managed to make good her escape, leaving the odium to fall upon Adrienne, who had nobly refused to betray her. Montreville on hearing this, and learning that

Adrienne still loved him, begged to be taken to her and his son. Virginie released him from his engagement to her, and took him to Adrienne. Before she left them, she announced that she was going to wed the Count of Senneville. On reaching home, she astounded her parents by declaring that she had changed her mind, and would marry the Count.

The Count arrived on time (the first instance in his life), having spent his last sou, squandered his estate in Touraine, and realized that he must make a good marriage at once. Virginie paid a private visit to the notary, and arranged that her dowry should be used to buy back the Touraine property, while reserving for herself the inheritance from her aunt. The Count was not well pleased with this arrangement, but Virginie gave him leave to break off, if he cared nothing for her and objected to this wise precaution for their future.

The wedding took place a fortnight later (Adrienne and Montreville having been married in the interim), and Virginie particularly requested her parents to invite to the feast (at a fashionable Paris restaurant) "those very amiable young men, Ledoux and Godibert," whom she wished to introduce to her husband. This she did, and the Count invited them to visit at the estate in Touraine, and to call at the apartment in town, which—as the invitation was cordially seconded by the Countess—they promised to do.

Vauxdoré took his niece into favor again, and frequently visited her pretty home, where happiness reigned.

MARGARETTA WADE DELAND

(United States, 1857)

THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE (1906)

The scene of this story is in Old Chester, the half-mythical Pennsylvania town that Mrs. Deland has made famous in other stories. Persons who are already familiar friends of many readers reappear here, playing their respective parts in the solution of Helena Richie's problem without becoming new characters. The main action of the story, covering a few months, is in the present day. We present here the author's own synopsis of the story.



R. LAVENDAR was somewhat perplexed by a request from a country parson that he find a home for a seven-year-old boy, the last of whose relatives had died; he asked Dr. William King whether he knew anybody who might take the lad.

"Well," said King, "there's Mrs. Richie."

The clergyman demurred that they knew very little about the lady. She was a widow who had taken possession of the Stuffed Animal House as tenant of Sam Wright; she lived simply, but with evidence of having plenty of money; once in a while she attended church, but she was so reserved that nobody felt acquainted with her, and nobody visited her except her brother, Mr. Lloyd Pryor, of whom the Old Chester people knew less than they did of his sister. Dr. King, who was better acquainted with her than Dr. Lavendar was, because the ailments of her servants had made him a comparatively frequent caller at the Stuffed Animal House, was sure she was a nice woman, shy but not really unsociable. Sam Wright had told him she thought of buying the house. "Sam's Sam," as the villagers called Wright's son, called on her frequently. It was said he was making sheep's eyes at her.

Dr. Lavendar hoped she did not encourage the young man;

Sam's Sam was twenty-three, and Mrs. Richie was, according to feminine Old Chester, forty-five, or, to avoid exaggeration, forty. (As a matter of fact, she was thirty-three.) King was sure she did not encourage Sam's Sam, and, recurring to the original subject of the conversation, said he would sound Mrs. Richie about taking the boy, David Allison.

This he did when professional duty next took him to the Stuffed Animal House. Mrs. Richie was so astonished at the suggestion that she laughed; it was not to be thought of; but she talked about it, and thus William King came to know more about her early life than had been known by anybody in Old Chester before that day. She did not volunteer her story. He dragged it from her, bit by bit, questioning her as if she were a patient whose symptoms he must know. It seemed that she had had a baby boy of her own twelve years ago; his father was a brute; he hurt the little one when he was only eight months old, and the baby died soon afterward. It was evident to sympathetic Willy King that here was mother-love waiting for the hapless David; but Mrs. Richie still shook her head. She might take the boy for a week, perhaps two, if that would help Dr. Lavendar; and King was sure that it would.

The physician's visit awakened many memories of her life that she had not confided to him. Her childhood had passed with her father's mother, a silent woman who, with bitter expectation of success, had set herself to discover in Helena traits of the poor, dead, foolish wife who had broken her son's heart. "She begrimed me the least little bit of pleasure," thought Helena; "why didn't she like me to be happy?" That was ever the cry of her heart—happiness! It was her one unquestioned conviction that she had a right to be happy. She had not desired love, but escape from her grandmother's gray life had seemed an avenue to happiness, and at the age of eighteen she had married Frederick. He had made such promises! She was to have every kind of happiness. Of course she had married him. As for love, she never thought of it. She married him because he wanted her to, and because he would make her happy. And, oh, how glad her grandmother had been! At the memory of that passionate satisfaction, Helena laughed aloud. Happy!

If she could only have forgotten the baby! Lloyd had told her she would. Lloyd's tenderness had been convincing, twelve years ago. He had let her talk of the baby all she wished. Of course, after a while he got tired of the subject, and naturally. It was Frederick's boy! And Lloyd hated Frederick as much as she. How they used to talk about him in those days! "Have you heard anything?" "Yes, running down hill every day." "Is there any news?" "Yes, he'll drink himself into his grave in six months." Ah, that was happiness indeed! "His *grave*, in six months!" . . . She flung herself back in her chair, her hands dropping listlessly in her lap. "Oh, my little dead baby!"

Mrs. Richie wrote to Lloyd about David Allison, and the moment Mr. Pryor, in Philadelphia, read her letter, he exclaimed: "Just the thing for her!" He was so sure of it that he went down to Old Chester to say so in person. It was six weeks since he had visited Helena. There was a long stage journey from Mercer, the nearest railway station, and it happened that his fellow-passenger in the stage-coach was young David, then on his way to Dr. Lavendar's. Mr. Pryor spoke to the little fellow in a friendly way, and gave him an apple. Presently the boy asked him whether he had any little boys and girls. Yes, Lloyd Pryor had a girl. He smiled as he answered.

"Is she as old as me? I'm seven, going on eight."

"Well, then, let's see. Alice is—she is twice and five years more as old. What do you make of that?"

The child began to count on his fingers, and Mr. Pryor resumed the reading that the conversation had interrupted. After a while the boy said suddenly: "In the flood the ducks couldn't be drowned, could they?" Mr. Pryor told the boy that he talked too much, and for the rest of the journey there was no talking.

Lloyd had not been long at the Stuffed Animal House when Helena interrupted her joy in his presence to ask: "Have you heard anything of—Frederick?"

He replied curtly: "No, nothing. Perfectly well, the last I heard. In Paris, and enjoying himself in his own peculiar fashion."

She drew in her breath, and turned her face away; they were

both silent for a time, and when they spoke again it was of other matters.

Mrs. Richie had a caller that afternoon, old Benjamin Wright, grandfather of Sam's Sam. He lived with his canaries and one aged man-servant, in a great house farther up the hill. He was the only man in Old Chester who came anywhere near understanding Sam's Sam. Everybody else called young Sam a fool; so did old Benjamin, for that matter, and cursed him roundly for his follies; but it was Benjamin who encouraged the boy's taste for literature, and who stimulated his endeavors to express himself in verse. He loved the dreamy, impulsive, utterly "un-practical" youth the more, perhaps, because between himself and young Sam's father a feud of such bitterness had existed that for thirty-two years neither had spoken a word to the other. The aged man knew that his grandson spent many long evenings at Mrs. Richie's, and that she had praised a drama that Sam had just brought to completion. He had called to invite her to come to his own house for the purpose of hearing the drama read through in its finished form. Mrs. Richie nervously feared that she must decline. Old Benjamin thought it was because she had a visitor, and told her to bring her brother as a matter of course. That, too, she said would be impossible.

"Well, then," said old Benjamin, "wait till he goes. Come Monday night."

"Oh," she said, her voice fluttering, "I really can't."

He insisted querulously on knowing the reason why. "I don't make visits," she stammered. "Gad-a-mercy! Why not?" he interrupted. "Do you think you are too good for us here in Old Chester? Or perhaps Old Chester is too good for you?"

He was looking at her with the same quizzical delight with which he would look at one of his canaries when he caught it and held it struggling in his hand. "Are we too good for you?" he jeered.

He stopped abruptly, and his mouth fell slowly open in blank amazement. "Where is that gentleman?" he demanded.

"Mr. Pryor went in to dinner," she said faintly. "Please excuse him. He was tired."

Mr. Wright pulled himself to his feet and felt his way around

the table until he stood directly in front of her; he put his face close to hers and stared into her eyes. Then he groped for his hat and stick. "I will bid you good-day," he said. Without another word he shuffled out. At the front door he turned and looked back at her; then slowly shook his head.

Mrs. Richie and Mr. Pryor quarreled more than once during his brief visit. That had come to be no uncommon matter in recent years. He was finical about his food, and on this occasion Helena's cook was ill. Little things went wrong, and Pryor was impatient. Helena was sensitive, and showed it. But the worst came when they were discussing young Sam Wright's attentions, which amused Pryor at first, and then interested him. "I suppose," he said, "your adorer is a good deal younger than you are?"

She lifted her head sharply. "Yes; what of it?"

"Oh, nothing. In the first place the health of our friend, Frederick, is excellent. But if this fellow were not younger—Of course, Helena, my great desire is for your happiness; but in my position I—I am not as free as I once was to follow my own inclinations. And if Frederick should—"

"Oh, my God!" she said violently, and fled from the room. It was hours before she would speak to him, but he was persistent, and persuaded her at last that he had been joking.

Lloyd Pryor urged Helena to take little David. She visited the lad at Dr. Lavendar's and speedily came to want him with a great longing. Dr. Lavendar shrewdly contrived delays until the three were better acquainted, but the end of it was that David went to the Stuffed Animal House where, out of school hours, he had a playmate who never tired. Helena romped with him in the yard, took her turn at being a pirate king, or a shipwrecked maiden, according to David's inventive turn of the moment, playcd backgammon with him in the evening, heard his prayers—she, who never prayed—and actually got up to breakfast, something she had not done since she could remember. There were hours, ayc, days on end, when she was jubilantly happy. She loved the lad, and if he did not respond as fully as she wished, that was but incentive for loving him more; and her life became in a way a courtship of the little boy, in which there was every wholesome indication that she would win.

Meantime Sam's Sam continued to call and lay his calf-love at her feet. She snubbed him repeatedly, but without diminishing his ardor. And this, viewed from a distance by Old Chester, was causing anxiety in three places and gossip everywhere. Sam's father had no influence with him whatever. The young man endured his scolding without hearing it. Grandfather Benjamin offered young Sam money to go away and see the world, suggesting, as an object for a journey, a search for a publisher for his play. Young Sam declined. He preferred to stay in Old Chester. Dr. Lavendar did not share the anxiety of grandfather and father on the young man's score, but he tried to make the situation a means to a reconciliation between the old men. He, too, advised that young Sam be got out of town, and he succeeded just so far as in getting Benjamin and his son together to discuss the matter. It was the first time they had met in thirty-two years. They passed a stubborn, uncomfortable hour, and did not discuss young Sam's affairs. Young Sam settled the matter in his own way. He proposed marriage to Helena and was decisively, unmistakably rejected.

That was on a Sunday evening, the same evening when Dr. Lavendar's meeting between Benjamin and his son failed to effect a reconciliation. Next day Benjamin called again on Helena. His purpose this time was to persuade her to send young Sam about his business. "I want you to forbid his visits," he said, in his domineering way.

David stood by. "You are not very polite, Mr. Old Gentleman," he said thoughtfully.

"Is that your child?" Wright demanded, seeing David for the first time.

Helena told him it was a boy who was visiting her. Wright sneered. "Rather remarkable that a child should visit you," said he. "I should think his parents—"

"Hush!" she broke in violently, and sent David away. Then, turning on her visitor: "How dare you? Dr. Lavendar brought him to me. I never asked your grandson to come here. I don't want him."

Benjamin Wright bent his fierce brows upon her. "What does Lavendar mean by sending a child to you?" he growled. "What's he thinking of? But of course he never had any

sense. Well, madam, you will, I know, *protect yourself* by forbidding my grandson to inflict further calls on you?"

The color faded out of Helena's face, and, when Wright went tottering down the path, she staggered after him. He turned and waited. "Mr. Wright, you won't—" Her face trembled with dismay. His hard eyes softened. "You think I'll tell," said he. "Gad-a-mercy, madam, I'm a gentleman. I shall say nothing to Lavendar, or anybody else. You and I understand each other. I'm a man of the world. But with Sam, it's different, isn't it? He's in love with you, and I thought you might—but I see you wouldn't think of such a thing. I make you my apologies." And he turned away, mumbling, "Poor bird!"

Shortly after his return to the great house up the hill, young Sam came to say that he would take money now, and go away from Old Chester. The money was supplied in liberal measure, and he departed on the following day.

Helena soon forgot her terror at the old man's discovery of her secret in anger at his insinuation that harm could come to David by being with her. Of course her way of living was considered "wrong" by people who could not understand such situations, but the idea of any harm coming to David was ridiculous! As for Sam Wright, all that sort of thing was impossible because it was repugnant. She detested his love-making. As she thought of it all she fell in a fury of temper against old Benjamin, against Old Chester, against respectability. She determined to leave Old Chester.

Mrs. Richie was independently wealthy, but she gave no personal attention to her business affairs, which were in the hands of an agent. From him she received a telegram announcing the death of Frederick in Paris. She immediately telegraphed the glad news to Lloyd Pryor, and then watched the road for the coming of a messenger with a reply from him that he was on his way to see her. No reply came, and, with her heart heavy with apprehension, she concluded that he would come without announcing his journey. But the week passed, and instead of Lloyd a letter came from him, coldly informing her that he was setting out on a journey of several weeks' duration. A postscript referred to her telegram. "We must

talk things over the next time I come to Old Chester," he wrote.

The passion of disappointment, which endured long, was followed by hope that he would write fully in a few days. He did not, and Helena found it hard to excuse him, though she tried to, for she had to have excuses. She played with David as eagerly as ever, but her spirits drooped. Then young Sam came home. "I had to come back," he told his mother, kissing her, and her heart leaped with joy. "I had to come back," he told his grandfather a few hours later. Old Benjamin supposed he had run out of money, but he still appeared to have had plenty. Had he found a publisher for his drama? No, it had been rejected once, and he had destroyed it. "Fool!" said grandfather; "but I hope you've got over your fool falling in love with a woman old enough to be your mother?"

"I love Mrs. Richie as much as I ever did," said Sam. Old Benjamin flew into a rage, storming mainly about the disparity in years. Sam made nothing of that saying that Mrs. Richie would overlook it.

"Damnation!" roared Benjamin. "*She*, overlook! She isn't fit to marry."

The young man gaped at him blankly.

"She's bad," Benjamin Wright said in a low voice.

"How dare you!" cried Sam, in a sudden fury. "If her brother were here, he'd shoot you, but she has me, and I—"

"Her brother!" sneered Benjamin Wright. "He is her lover, my boy."

Sam gasped, and swayed from side to side for a moment. Then he struck his grandfather full in the face. "You old fool! You lie! You lie! Do you hear me?"

The boy dashed away and ran straight to the Stuffed Animal House. Helena met him in the doorway, and he grasped her arm so hard that his nails cut into her flesh.

"You will tell me that he lied," said Sam. "My grandfather said your brother was not your brother. He said he was your lover. My God! did he lie?"

She tried to pull her wrist away from his grasp, but he pressed after her, his face dreadfully close to hers. She stared at him in a trance of fright for a long minute of silence. Then Sam

said slowly, as if reading the words from the open page of her face: "He—did—not—lie." He dropped her wrist. "So this is life," he added thoughtfully. "Well, I have had enough of it."

He went quickly out into the night, and for an hour Helena was dazed. Slowly the idea of immediate flight began to form in her mind, when suddenly the significance of Sam's last words occurred to her. She leaped to her feet and ran all the way to William King, to whom she told her fear that Sam meant to kill himself. King laughed at the thought, but, to comfort her, went with her to the Wright home. Sam shot himself in his room, and died instantly, while Dr. King and Helena were at the gate.

It was given out, and his mother believed it, that the weapon was discharged accidentally. Three persons, at least, knew better, and each of them charged himself with the fault. Sam's father, because he had not welcomed his son's return, but had scolded him contemptuously; Sam's grandfather, for having betrayed Helena's secret; and Helena, for reasons so deep that she herself could not have explained them clearly at that time.

After the shock of the tragedy she accomplished what she had told Willy King would be impossible: she attended Sam's funeral. It was a terrifying episode. When the coffin was borne down the aisle, the solid ground of experience heaved and staggered under her feet, and in the midst of the elemental tumult she had her first glimpse of responsibility—a blasting glimpse that sent her cowering back to assertions of her right to her own happiness; but these assertions now found weak arguments to sustain them. In the crack of the pistol and the crash of ruined family life she heard for the first time the dreadful sound of the argument of her life to other lives; and at that sound the very foundation of those excuses of her right to happiness rocked and crumbled, and left her selfishness naked before her eyes. She was driven to the shelter of marriage: obedience to the letter of the law, for in her confusion she mistook marriage for morality. At once! And she left the church determined to hold Lloyd Pryor to his promise.

Dr. King called on her. He observed her somber mood and took her kindly to task for it. "You mustn't be morbid,"

he said. "You are no more responsible for young Sam's folly than I am."

She shook her head dubiously, and the physician proceeded to argue with her. How could she help it if Sam did love her? Her gentleness and goodness were like something he had never seen before. Willy here had pronounced a text that stirred his warm heart to extended utterance. He preached away about her goodness, in spite of her interruptions and protests, until he frenzied her, and she blurted the truth about herself. Willy was inexpressibly shocked, and the pain in his white face tortured her further. "But I am going to be married!" she cried desperately as he turned away.

At last Lloyd came. He told her he would keep his promise if she insisted on it, but he begged her to release him. Marriage with her would put him in a very awkward position with regard to his daughter Alice. How could they hope to deceive her, a grown woman, about their past relations? And Alice was so devoted to truth; she had such implicit confidence in him as the soul of honor; she was so pure, he said.

"Alice is not the only person in the world," said Helena, and held him to his promise. He yielded, and they discussed details. A casual allusion to David brought out Lloyd's indifference to the boy and Helena's profound love for him. She had not dreamed that Lloyd would not take David when he should take her, but had no intention of doing anything of the kind. "I can't give him up," Helena pleaded. "You needn't," Lloyd replied. "Of course you'll leave Old Chester. Very well, take him with you and I will visit you as often as I can."

She fled from him again, and this time he did not try to persuade her that he was joking. He sent a note to her room, giving it as his opinion that she had settled the problem wisely. She penciled a reply: "I will never see you again. I never want to hear your name again."

Just at this time David went with Dr. Lavendar on a long contemplated but brief visit to Philadelphia. During the boy's absence Willy King nerved himself to the performance of a most painful duty.

It was unthinkable to him that a woman of Helena's manner of life should be entrusted with the care and bringing up of a

child. He had to tell her so, and to assure her that if she did not return David voluntarily to Dr. Lavendar, he would tell the clergyman what ought to be known about her. She rebelled at his cruelty, but she dared not defy him; and, to gain time for thought, she wrote Dr. Lavendar, asking him to keep David for a few days. The doctor did so, and the days passed without bringing her any light. At last she saw there was no choice, and herself told Dr. Lavendar the truth.

The shock did not paralyze him, as it had paralyzed King, but he was firm in his attitude: she was not a proper person to rear a child, though he did not say that in so many words. On the contrary, when she pleaded that her wickedness had gone with the past, that she would be good and sacrifice herself for David, he told her that it was not his intention to take the boy from her. The substance of his argument was this: she had given up Lloyd because she would be happier with David; she had, therefore, made no sacrifice, but had chosen her course solely with a view to her own good; the real question was, *could she do David any good?* And this question he pressed upon her until in shameful humility she answered: "No."

"I am not worthy to have him," she moaned at last. "I give him up."

Dr. Lavendar then sought to guide her future. That she should leave Old Chester admitted of no argument. He recommended her to go to a Western town where he had friends to whom he would introduce her, and who would welcome her for his sake. Helena agreed humbly to all his suggestions. They talked the matter over and over for many days, and never once did she let her yearning for the boy overcome the new convictions as to the life that Dr. Lavendar had awakened in her. On the day before her departure she had David with her for a last visit, and the boy protested bitterly because she was going to leave him. Helena's wooing of the lad had triumphed. He loved her! But she put him by, and next morning climbed into the stage to begin her journey. The vehicle stopped at the rectory and Dr. Lavendar came out to say good-by. He asked her whether she would take a package with her. Of course she would; where was it? The driver had it, Dr. Lavendar said. She looked pathetically about for David.

"Oh, Dr. Lavendar," she said, "tell him I love him! Don't let him forget me!"

"He won't forget you," replied the doctor. "Helena, your Master came into the world as a little child. Receive him in thy heart with thanksgiving."

She looked at him, trembling and without words, but he understood her. Then she said faintly: "Good-by." She was so blinded with tears that she stumbled back into the stage before she saw David, buttoned up to his ears in his first great-coat, and bubbling over with excitement. Even when she did see him she did not at first understand. She looked at him, and then at Dr. Lavendar, and then back at David, to whom it was all a delightful game which, the night before, Dr. Lavendar and he had got up between them. It served its purpose, for the child had no suspicion of anything unusual in the situation.

"I'm the package!" said David joyously.

The stage rumbled down the road, and Dr. Lavendar went back to his empty house.

PHILIPPE DE MASSA

(France, 1831)

ZIBELINE (1892)

As a writer of stories depicting the gaiety and amusements of polite French society, De Massa has always been a favorite, and the following example was crowned by the French Academy soon after its publication.



HE Marquis Henri de Prérolles, a young sub-lieutenant of chasseurs, stationed at Vincennes, had won the great military steeplechase at La Manche, and one of his debtors had offered to liquidate his obligations by a supper at the Restaurant des Frères Provençaux, largely patronized in the days of the Second Empire.

About half-past eleven o'clock the dining-table was turned into a gaming-table; and before the night was over the Marquis had lost four hundred thousand francs to a certain Paul Landry, an ambitious and calculating plebeian, addicted to high play, and something of an adventurer.

Reaching the barracks in time for roll-call, the Marquis went through the duties of the morning as if nothing had happened, for, in order to escape the inevitable gossip over his escapade, he had fully determined to ask to be transferred to Africa; but his plans were suddenly changed, for at noon orders came for the eighteenth battalion of infantry to go, in less than a month, to assist the Emperor Maximilian in his invasion of Mexico. He at once sought his brother-in-law, the Duc de Montgeron, proprietor of the estate of La Sarthe, deputy of the Legitimist Opposition of the Empire, who lent him some money until the Marquis's ancestral château and lands could be sold to liquidate his gaming debt. This was soon done, and on the eve of his departure for Mexico, Henri found himself, after all his

debts had been settled, with only sixteen thousand francs and his pay.

In a farewell visit to the house of his ancestors, he vowed before the portrait of that Marshal of France whose name he bore either to vanquish the enemy or to add glory to his family's history. He served the doomed cause in Mexico with distinction; and on one occasion, after capturing a band of guerrillas, he found among them the reckless adventurer, Paul Landry, the chief cause of his ruin. With noble generosity, he restored to the astonished Landry his accoutrements and let him escape, saying simply: "This is my revenge!"

Twenty-three years later, one cold afternoon in February, when the Bois de Bologne was covered with snow, the Marquis de Prérölles, now a general in command of one of the infantry divisions of the army of Paris, and retaining at forty-five the slight figure, quick eye, and strong voice of his youth, saw at the Skaters' Club a young woman with dark waving hair, small, well-set head, brilliant eyes, pale complexion, and a dignified and graceful carriage, of whom Parisian society had been gossiping all winter, since she had, unchaperoned, set up an elegant establishment and appeared in all fashionable public places. It was said that she was a rich American, and she was known as Mademoiselle de Vermont; but because of her fondness for wearing the fur of an extremely rare animal found in Alaska and Greenland, some of the envious Parisiennes had given her the nickname of "Zibeline."

That evening the Marquis saw the fair stranger in her box at the *Comédie Française*, and she observed him in the third row of orchestra seats. Valentine de Vermont was not yet twenty-two years old, and, having only recently come to Paris, she knew few people in society; but she had with her in her box a distant relative, the elderly Chevalier de Sainte-Foy, who presently was seen by interested observers of all that went on in that box to confer with Monsieur Durand, a notary, and the Baron de Samoreau, a banker.

The next day, the committee of the Industrial Orphan Asylum met at the house of the Duchess de Montgeron, the General's sister, and a statement was made that it had become necessary to purchase a new site for the institution; a motion

followed to ascertain whether the annual resources of the organization would be sufficient to conduct the asylum, and at this point its treasurer, M. Durand, appeared, and said one of his rich clients had offered to assume all expenses provided she be allowed to choose the site herself, stipulating that her name be unknown until the offer was accepted; when, within three months, she agreed to make over to the society in a formal deed of gift the title of the real estate. This munificent offer was accepted with alacrity, and then the name was revealed. The generous donor proved to be Valentine de Vermont. The Duchess, finding that the young American was in her carriage at the gates, awaiting the return of M. Durand, invited her in, the Duke himself escorting her, and she was invited to sit in their box that evening at the opera.

About this time the Duc de Montgeron told his brother-in-law, the Marquis de Prérrolles, that his intimacy with the actress Mademoiselle Eugénie Gontier, of the *Comédie Française*, was beginning to reflect upon his military standing, and the General at once determined to break it off. He told the actress his reason, and she soon consoled herself very philosophically by marrying the rich banker, the Baron de Samoreau.

The afternoon after the opera Mademoiselle de Vermont called upon the Duchess de Montgeron and presented her with the signed contract which she had undertaken for the Orphan Asylum; and the Duchess, who was the president of the organization, gave a dinner in her honor. A fortnight later Valentine entertained the Duc and Duchesse de Montgeron, with their friends, at dinner in her own magnificent hotel; and during the dancing that followed the dinner Henri de Prérrolles became more deeply interested than before in the beautiful American. From a feeling of pride, and remorse at having thrown away his patrimony that mad night years before, he had forbidden himself ever to think of marriage. To defy this self-punishment, should he allow himself to ask for the hand of Mademoiselle de Vermont, would seem to sacrifice to the allurement of wealth the proud poverty he had borne so long. But temptation lurked in the shadow, the witness of this duel between pride and love. Valentine was often in the country, but Henri saw her at the review of the troops at Vincennes, and also on a

May morning where the Bagatelle road crosses the Pré-Catelan. She was mounted on her favorite horse, Seaman, and he on his famous charger, Aïda. She challenged him to a race, and when they reached the Auteuil Hippodrome, which, although it was a race day, was not yet open to the public, she entered on the steeplechase track. In vain the General, knowing the dangers ahead, pleaded with her to desist. Their horses leaped all obstacles until Seaman, now beyond Zibcline's control, and not having taken sufficient time to prepare for the leap, struck the heavy beams put to obstruct further progress on the opposite side of a brook with such force that he fell with broken bones on the other side. Unhorsed by the shock, Valentine had gone over the animal's head and lay insensible on the grass. The General knelt beside her, and listened to her labored breathing. Assisted by two laborers and her groom, he placed her on a litter, and had her taken in a spring carriage to her home, where the surgeon said there was no fracture, but that he could not answer for the consequences of the shock; if she revived soon, her faculties would be unimpaired; if not, her condition was serious. But youth triumphed over death, and her first word was "Henri!" Valentine was saved, but from that word almost unconsciously spoken the General had learned her secret, and he felt more than ever the loss of his property and the family château, and his scruples about marrying returned. While Valentine was regaining consciousness, he left her to summon his sister, the Duchess, and Valentine's elderly relative, the Chevalier de Sainte-Foy.

Two days later Mademoiselle de Vermont went to the country to recover from the shock, and from there she sent a note to the Marquis, asking him to accompany his sister to inspect the Orphan Asylum before it was formally handed over to the Society. Therefore, the next day he went with the Duc and the Duchesse de Montgeron to Prêles, and after driving a quarter of an hour they stopped at Valpendant, a feudal manor which had formerly belonged to the lords of Prérôles. The exact location of the asylum had been kept a secret, and it was a great surprise to Henri de Prérôles to find on this old place two fine buildings thoroughly equipped with everything necessary for the intellectual and manual training of children. The

old tower alone remained, and even that had been turned into an abode for the future Director.

The General did not seem as much interested as Zibeline had expected, but when he expressed a wish to see the old château she offered to drive him there. What was his astonishment to find, instead of the factory and cottages which he and the Duchess had seen erected there nine years after the property was sold to pay Henri's debts, the château restored, its garden-wall rebuilt, and instead of kitchen-gardens, the green fields as smooth as they used to be. Then Zibeline told Henri that she was the daughter of Paul Landry, who had won from him the four hundred thousand francs, with which he had founded and built up a great fur-trading business in America. She said that when her father was on his death-bed he had told her that the ruin he had brought upon the Marquis had been the remorse of his whole life; and that after his death she had resolved to take her mother's name of De Vermont, to return to France, and restore to the Marquis his ancestral estates. They then drove up to the door of the château and entered Prérrolles. The Duchess had assisted in arranging the interior, especially the gallery, where the family portraits had been rehung. Among them was now that of the General of Divisions, Henri, Marquis de Prérrolles, in full uniform, mounted on Aida—a portrait which Zibeline had secretly engaged a distinguished artist to paint. The Marquis was deeply touched by her thoughtfulness in placing his own portrait among those of his ancestors. Leading her to that picture of the ancestral Marshal of France before which he had made his vow twenty-three years before either to vanquish the enemy or to regain with honor all that he had lost at play, he said, "I have kept my word," and asked her to be his wife. She promised him, and he turned to meet the Duke and Duchess, who were entering the room, and presented Zibeline to them as "the Marquise de Prérrolles."

At the opening of the Orphan Asylum the next day their engagement was made known by the announcement that the Marquis and Marquise de Prérrolles would assume the responsibility of the support of the Orphan Asylum, and that this promise would form a special clause in their marriage contract.

HENRI RENÉ ALBERT GUY DE MAUPASSANT

(France, 1850-1893)

MONT ORIOL (1883)

The following tale was the first full-length novel from the pen of De Maupassant, who was aptly called "the master of the short story." In alluding to his own first attempt at writing a sustained narrative, he says: "After a succession of literary schools, which have given us deformed, superhuman, poetic, pathetic, charming, or splendid pictures of life, a naturalistic school has arisen, which maintains that it shows us the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."



R. BONNEFILLE discovered a great spring in Enval, Auvergne, and called it the Bonnefille Spring. Some landed proprietors in the neighborhood put up a building designed to serve as bathing establishment and casino; baths were to be had on the first floor, and music and wine on the floor above. Three hotels also were built for the accommodation of patients, and two new doctors soon made their appearance, the one from Paris, Dr. Latonne, and Dr. Honorat, an Auvergnat.

The Marquis de Ravenel, his daughter, Madame Andermatt, and her husband were at Enval. The Marquis met Dr. Bonnefille and asked him to come to see his daughter. Monsieur Andermatt had a letter to Dr. Latonne, but he, the Marquis, had perfect confidence in Dr. Bonnefille.

Madame Andermatt was not very ill; she was nervous and anæmic, and disappointed at not having a child in her two years of married life. M. Andermatt, a Jew, devoted to business, related to the doctor his wife's symptoms and their disappointment at having no offspring, which disappointment they hoped would be turned to joy, as Dr. Bonnefille's pamphlet on the waters of Enval declared they were a cure for sterility.

Madame Andermatt, Christiane, was twenty-one. She knew nothing of love, and did not look below the surface of things, but took life as she found it. At first she had not liked the idea of marrying M. Andermatt, because he was a Jew. But Madame Icardon, an old friend of her mother, persuaded the Marquis that it would be a good match for his daughter, as William Andermatt was very rich and amiable.

Christiane's brother, Gontran, arrived at Enval, and brought with him his friend, Monsieur Paul Bretigny.

Père Oriol, the richest peasant in the neighborhood, was going to blast his hill, which he had talked of doing for six years. He owned large tracts of land, including extensive vineyards, and this hill threw a shadow over half of a large field. It would be a great event, this blasting, and everyone went to see it. After it was over a spring gushed out from the exposed ground, and everyone was excited about it. Andermatt, also, was excited over the new spring; if the analysis of the water should prove satisfactory he would establish a spa. He requested Gontran to take him to see Père Oriol. Andermatt told Gontran that business was very amusing; one must be always on the lookout for something new; the great battle of to-day is fought with money, and he fought continually. The rich business men, he said, are the men of might to-day. He should succeed, because he had the money and knew how to lead men.

They found Père Oriol, his son, and two daughters, at home. Andermatt asked the old man how much he would take for his spring, and a certain portion of land, if the analysis of the water proved satisfactory, and told him to think the matter over and let him know.

Père Oriol and his son were excited over the discovery of the spring, and over Andermatt's offer. The old man woke early the next morning, and, fearing the spring might have disappeared, he and his son went to look at it. On their way they met Père Clovis, a paralytic, well known in the neighborhood; he had been a poacher, and became rheumatic from exposure in the streams and damp grass, watching for his prey. For ten years he had been going about on crutches, dragging his right leg behind him. There were those who declared that his lameness was assumed in order to deceive the *gendarmes*.

The water was gushing from the spring and showing unmistakable evidences of iron. The two Oriols then went to Père Clovis and by offering him money persuaded him to consent to take a bath in the spring every day, and to be cured at the end of the month. And if he became lame again that would be a matter of no consequence, for the cure would have been made through the use of the water. When Andermatt and Dr. Latonne appeared, Père Oriol suddenly seemed to see Père Clovis, and arranged with the two men to try the effect of the water on the paralytic.

Christiane asked Gontran to tell her something about his friend, who, she said, did not attract her. Gontran told her that Paul was very impetuous; he yielded to every impulse, not controlling any desire, whether virtuous or otherwise. He had had many love-affairs, and had fought several duels.

Bretigny, talking to Christiane, was enthusiastic about Nature and perfumes. Christiane was astonished, as she had never heard anyone talk like that before.

The Marquis told his daughter that her husband wished to win over to his views the whole Oriol family, and in order that it might be done with tact, they would organize a *fête*, and Christiane should make the acquaintance of the Oriol girls. The *fête* was a success, and raised a large sum of money for the parish.

Paul talked to Christiane about music, and his enthusiasm about such things continued to astonish her. Although she had felt a slight repugnance to him at first, it had passed off, and they were now friends. He appealed to her intellect in a way that no man ever had before; he discoursed of art, of beauty, and quoted poetry.

The Oriol girls had been educated at a convent, and were ladylike and pleasing, and Christiane became very friendly with them. Andermatt, full of his project to build a spa, went to Paris for a fortnight.

The conversations between Paul and Christiane became more intimate. He related to her many of his experiences, and talked of love, of jealousy, of many romantic incidents that touched her heart. She became aware that he was paying court to her. Other men had done this, but she had laughed

at them. Paul found her inexperienced in love, but was attracted by her ingenuousness. He treated her as a young girl; he desired her, but he would not touch her; he felt he should like to protect her from harm and trouble of all kinds.

There was an excursion to the lake of Tazenat, and the return was by moonlight. Paul was just behind Christiane in the moonlight, and she heard him say: "I love you!—I love you!—I love you!" When she awoke the next morning she remembered these words, and she was very happy.

A few days later, Christiane, her father, and Paul went to see the ruins of Tournoel by moonlight. The Marquis was tired and sat down to rest, while the others went on. Christiane was agitated; Paul took her in his arms, and kissed her lips. Her strength seemed to leave her and she yielded.

The next morning Andermatt returned. Christiane did not wish him to come near her, so she told him she thought she was pregnant, and he was delighted. When she saw Paul she said: "I belong to you, body and soul. Do with me henceforth what you please."

Andermatt went to see how Père Clovis was getting on, and to see Père Oriol about the land. The analysis of the spring water was satisfactory, and Andermatt was now more enthusiastic than ever about his project, and returned to Paris that evening. Christiane was glad to have him go. She went to her room early and sat in the moonlight; a shadow fell across her balcony; it was Paul, and she sprang into his arms.

The whole town and the surrounding country were absorbed in Andermatt's project; a brilliant future was predicted for the place, and nothing else was talked of. And in perfect security Paul and Christiane met and loved each other without anyone paying the slightest heed to them. Christiane saw only one man in the world, and that was Paul; she was oblivious of everything but his love.

One evening the Marquis told them that Andermatt would return in four days, as everything was settled, and they should leave the day after his arrival. Andermatt brought friends with him, members of the new company, and a meeting was held, Père Oriol and his son being present. Final matters were

discussed, and Mont Oriol was the name selected by Andermatt for the new establishment.

The lovers were distressed at the idea of a separation, and Paul asked Christiane to meet him at a group of chestnut-trees on the road to La Roche Pradière. He arrived first, and watched her as she approached him in the moonlight. Her shadow on the white, dusty road preceded her, and when it reached him he went down on his hands and knees and kissing the outline of it, came to her, and, still on his knees, clasped her in his arms. They made plans to meet frequently in Paris.

The following summer at Mont Oriol everything was going on well; there were a casino and a new hotel, and the baths were opened in June, but the official opening of the grand new establishment was postponed until the first of July. There was to be a *fête*, the naming and blessing of the springs, and in the evening fireworks and a ball.

In the evening Andermatt took Gontran aside for a talk. He had lent his brother-in-law large sums with great amiability; now he advised him to marry, and suggested one of the Oriol girls, as they would be rich. Père Oriol had told him that certain vineyards near the hotel and casino would be the dowries of these girls, and if they could be added to the establishment they would enhance its value greatly. Gontran said he would consider the matter.

Christiane looked ill, and as if her accouchement were very near. She was looking at the fireworks with Paul, and asked him why he had not come sooner to Enval. He replied that he was detained by business, and moved his chair away from hers a little, as she leaned toward him. She was very happy at having him with her, and told him she wished to go at once to the place near La Roche Pradière where they had said good-by the year before. He begged her not to think of it, for she was not able to walk so far; but she insisted, and he was obliged to go with her. He told her they might be seen, and she replied that he had not said that last year. She said she was very happy at the prospect of having a child that would be hers and his. She did not know that Paul had little of the paternal instinct, and that she was repugnant to him in her present condition. The "soaring of two hearts toward an inaccessible

ideal" was delicious and poetic to him; but the idea of a child of which he was the father coming from the ugly body of this woman, was disgusting to him.

When they reached the road she would go through a scene resembling that of last year. She moved from him and drew his attention to her shadow on the road; and when he saw the shadow of her altered shape he was angry with her that she could not understand his feelings, and told her that she was childish and ridiculous. She threw herself on his breast, telling him that she knew he loved her less. He felt some pity for her, and kissed her eyes.

It was soon rumored that Gontran was paying attention to Charlotte Oriol, the younger of the two sisters. Christiane and Paul spoke to him, telling him not to compromise the girl. Gontran laughed, and said that perhaps he wished to marry her, and if he should marry her it would be the only sensible thing he ever had done. One day he told Andermatt he thought the time had come to propose to Charlotte; he had not committed himself, but he felt that she would accept him. But first he wished Andermatt to sound Père Oriol, and his brother-in-law agreed to do so. Gontran went to Royat for the day, and on his return he sought Andermatt, who told him that Louise's dowry would be the lands near the casino, that were valuable, while Charlotte would have as dowry the land on the other side of the hill, which was of no value. Gontran was stunned, and knew not what to say or do. Andermatt would not advise him, but told him to think over the matter before deciding.

The next day Gontran brought the two sisters to dine with Christiane. With much tact he made himself very agreeable to Louise without appearing to neglect Charlotte. He preferred Charlotte; she was more engaging, but his interests compelled him to court Louise, and it irritated him to be obliged to do so. But Louise, more dignified than Charlotte, would perhaps make a more distinguished appearance as Comtesse de Ravenel.

For some time Christiane had felt that there was a change in Paul's love for her; it made her unhappy, but she had no idea of the cause. It began on the day when she told him that she was really *enceinte*; so happy was she to be in that condition that she talked of it incessantly. To him the affair was ugly and re-

pugnant, and he thought she should have kept away from him, to reappear afterward more attractive than ever. He had expected her to show tact enough to permit him to remain in Paris during the summer, while she was at Mont Oriol, and so prevent his seeing her ungainly shape and hollow cheeks. But she had written him urgent letters, and he came out of pity. She wearied him with her caresses and talk of love, and he had a strong desire to leave her. His irritation and weariness often showed in his words. They wounded her, for in her condition she needed sympathy more than ever. She loved him utterly, completely; she felt more like his wife than his mistress. She made him promise that he would tell her when he should no longer love her.

Andermatt told Paul that he looked very unhappy since his arrival at Enval, and that one would think he was losing a great deal of money every day.

For two years Gontran had been in great pecuniary distress, and a rich marriage was the only thing that could help him; yet so irritated was he to be obliged to turn his attentions to Louise that he almost resolved to remain a bachelor forever. But a loss at the casino strengthened his determination to marry.

In the presence of Paul and Christiane, Charlotte showed distress at Gontran's desertion, and they felt much sympathy for her. Paul spoke to Gontran about the girl's grief, and Gontran replied that he found he preferred Louise, adding allusions that disturbed Paul, as they made him fear Gontran knew of his intimacy with his sister.

Christiane being no longer able to go out, Gontran was obliged to find someone to replace her as a companion, in order that he might see Louise frequently. He decided upon Dr. Honorat's wife, a rather common person, who was delighted to further any plans of the Comte de Ravenel, and Dr. Honorat had been intimate with the Oriol family for many years. Gontran took Paul into his confidence, and the two young men went often to the doctor's house, where they met the two sisters. When Gontran told Paul that he had declared himself to Louise, Paul felt a great tenderness for Charlotte. For some time he had been attracted by her goodness and her ingenuousness; there was no artificiality about her; she was simple and natural.

After an interview with Père Oriol, in which everything was arranged, Andermatt announced to the Marquis that Gontran would marry Louise Oriol in about six weeks.

Paul went to see Christiane, who now kept her room. She looked at him reproachfully, asking many questions as to how he spent his days; for she was jealous, fearing he was falling in love with some other woman.

Paul's visits to the Oriols continued, and he soon became jealous of Dr. Mazelli, who was there frequently. Paul looked upon the man as an adventurer, and resolved to warn Charlotte of him. He spoke to Gontran, who arranged an interview, which ended in a declaration and an embrace, cut short by the entrance of Père Oriol. Charlotte fled, leaving her lover with the angry old man. Paul assured him solemnly that he had never embraced his daughter before, and that he desired to marry her.

Dr. Latonne told Andermatt that Paul was to marry Charlotte Oriol. Christiane, being in bed and feeling very miserable, asked her husband to send for Dr. Black, and he consented to do so. Gontran and Andermatt were astonished at the news of Paul's engagement. He requested them not to tell Christiane, as he preferred to tell her himself. Dr. Black went in to see Christiane; and after he had prescribed for her, he began to talk of various matters in Enval, and mentioned Paul's engagement. As soon as she realized what the doctor was saying, Christiane fainted. Suddenly pains came upon her, and she screamed. Fifteen hours later her daughter was born, and she felt that she never could touch it. But when her husband brought the child to her later, her repugnance vanished; she kissed the infant and held it in her arms, and felt a little less unhappy.

Gontran spoke to her of Paul's marriage, every word piercing her heart. Madame Honorat came to take care of her, and Christiane asked her innumerable questions about Paul and Charlotte. Christiane was delirious all that night. The next day she was calm, but felt that after this terrible crisis she could never be the same again. Even in her lover's arms, she now understood, when they sought to intermingle body and soul, they had not, and never could succeed in really coming close

together. She saw that from the beginning of the world it had been so, and that it would be so even unto the end.

Andermatt told Christiane that Paul wished to know whether she had heard of his intended marriage, and she sent him word that she entirely approved of it. Paul desired to see the child, and to know what name she would give it, whether Marguerite or Genevieve. Christiane said she should call the child Arlette.

On the first day that Christiane was able to sit up there was to be a public exhibition and experiments at the establishment, in which Père Clovis was to take part. Christiane asked her husband to tell Paul that she would like to see him, and he could keep her company while the others were enjoying the experiments.

For some days Paul had thought of their first meeting and dreaded it. He feared to meet Christiane's eyes, the eyes of the woman whom he had loved so fiercely and for so short a time. What would be her attitude, and how should he conduct himself?

She was lying down, one hand on the cradle beside her, the curtains of which were closely pinned together. A few commonplace remarks regarding her health passed between them, and then the child began to cry. Christiane excused herself, saying that she must attend to her daughter. Paul kissed the hand she held out to him, as she said:

“I pray that you may be happy.”

A LIFE (1883)

The controversy over the following story among French critics was long and spirited; some declared that such revelations of vice and domestic infelicity should find no place in modern fiction; others maintained that its truth overshadowed its unpleasantness.



JEANNE had left the convent of the Sacred Heart, in Rouen, the second of May, after five years of residence there, and now, a tall, well-developed girl of seventeen, looking like a portrait by Paul Veronese, with an appetite for happiness, she was eager to taste all the joys of life. Her eyes were of the opaque blue of Holland faience; her hair was fair and shining. Her parents had come to take her to The Poplars, an old family château on the cliff, near Yport, which was to be hers when she married. Of late years, Jeanne's mother had grown enormous, and she suffered from hypertrophy of the heart. Her husband used to address her as "Madame Adelaïde."

Baron Simon-Jacques Le Perthuis des Vauds was an aristocrat, a disciple of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, immensely good-natured. The family lived simply, and their income of twenty thousand livres would have amply sufficed but for their good-natured generosity. The château of The Poplars was an enormous Norman residence of gray stone. The drawing-room was hung with tapestries, and the furniture was upholstered in the same, illustrating La Fontaine's *Fables*. Jeanne's apartment had been newly refurnished, and the girl uttered a cry of delight over the superb canopied bed, whose tapestries represented "Pyramus and Thisbe" very naively. An Empire clock represented a golden beehive, the pendulum an enameled bee swinging over a bed of golden flowers.

The little park was bounded by avenues of enormous poplars, which bordered two of the farms. Beyond, a long plain,

thick with furze, fell in a cliff steep and white, whose base the ocean bathed. The perfumed air had a saline odor. As Jeanne looked at it all, strange shivers ran through her, and she began to dream of love. When would *He* come?

Her life became a free and dreamy existence. She loved to wander along the cliff, and took a passionate delight in long baths in the cool blue ocean. Her white-haired father busied himself about the estate, and her stout mother would dream, motionless, or take very short walks.

One Sunday the two women met the curé after mass, and he presented to them an elegant young man, the Vicomte de Lamare. His black, curly hair shaded a smooth brow, and perfectly curved eyebrows gave his dark eyes, fringed with long lashes and with a bluish tinge to the whites, an eloquent, languorous charm. A thick beard, glossy and fine, concealed a rather heavy chin. Two days later he called, and his glances, admiring and sympathetic, awoke a singular perturbation in Jeanne. He talked with the Baronne about the aristocrats in the neighborhood, the Marquis de Coutelier, the De Brisevilles, and Comte de Fourville, a great hunter, whose château was called "La Vrillitte"—a sort of bogey who was said to be killing his wife with sorrow. These were the only neighbors in their class.

They invited the Vicomte to dinner the next Sunday, and after that he called frequently. There was an excursion to Etretat, and Jeanne and the Vicomte walked and exchanged views, aspirations, and personal sentiments. When Jeanne retired that night she hunted up an old doll and cuddled and kissed it, and wondered whether the Vicomte were the husband Providence had sent her.

In six weeks they were married, and after the ceremony they strolled through the wooded valley. His arm stole about her waist. "This evening you will be my wife." She, who had thought only of the poetry of love, was surprised. Was she not his wife already?

Suddenly, placing his hands upon her shoulders, he planted, full on her mouth, a long kiss. It penetrated her veins, her marrow, giving her such a shock that she wildly pushed him away. "Let us go away from here," she stammered.

When Jeanne went up to her bed-room that evening, Rosalie, weeping so that she could hardly undress her mistress, got her into her night-robcs and fled, still sobbing. She seemed much more moved than her mistress. Jeanne, in the cool sheets, shivered and waited, anxious and oppressed. Then she heard a light tap at the door, and he entered. Later, she asked herself, despondent, disillusioned: "So this is what he calls being his wife?" She pondered thus a long while, disconsolate. Then, as Julien neither spoke nor moved, she turned her head slowly toward him. He lay at her side asleep, and she felt more outraged than by his brutality. Was what had passed between them nothing more to him than that?

Four days later they set out on their bridal tour to Corsica, the Baroness slipping a purse into her hand. Toward evening, Julien asked how much her mother had given her. She looked. It was two thousand francs. She clapped her hands. "I will do all sorts of foolish things with it." His solicitude as to how much would do for this or that "tip" during the trip annoyed Jeanne. He was captious about the bills, and when he secured a slight reduction he would rub his hands and say: "I don't like to be robbed." He persuaded Jeanne to give him her purse, later, as it would be safer in his belt.

After their arrival in Paris, on their return, she asked for this money of hers for purchases, and he gave her a hundred francs, with the advice not to waste it.

"We have the same purse now, but you see I do not refuse you money," he said.

In a week they were again at The Poplars. But how changed everything seemed! Was it the same place she had known and thrilled over in May? A presentiment of the long weariness of the monotonous life awaiting her weighed on Jeanne's soul. Her relations with Julien changed completely. He was like an actor who had played his part and can be himself again. He assumed control of the property, neglected his clothes and the care of his person, and met Jeanne's tender reproaches with a "Let me alone, won't you?" which checked her effectually. They became as strangers to each other. Julien's economy made many changes, some of them ridiculous. In a fit of anger, he beat poor Marius, the boy that drove for him, until

the Baron sternly made him desist. But at dinner, Julien was as charming as if nothing had happened.

At Christmas, the Baron and his wife went to Rouen, to their house there, leaving The Poplars to the two. They played cards, Jeanne embroidered, and Julien's parsimony kept him busy in retrenching needless expenses, including a little Norman cake the baker used to bring for Jeanne's breakfast!

"Will you ever learn the worth of money?" he used to say to her. Her mother had taught her that "money was made to spend."

Jeanne's sadness did not prevent her remarking a fearful change in her light-hearted maid, the once round and pink-cheeked Rosalie.

"Are you sick?" she would ask.

"No, Madame," the girl answered, her pale, hollow cheeks flushing as she hurried away. One dismal morning Rosalie was seized with labor pains as she was making the bed, and gave birth to a boy. Julien's one concern was to get the two out of the house after this; but Jeanne's kind heart was bent on discovering the father and making him marry the girl.

"She has sinned; but she is my foster-sister, and I will not put her out. And, if necessary, I will raise her child."

Her husband went out, furious, and slammed the door. But he was more considerate of his wife after this, and visited her before retiring almost every three days. Jeanne waited anxiously for the return of spring. One bitter cold night he said to her good-naturedly:

"This is a good night to cuddle up, isn't it, little one?" with a happy laugh.

She put her arms around him, whispering why she preferred to be alone, telling her hopes and fears. Julien had a fire made in her room, and went to his own.

Her fears and oppression and chilliness during the night made Jeanne afraid she might be dying. Rosalie did not hear her ring. She went up-stairs to her room, but it had not been occupied that night. Jeanne was irritated that she should have gone out in the snow. She was still fearful, and went to Julien's room. The candle-light showed her Rosalie lying by her husband's side! She gave a horrible scream, which awak-

ened them, and then ran to her room. Julien had called to her. She could not see him. She rushed out into the snow, barefoot, with only her night-robe on. Better die; then all would be over! She stumbled on, until she paused on the cliff, ready to throw herself over, the word on her lip which the young soldier on the battle-field murmurs with his dying breath—"Mother!" She fell back in the snow, powerless; and then came blankness.

When she came to her senses, in her own bed, she knew she had been ill. She told her mother of her discovery, and Julien declared it was a hallucination of her brain-fever. Jeanne had Rosalie brought before them and the priest, and the girl, sobbing, confessed everything. Julien had secreted himself in her room the first time he had come to The Poplars for dinner. He had resumed his relations with her the first night of his return from the bridal tour. Her child was his.

A dull despair, which nothing could ever allay, penetrated Jeanne's soul now. Her eyes filled with tears. Her servant's child belonged to the same father as her own! Julien had left her to go to this girl!

"Make her go. Take her away," said she to her father.

Rosalie left The Poplars, and through the Abbé Picot's intercession an open rupture was averted.

"In your child's name, forgive your husband. Your child will be a bond between you: a pledge of his future faithfulness."

The gentle Baronne urged this also. Bruised and weary in soul and body, Jeanne had strength for neither anger nor forgiveness.

A stout peasant woman took Rosalie's place at The Poplars. The spring came, and one day the De Fourvilles called. A pretty, blonde woman, with large luminous eyes, presented her husband to Jeanne. He was a giant, with a large, red mustache. The lady was so charming and refined that Jeanne loved her at once. Julien entered, looking so handsome and attractive that his wife wondered. The lady invited Julien to ride with her the following Thursday.

"When you are well," she said to Jeanne, "we three will take long rides together."

In July, Jeanne was delivered of a son, and her joy knew no

bounds. That little child was her safeguard against despair. When she became stronger, Julien and she and the De Fourvilles took their rides together. A change seemed to have come over Madame de Fourville; she was so tender and gay.

One day Jeanne felt a dreamy, springtime fancy to revisit the woods near Etretat, where Julien had spoken his first words of love to her. Therefore, she rode thither. She discovered two horses tethered near the spot, while a woman's glove and two riding-whips lay on the grass. She called to them; but neither Gilberte nor her husband responded. A sudden suspicion entered her mind. She saw it all now, and rode home very seriously. Julien's course did not distress her, but the treachery of the Countess—her friend!—was revolting.

Her parents visited her in May, and she was never so glad to see them. But the Baroness had aged terribly and could hardly move. The poor lady was listless, and spent hours reading her old letters in the "souvenir drawer." When alone, she would kiss some of them, and weep. When the Baron caught his wife thus, he would say to Jeanne: "Burn your letters. They will sadden you some day."

One day, in taking her walk, the Baroness fell to the ground, black in the face. They brought her in, and summoned the doctor, but she never revived. Jeanne insisted on spending the night alone by her dead mother, and as she watched there a sweet, consoling inspiration seized her. She would read her mother's letters, as she would read a pious book. This would please her mother in the other world.

She drew them out, and read them. One package contained burning love-letters, and at last she found the name of the writer—her mother's lover— appended to the acceptance of a dinner invitation. It was that of her father's "old friend Paul," whose wife had been the Baroness's best friend! She cast the letters from her, and burst into bitter tears. But as her father might come and surprise her—and the letters—she gathered them all and burned them in the fireplace.

Gloomy days followed. Jeanne's mangled heart refused to heal; her last confidence and last belief had disappeared together. Her father went away for change of scene, and then Paul, her son, was taken ill, and she watched twelve nights by him, frantic

with anxiety. He recovered; but what would she have done if he had died? A longing for another child possessed her. Every night she saw in her dreams a little girl playing under the plane-tree with Paul. Twice she crept softly to her husband's door, despite remembrance of Rosalie and her conviction that he had now another attachment. But without turning the knob she went back, burning with shame.

She discovered that Julien wished for no more children. It was only by diplomacy and a little lying that she accomplished her desire, and became happy at finding herself *enceinte*. She now thought that nothing could ever hurt her. Her children would grow up and cherish her, and she could spend her old age in peace under their fostering care.

A new abbé had succeeded Abbé Picot. He was of the narrowest and most dogmatic type, and soon made himself universally detested. What most aroused his intolerance was illicit love. He discovered the *liaison* of Julien and the Countess Gilberte, and even hinted at it from the pulpit. They often saw him when they were out riding. They used to avail themselves of a shepherd's traveling-hut on wheels, abandoned on the crest of the hilly cliff of Vaucotte. The Abbé Tolbiac apprised Comte de Fourville of his wife's treachery, and he took a frightful revenge. He trailed the pair to their hut, slid the bolt, and then sent the thing rolling down the hill, while those inside were shrieking. It reached the verge, shot into the air, and was crushed like an egg-shell on the beach. When the two bodies were discovered they were so shattered that their mangled remains seemed boneless.

When Julien's corpse was brought to The Poplars Jeanne fainted with horror, and that night she gave birth to a dead baby, a girl. For three months she kept her room, and when she rallied she had a nervous malady. She remembered only the brief happy days of her married life.

Her father and Aunt Lison, her mother's sister, an old maid, lived with her at The Poplars, and the three united to spoil young Paul, who was nicknamed "Poulet." Jeanne could hardly consent to his going to college, even when he was a big, turbulent lad of fifteen. He showed little interest in his studies, and after four years had got no farther than rhetoric. He used

to ride over to see them, at first, but his visits grew fewer and shorter. They discovered that he gambled, and had to pay a thousand francs to save his honor. The Baron went to Rouen. "Poulet" had not been there for a month. They found him with a loose woman, and brought him back to The Poplars, but he was idle, irritable, and brutal. A month later, he disappeared, and they learned that he had gone to England with the same woman. A letter found in Paul's room showed her passionate love for him, and that she was supplying the money for this journey.

Jeanne's hair had become almost white. The women of position in the neighborhood had discontinued visiting The Poplars, because the fanatical zeal of the Abbé Tolbiac had turned its inmates from religious observances.

Then Paul wrote from London. He wished Jeanne to advance him fifteen thousand francs of his father's inheritance, as he would soon attain his majority, and they were very poor, as the woman, "whom I love with all my soul," had spent her five thousand francs in order to live with him.

Jeanne sent the money, but she realized that this woman was her rival in Paul's love. They heard nothing more from him for five months. Then he returned to Paris and received Julien's legacy of one hundred and twenty thousand francs. In the next six months four curt, cool notes came from him. Not a word of his mistress. A long time elapsed, and then a letter that announced the failure of a speculation he had engaged in, and such need of forty-five thousand francs that he would be ruined without it. "I will blow out my brains rather than survive disgrace," he wrote. The Baron mortgaged his estates for that sum.

A year passed, without Paul's coming to see them, although he wrote three letters saying in each that he would. He had organized a steamboat company now, which would bring in a fortune; but the company failed. Jeanne had hysterics for several hours, and the Baron heavily mortgaged the château of The Poplars, and farms, to meet the liabilities. Shortly afterward her father was stricken with apoplexy, and died before Jeanne could reach his side.

Abbé Tolbiac refused a church funeral to the free-thinking

Baron; so he was buried at nightfall without any religious ceremonies. Paul wrote to Jeanne that he had heard the news too late to come to the funeral, but would soon return from England to see her. At the end of the winter Aunt Lison passed away with pneumonia.

Jeanne sank to the ground as she saw the earth fall on the coffin, with a yearning for death in her soul. A strong peasant woman lifted her in her arms and carried her home, undressed her gently, and put her to bed, as if she were a child. She began to cry and to kiss Jeanne's cheeks, her eyes, her hair.

"My poor mistress, Mam'zelle Jeanne, don't you remember me?" she exclaimed tenderly.

"Rosalie!" cried Jeanne, and they clung to each other, and sobbed as if their hearts would break. They had not met for twenty-four years. Rosalie was a widow, with a snug fortune, and a good son who had charge of the farm. She had come to devote herself to her impoverished mistress, now little richer than herself.

"But I will look after all that now, and quick, too," she said, in indignant tones. "For I am going to serve you. But not for money, you understand."

In eight days Rosalie had taken into her own hands the management of all the household affairs. One day she startled Jeanne by saying that she must sell *The Poplars*. Jeanne sprang up in revolt; but the level-headed peasant woman soon convinced her of the reasonableness of this. Soon afterward a letter from Paul demanded ten thousand francs, and Jeanne wrote:

MY DEAR BOY : I can do nothing more for you. You have ruined me. I have been obliged to sell *The Poplars*. But never forget you will always find a home with your poor mother, whom you have made to suffer so much.

Through Rosalie, she bought a little farmhouse in Battleville. It was hard to determine what familiar household objects to take with her when Denis Lecoq, a red, vigorous, blue-eyed peasant, came to drive her to her new home. He was her servant's son, Julien's son, Paul's half-brother. Jeanne felt her heart stop beating, and yet she could have kissed him.

The arranging of her new home occupied her awhile. Then

she became despondent. There was no distraction; she saw no one; she missed the ocean; her one thought was Paul. Spring and summer passed, and in the autumn she wrote to Paul, entreating him to return to her, saying she was ill, alone, longing for him. "Come back to me, oh, my little Poulet! Come back to your old mother Jeanne, who stretches her arms to you." In a few days he wrote to say that he would come, but that he must marry the woman who had been so loyal to him. He asked her consent to the marriage, and that they all might live together.

Jeanne, stunned by this, went to Paris to rescue her boy. But he had removed, and she could not find him. So she returned one cold snowy morning to Batteville, and lived on listlessly, dreaming over her life and murmuring, "Poulet, my little Poulet," as if he were beside her.

One day, Rosalie took her to The Poplars. A letter from Paul was under the door when she returned to her farm. It said his wife was dying after the birth of a little girl; he had no money, and he feared the baby would die.

"I will go and get the child," said Rosalie.

Three days later she returned, and Jeanne met her at the station.

"Well, she died last night," said Rosalie. "They were married, and here's the child. Paul will come as soon as the funeral is over."

As they drove back, an infinite peace lay over the earth. Jeanne watched the sky. Suddenly the warmth of the little creature penetrated her lap, and she uncovered its face. Her son's daughter, so frail, opened blue eyes on the glaring light. Jeanne kissed it rapturously and pressed it to her breast.

Rosalie, as if answering a thought of her own, said: "You see, life is never quite so bad, or so pleasant, as one imagines it is."

BEL AMI: OR, THE HISTORY OF A SCOUNDREL (1885)

No less excitement was caused in France by this story than by its predecessors; but, in spite of the severe censure it met, it was pronounced a masterpiece of analytical writing.



GEORGES DUROY had come to his last two francs when pay-day was still forty-eight hours distant. He was the son of ignorant peasants, but had been fairly educated, had served as a soldier more than two years in Algeria, and now, having become discontented with army life and prospects, was clerk in a railway office at a pitifully small salary. He was immeasurably discontented with his present career and prospects, but saw no way to improve either. He wandered in the boulevards, clinging to his remnant of money lest he go hungry during the next two days, when he chanced to encounter Forestier, an army comrade who was now a political writer for *La Vie Française*, an obscure newspaper. When they had done with reminiscences and come to the present, and Forestier had learned of his friend's pinched condition, he suggested that Duroy try journalism, and promised to use his influence to get him a place as reporter. He lent Duroy money that he might obtain suitable clothes to attend a private dinner and meet Monsieur Walter, the editor of *La Vie Française*. Duroy accepted the money and used part of it in entertaining a woman who had smiled at him; but he presented himself at the dinner suitably garbed and made a favorable impression on Walter, who asked him to prove his ability by writing a paper on Algeria, a subject then of great interest to all Frenchmen.

There were present at the dinner, besides Forestier and his wife, and Walter, Madame Clotilde de Marelle and her little

daughter, Laurine. Duroy, who felt very awkward in his ignorance of etiquette, devoted himself as much as possible to the child, with the effect of charming not only the little girl but her mother also, who invited him to call.

Duroy went to his cheap lodging feeling that his future was assured. He began at once to prepare the special article ordered by Walter, but he could get no further than to lay paper on the table and dip his pen in ink. He never had written more than short letters to his parents, and he struggled helplessly with the first sentence. It was just as difficult next morning, and in despair he went to Forestier to beg assistance. Forestier was hurrying to his office, and told Duroy to ask his wife's aid. He did so, and Madame Forestier dictated the article to him after he had told her, in an offhand way, some of his experiences in Algeria.

While they were at work, Duroy writing, Madame leaning against the mantel and smoking cigarettes as she dictated, an elderly man entered unannounced. He appeared to be surprised at finding anybody with Madame, and she was the least bit confused for an instant; but she recovered immediately and introduced the gentlemen in a natural manner. The newcomer was the Count de Vaudrec, "our best friend." Duroy bowed stiffly and took his departure as soon thereafter as he could, feeling strangely uncomfortable.

Walter was highly pleased with the article on Algeria, and ordered another, which Duroy found it equally difficult to write. Again he sought his friend's assistance; but when he called Madame was dictating a political leader to her husband, and Forestier irritably told him to help himself. In a rage, he returned to his lodging and scribbled several pages of impossible stuff, which, naturally, were returned as unsatisfactory.

But Duroy obtained employment as a reporter and quickly developed a knack at news-gathering which made him valuable to the paper, and before long he acquired some facility in the composition of extended articles. But there were not many subjects on which he was qualified to write as yet, and his income remained small. It was larger than his pay as a clerk, but was far too little for the needs that developed from his new mode of life.

One day he bethought him of Madame de Marelle's invitation, and he called on her. She was glad to see him, and little Laurine was delighted. The child promptly nicknamed him "Bel Ami," an appellation that eventually came into common use among his new friends. Duroy learned that Madame de Marelle was married to a railway contractor, who passed no more than one week in every month at home. She was very pleasant; he called again, and presently he was launched on his first intrigue. She visited him at his cheap lodgings until inconsiderate remarks by other tenants of the building offended her. Then she engaged a room on the ground floor of a house in the Rue de Constantinople. It was in Duroy's name, but she had paid the rent. He protested somewhat, but she told him he could take her to see things in Paris that were strange to her, which he did, and fell rapidly into debt. The time came when he could not conceal from her his utter poverty. She willingly gave up the excursions and dinners that cost money, and slipped a gold piece into his pocket, which he found after they parted. He swore to himself that he would not use it, but he had to breakfast, and when the coin had been broken, he assured himself that he would repay her soon. Before he had repaid a sou he had borrowed two hundred and eighty francs from her, and then they quarreled over something that had nothing to do with money. In a rage of wounded dignity, he tried to borrow enough from his newspaper associates to repay her in full. He scraped together in this way all of eighty francs, and gave it up. The debt could wait, and he spent the eighty francs on his own devices.

Meantime, Duroy was an occasional visitor at the Forstiers', where he often met persons of importance. One evening he was frozen to the marrow by the discovery that Clotilde de Marelle was among the guests. He tried to avoid seeing her, dreading a scandalous scene, but presently she accosted him suavely and talked with him as if nothing had happened. The meetings in the Rue de Constantinople were resumed, and Duroy also called on Clotilde at her own apartments and met her husband. It was embarrassing at first, but he soon accustomed himself to the situation and enjoyed its humorous aspect.

His advance in journalism was steady, though not rapid.

Something was necessary to establish him firmly in his profession, and a duel did it. A writer on a rival sheet took exception to one of Duroy's most commonplace paragraphs, and there were two or three days of controversy, ending in such an insulting statement by the adversary that Duroy was compelled to challenge. The affair was conducted with all solemnity and realism, so far as Duroy was concerned. He could not understand why he should have to shoot at a man and be shot at. It all seemed cruelly absurd, but he was not afraid. He told himself so at every stage in the proceeding, and on the field itself his deportment outwardly was unexceptionable. Both adversaries fired at the word, and two bullets went somewhere out of harm. The seconds, in preparing the necessary account of the combat for publication, interpreted the fact that each fired once as "two shots were exchanged," and Duroy was thenceforth an undeniable journalist of the first rank. Clotilde was so wrought up by the account she read that she telegraphed for him to meet her at once, and there were raptures to compensate Duroy for his ordeal.

Forestier had been an invalid from the time when Duroy renewed his acquaintance. He died after a lingering illness, and his wife had sent for Duroy, as their closest friend, to be with him at the last. Forestier was not yet buried when Duroy delicately intimated to Madame that he loved her. She received the declaration calmly, and within a year accepted him; but she made certain terms. There was to be no jealousy; she was to be free to do as she pleased, to see such friends as she liked, without question. Duroy consented, for he knew that in her he would have an ally who would make his professional work doubly effective. Madeleine also asked him to change his name, confessing with charming frankness that she thought Duroy just a little plebeian, and that she longed to be distinguished. They experimented with names. Duroy was born at Canteleu. By modifying this, and dividing his right name, they arrived at Georges du Roy de Cantel, which signature thereafter was appended to his serious articles.

They were married, and Du Roy succeeded to Forestier's work for the paper. Some time before the ceremony he told Clotilde of his marriage, anticipating a troublesome scene.

She took it sadly, but there was no scene, for she seemed to be convinced, as he was, that it was a step necessary to his advancement. Count de Vaudrec called on Madeleine as he had done during Forestier's lifetime, and Du Roy tolerated him. Important persons came to his apartment. Indeed, Madeleine's political salon was of much more consequence than she had been able to make it during her first husband's life. One of the most frequent visitors was Deputy Laroche-Mathieu, a stockholder in *La Vie Française*, and a rising man in the Government. He inspired many articles for Du Roy, who in turn helped the paper to increase in influence. It was already a sheet that had to be reckoned with.

Monsieur and Madame Walter occasionally graced the political salon, and once Madame Walter brought her two grown-up daughters, one of whom, Suzanne, the elder, was rather attractive. Du Roy thoughtfully, and with remarkable moderation, began to make himself agreeable to Madame Walter. There was no difficulty in winning her esteem, for everybody liked Du Roy, he was so unassuming and so handsome, but it was not easy to bring his employer's wife to the expression of any deeper sentiment. She was startled, apparently unspeakably shocked, when he despairingly made known the hopeless passion he had conceived for her. She wept violently, and Du Roy was sure she loved him. So it proved, after a tactful and patient wooing. They met in the Rue de Constantinople at hours when Clotilde could not possibly be there. Madame Walter became madly infatuated, and she was able to be of material benefit to her lover in one instance. A conversation she overheard at home convinced her that Laroche-Mathieu was purposely misinforming Du Roy about the contemplated action of the Government in a certain matter, meaning through the newspaper to mislead the public so that he and Walter could profit by an unexpected rise in the shares of a great enterprise. Madame Walter bought a considerable number of shares for Du Roy and held them until she sold at a profit and had seventy thousand francs for him.

Before the profit was taken, however, he had grown desperately tired of her, and other things had happened. Vaudrec died, leaving all his property, more than a million, to Madeleine; and

Du Roy considered this matter with his usual gravity and moderation.

"We cannot accept this legacy," he said, "because it would be tantamount to an admission that your relations with Vaudrec were improper."

His wife replied that he, as head of the household, had the right to decline the legacy. It was a matter of indifference to her. Her coolness annoyed him. He tried in every way he could think of to induce her to confess that she had sustained illicit relations with Vaudrec. She refused contemptuously to answer him, one way or the other. After announcing for a dozen times that dignity forbade the acceptance of the legacy, he had Vaudrec's attorney draw up a deed by the terms of which Madeleine made over one half of the legacy to her husband. This, Du Roy argued, made it appear that Vaudrec had divided his fortune between them, and relieved him of any mortification in accepting the Count's money.

At this critical period he became so tired of Madame Walter that he ignored her letters and avoided meeting her. Laroche-Mathieu and Walter had profited enormously by the scheme which Du Roy, for a time unwittingly and afterward consciously, had fostered by his articles in the paper. Laroche-Mathieu became a minister, Walter was a multimillionaire, *La Vie Française* a power. Du Roy was maddened by jealousy when he contemplated his employer's wealth, and cursed himself for having married Madeleine. Why should he not have waited, and paid court to one of Walter's daughters? He began forthwith to cultivate the friendship of Suzanne Walter.

This beautiful girl was already his friend, and he counseled with her in an elder-brotherly way.

"You are an heiress now, and therefore a great catch," said he. "There is the greatest danger that you will be thrown away on some worthless fellow who may have a title but nothing more to recommend him. Promise me that, before you accept any of the suitors who will be thrown at you, you will ask my advice."

Suzanne promised. In order to meet her and make as much headway as this, Du Roy had to be present at one of the extravagant entertainments that now were frequently given by

the over-wealthy Walter. Madame Walter managed to get a moment alone with Du Roy, in which she protested that she must see him occasionally or die. Merely to look at him would suffice, but she could not endure his utter absence from her monotonous life.

“Very well,” he replied coldly, “you see I am here.”

He gave her no further comfort, and roughly refused the packet of bank-notes representing the profits she had gained for him in the transaction engineered by Laroche-Mathieu. Madame Walter had been carrying it for weeks without opportunity to give it to him. When he refused it, she cried that she would throw it into the sewer; and then he took it.

Laroche-Mathieu obtained for Du Roy the decoration of the Legion of Honor, at which Madeleine thought her husband would be delighted; but he affected to despise the distinction.

“Laroche-Mathieu owes me much more,” he grumbled.

This was quite true, and Du Roy forced him to pay. He visited the Walters on Fridays throughout the winter. Madeleine accompanied him sometimes, but she usually remained at home on one pretext or another. When March came, gossip began to busy herself with rumors about the marriage of Suzanne to a man of title, and Du Roy reminded the girl of her promise. She remembered, and he proceeded to abuse her suitor for a fop and an intriguer.

“What ails you?” she cried, astonished.

He replied, as if tearing a secret from the depths of his heart: “I am jealous of him. I love you, and you know it.”

She said severely: “You are mad, Bel Ami!”

He replied: “I know it! Should I, a married man, make such confession to you, a young girl? I am worse than mad. When I hear that you are to be married, I feel murder in my heart.”

The young girl murmured half sadly, half gaily: “It is a pity you are married.”

“If I were free, would you marry me?” he asked abruptly.

“Yes, Bel Ami, for I love you better than any of the others.”

“Then,” said he, “do not, I implore you, say yes to anyone. Wait a while. Promise.”

Suzanne, confused, not half comprehending what he asked, promised.

Du Roy was wholly prepared for this contingency. He had been watching Madeleine all winter. A day or two after his interview with Suzanne he summoned a police commissioner and conducted him to an apartment where Madeleine and Laroche-Mathieu were found under circumstances that made divorce proceedings absurdly easy. Three months later, Du Roy, a free man, asked Suzanne to elope with him. She consented and fled with him that very night. He took her to a quiet place in the country, where she passed as his sister, and they spent a week in innocent enjoyment while Du Roy was negotiating by letter with her father.

There was a serious division in the Walter household. Madame cried frantically that the marriage must never be permitted; while her husband, at first shocked and enraged, came presently to admire Du Roy's ability. A title in the family would have been agreeable, yes; but Du Roy was shrewd; he succeeded; there were those shameful revelations, whatever they might be, that were so pointedly hinted at in the letters that came from the summer place. So at last, despite Madame Walter's undiminished hysteria, terms were made. It had been given out that Suzanne had gone to visit her old convent, and when she returned her engagement was announced and preparations for her marriage were begun at once.

Of course Clotilde de Marelle learned that Du Roy was to be married again. She had quarreled with him when she found evidence that he received somebody besides herself in the Rue de Constantinople, and on that occasion she struck him in the face and left him; but they had made it up and resumed their meetings. On this occasion, when they discussed the forthcoming marriage, and Clotilde was furiously angry, he lost his temper and struck her. Indeed, he struck her more than once, and when he left the place, she lay on the floor, moaning, almost unconscious.

In September, Du Roy became the editor-in-chief of *La Vie Française*, Walter retiring under the vague title of manager, and shortly afterward a great throng assembled at a church for the wedding. Madame Walter wept throughout the ceremony,

which was so impressive and beautiful, and the Bishop's address so respectful, that Du Roy felt almost pious. At the end, he gave his arm to his wife and they passed into the sacristy, where they met a stream of people. Georges shook hands with many, and murmured words of appreciation for their congratulations.

Suddenly he saw Madame de Marelle, and the recollection of all their caresses possessed him with the mad desire to regain her. She advanced somewhat timidly and offered him her hand, which he took, retained, and pressed, as if to say: "I shall love you always, I am yours."

Their eyes met, smiling, bright, full of love. "Until we meet again," she murmured softly, and he gaily repeated her words.

With his bride upon his arm, he leisurely descended the steps between two rows of spectators, but he did not see them; his thoughts had returned to the past, and before his eyes floated the image of Madame de Marelle, rearranging the curly locks upon her temples before the mirror in their apartment.

PIERRE AND JEAN (1888)

The greater fame of De Maupassant as a short-story writer does not eclipse the standard reached in a few of his novels, among which *Pierre et Jean* is the *chef d'œuvre*. In his latter years the effervescence of youth, running to naturalism and sensuality, gave way to something akin to pessimism; but the morbid quality in *Pierre et Jean* is qualified by severe restraint.



OLD ROLAND, a retired Parisian jeweler, had settled at Havre, where a moderate fortune allowed him to indulge in his love of the sea and of fishing. Madame Roland, a woman of forty-eight, looking younger than her years, though a good and prudent housewife, had a vein of sentiment which was lost on her prosaic husband, however sincerely attached to his family, of whom he was proud, for there were two fine sons. Pierre, older than his brother Jean by five years, was, after making several professional essays that proved futile, finally graduated as a physician. The younger brother had, on the other hand, pursued one aim with steadfastness—that of the law—and became a licentiate. The two were as different in their persons as in their temperaments. The senior was dark, thin, and nervous, while the junior was blonde, a little lymphatic, and handsome. Answering to these exteriors, the one was saturnine, jealous, and easily moved by the vagaries of his imagination; the other had always been a model of sweetness, gentleness, and good nature, inclined to take the things of life as they came, without too much question. There had always been little rivalries between the brothers, mostly initiated by Pierre, whose ever-alert suspicion made him sensitive and disposed to brood over apparent slights. Yet they had always loved each other, and, up to the time of their arrival at Havre, after they had completed their professional studies, there had never been any serious disagreement between them.

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Among the intimates of the family Roland was Madame Rosémilly, the charming young widow of a sea-captain, who had left her with a comfortable fortune. The two brothers, meeting her for the first time, were both attracted; but Pierre instantly surmised that her preference was for his brother. This was accentuated one day when they had been on a fishing excursion. The wind failing, they had to betake themselves to the oars; and the look of admiration in the widow's eyes, when the more enduring strength of Jean was made manifest, gave point to Pierre's quick jealousy. Curiosity, on their return home, was piqued by the report that the well-known lawyer, Maître Lecanu, had called three times during their absence, and left word that he would come again in the evening on what was evidently an affair of moment.

The lawyer arrived promptly and informed the family that an old bachelor friend of Monsieur and Madame Roland, Monsieur Leon Maréchal, head-clerk of the Exchequer Office, had died and left his entire fortune, about twenty thousand francs a year, to Jean Roland, the younger son. Madame Roland was greatly affected, tears and sobs attesting her grief. Her husband was evidently more gratified by the bequest than grieved at the loss of the friend. Both sons looked sorrowful, and Jean stroked his fair beard cogitating deeply, till he finally murmured: "Yes! he was certainly fond of me. He always embraced me when I went to see him."

"You used to know this Maréchal well, then?" asked Pierre curiously of his father.

Old Roland, who had been capering about the room with crazy antics, replied that the testator had been their guest at breakfast the day Jean was born, and had gone for the *accoucheur*. "Surely," the father chuckled, "he must have concluded that, having helped to bring the boy into the world, he would help him to live in it." Alone with his wife, M. Roland remarked that Jean would surely help his brother now. "No!" said Madame Roland, "Pierre would not accept. This legacy is Jean's and his alone."

Pierre paced up and down on the Rue de Paris that night, uneasy and gloomy, as one suffering from some indescribable wound he could not locate. He turned in aversion from the

invitation of the brilliant cafés. Why should such an irritable mood obsess him, he pondered, as he emerged on the Grand Quay. It could not be that he was jealous about Madame Rosémilly; and as to the inheritance—he shuddered at the thought of such despicable meanness. A man sat at the extreme end of the breakwater whom, on approaching, he found to be his brother Jean, lost in thought. He squeezed Jean's hand, offering sincere congratulation and assurance of his own warm brotherly love in a husky voice, then turned away with a heavy step and thought he would go to see old Marowsko, a Polish chemist, recently come to Havre, whom he had met in a Parisian hospital. He loved to chat with the old man, who was much attached to him. As he sat sipping a glass of cordial, he mentioned the news of Jean's inheritance of a large fortune from an old friend of his father. Marowsko looked astonished and vexed and repeated more than once, with a strange shake of the head: "It will not look well." The next day Pierre continued *distrait*, except that he was calculating on the preliminary expense of beginning practise with the thought that, perchance, Jean would loan him the money. Taking his afternoon walk, the restless man, his imagination full of vague phantoms, stopped at a café where he had often been served. In an absent way he told the barmaid of his younger brother's fortune. She, too, commented with a queer smile: "My word! no wonder he is so different from you!" An explicit thought at once sounded an unknown abyss in his soul. Could it be the girl hinted at Maréchal's paternity of the heir? He quivered as he recalled the enigmatic expression of Marowsko. The awful doubt of his mother's honor obsessed him like a waking nightmare. He must speak to Jean about this, and tell him what the acceptance of the fortune would entail—imperiling one so dear to both.

When he arrived home, worn with his thoughts, he found all arrangements made for a splendid feast. Jean had formally accepted the bequest, and the family were intoxicated with joy. Madame Rosémilly, who was present, reproached him for his gloom during the gay repast, where so much fine wine made thought effervescent, as if to say: "You are jealous; it is shameful!" She gave a toast to the memory of M. Maréchal; and Beausire, another guest, asked about him. M. Roland,

made emotional with champagne, wept and said: "Like a brother—a friend—we were inseparable—dined with us every day—would treat us to the play—a real, true friend, wasn't he, Louise?" His wife merely answered: "Yes! he was a faithful friend."

Pierre arose next morning in more cheerful mood. After all, what substantial reason had he for such a dreadful and un-filial conclusion? It must be that his imagination had fed on jealousy of his brother's luck; and he determined to tear up by the roots an envy so ignoble. Yet when he met his mother at dinner, her face radiant with pleasure, and she told him that she had found a most charming apartment for Jean, who would make his *début* as a wealthy bachelor, he found his blood corroding again with venomous thought over which will could exercise no control. He thought again over the meetings in Paris when M. Maréchal had entertained himself and his brother at dinner, and had shown no difference of manner toward them. Yet to that uprose a dreadful corollary: "There must have been some very strong private reason why he should have left his entire fortune to Jean." His mind went back to the period, before he could remember M. Maréchal, to reconstruct that pregnant beginning of things with remorseless logic. His mother, a handsome woman, had always cherished sentiment, a love of poetry and the ideal. Yoked to a man prosaic and commonplace, she had met Maréchal, a gentleman, a man of culture, and well-to-do, who from buying things in the shop had gradually become intimate with these *bourgeois* friends. So love had come, that love which she could not give her dull husband, and which must seem to the heart of every young and romantic woman as her rightful due. Then there flashed across his brain the memory of a photograph which had of late years disappeared from view, a picture of M. Maréchal in his prime. Both he and Jean were blond and rosy. Pierre lashed himself with savage remorse for accusing the mother who had given him birth; but the terrible specter would not down.

Time and again as the days went by he burned to say to Jean, "You should not keep this legacy which may bring suspicion and dishonor on our mother"; but the odious words froze on his lips when he sought to utter them.

One day he asked her what had become of the photograph, which he dimly remembered. The words faltered, but some inward compulsion drove them through his teeth. She said she would look for it, and a few days afterward Pierre asked again. "Oho!" said his father, who was present, "was it not a queer coincidence that it should have turned up only two or three days before Jean got news of his legacy—a presentiment indeed?"

"So she has lied to me," whispered the son's angry heart, while she went to get the picture. Perhaps there was nothing striking in the likeness, yet there was a certain kinship of physiognomy. As the younger son looked at it in turn, Madame Roland said it must be his, as he was the heir, and Pierre went out with a gloomy brow just as Madame Rosémilly rang the bell for an evening call, while Jean muttered: "What a bear the fellow has become!"

When his father scolded him for his moodiness of habit, the unhappy man offered the excuse that he was lamenting the loss of one he had loved very deeply, a woman who was ruined. His mother, who heard Pierre speak thus, looked as if she would collapse, and became so ill that M. Roland insisted on Pierre's prescribing for her. Her pulse was high, her skin feverish, and she rushed from the room swiftly to shut herself up in her own. Yet Pierre's anguish was no less than hers; for he suffered frightfully from the fact that he could love and respect her no more—do nothing but torment her. As the days went by he was so stung by remorse and crushed by pity that he would have liked to drown himself in the sea, because he could do nothing but yield to some fatal impulse leading him to give signs of unfilial scorn.

Whatever Jean noticed he put down to jealousy, and promised himself that some day he would have it out with Pierre. But the young fellow was very happy and busy with his own new plans. These were soon to receive a fresh and delightful factor in their evolution. On a shrimping excursion one day, Jean, who ~~escorted~~ the pretty widow, was so carried away by her charm and gaiety that he confessed his sentiments; and Madame Rosémilly gave him the answer he hoped for. Pierre and his mother, who had not joined in the sport, sat at some dis-

tance, each dreading to speak to the other. Suddenly they noted the forms of Madame Rosémilly and Jean outlined against the sky, looking as if there was something peculiar and unusual between them; and both divined the truth. Pierre burst into a hoarse and sneering laugh. "I am learning how a man lays himself out to be managed by his wife," said he.

When the engagement was made known that evening at Jean's apartment, Pierre's satirical bitterness provoked Jean to charge his brother with jealousy as to both Madame Rosémilly and the fortune. With that, all of the elder brother's latent venom exuded: "It is not right," said he, "to accept a fortune from one man so long as another has the repute of being your father. . . . Everybody is whispering that you are the son of the man who left you his fortune. . . . I am so wretched with sorrow that I scarcely know what I am doing." And so with almost maniacal passion and choked with sobs he poured forth in a flood his suspicions, his doubts, and what he regarded as circumstantial proofs. "I am a brute," he ended with a quick revulsion, "to have told you this," and rushed bareheaded downstairs.

Madame Roland was in the adjoining room, and Jean, who had tried in vain to stop his brother's speech, knew this; she must have heard every word.

After a few moments of stupefaction, the sense of misery arose in such unendurable degree that he opened his mother's door as if he had been an automaton. The poor woman lay with her face buried in the pillows. "Mother," he cried, "I know it is not true. Do not weep; I know it."

After gasping a while for breath, the pale woman said: "It is true, my child; why should I lie about it? you would not believe me." As Jean kissed her with the utmost tenderness, she told him that his forgiveness had saved her life, but that she must go away and never see him or the others again; that her presence would condemn them all to the torments of hell. She said she had known his brother's suspicions for a month; that his guesses at the truth had made her life a constant and excruciating martyrdom. He begged her passionately to stay.

"If I am to stay," she answered, "you must not forgive me; nothing is so hurtful as forgiveness. You must simply bear me

no grudge, and be able to own to yourself the fact that you are not Roland's son without a blush and without despising me." Then she spoke of Maréchal, his father: "Listen, my boy! I declare before God that I should never have known a joy in life had I not met him, not a touch of love or kindness, not an hour which would have made me regret growing old. To him I owe everything; I had but him and you two boys. . . . I belonged to him forever; for ten years we were husband and wife before God, who made us for each other. And then I saw he began to care less for me by degrees. He was kind and gentle always, but things became different. After we came here I never saw him again, though he often promised in his letters to come. I always expected him—now he is dead. But his remembrance of you showed he still cared. I shall never cease to love him and will never deny him; and I love you because you are his son. I could never be ashamed of him before you, and you must love him a little. If you cannot do this, then it must be good-by, my child, for we could not live together. I shall act as you decide." Jean told her with tender caresses to stay.

All this had occurred at Jean's apartment, and he succeeded in finally soothing her only by promising that he would find some way of relieving her of Pierre's silent reproaches.

He left her at her own house as the town clock was striking three in the morning. There was a light in Pierre's room, but M. Roland was placidly snoring. The next morning a cold kiss passed between Pierre and his mother at the breakfast-table. Neither had slept during the night. Jean, too, had pondered, but his lawyer's mind had been less confused. At first his conscience had said: "You cannot keep the fortune." Would not that be giving up Madame Rosémilly? Instinctive selfishness had then hunted for some pretext which would satisfy his natural probity. He had asked himself over and over: "Since I am this man's son and acknowledge it, why should I not accept the inheritance?" Then followed the thought that he could give up his share in the Roland estate, so that each son would have his own father's money. Thus the delicate question was disposed of on that side. But what about the continual apparition of Pierre, the knowledge of whose conviction would haunt their peace of mind, like some grim phantom?

Conversation at the breakfast-table turned on the splendid new transatlantic liner, *Lorraine*, just about to go into commission. Her officers would be finely paid, suggested Jean, into whose shrewd brain a swift thought had leaped. He had been told by some of the company's directors that none of her staff had yet been assigned. The ship-doctor's position was an excellent one. Pierre looked up, with an eager question as to the difficulty of obtaining such a position. This led to the determination to bring every pressure to bear to secure the appointment for him. There would be no difficulty in obtaining the best recommendations from the medical faculty at Paris, and so all the mechanism of influence was set at work that very day.

As Madame Roland and Jean went to call on Madame Rosémilly in the afternoon, the mother said with passionate regret: "How happy I might have been with another man!" She wished to throw all the responsibility on the stupidity, dulness, and vulgarity of Roland. Jean, too, was thinking of his putative father, and how he had long unconsciously chafed under the sense of being the son of this well-meaning boor. Even Pierre had continually satirized him, and the very kitchen-wench treated him with contempt. They found the fair widow at home, tired after her fishing excursion; and the three proceeded to make arrangements for an early espousal. The commonplace pathos of the pictures, the showy furniture, the brilliancy of the carpets and draperies pleased Jean, who thought what charming taste his *fiancée* possessed. Complacency even smoothed the anxieties out of Madame Roland's face for a little. She had lost a son, but had gained a grown-up daughter. That night she put her arm about Jean's neck with a tender kiss and pressed into his hand a small packet; he recognized the shape of the photograph frame.

Pierre received his appointment, and in spite of the misery of the immediate past a dreadful nostalgia seized his soul. His mother asked him for a list of the necessaries he must take with him; and, as she looked into his face, her eyes were full of the humble, beseeching expression of a dog that has been beaten. She expressed a desire to see the quarters where Pierre would spend so much of his life, only to be told harshly that there was

nothing to see but a very small and ugly cabin. His rough tongue girded savagely at everything till immediately on the eve of departure. He then asked them all, Monsieur and Madame Roland, Madame Rosémilly, and Jean, to wish him *bon voyage* on board, as with a revulsion of feeling. After the parting they sailed down the harbor in Roland's boat to see the last of the ship. They watched him through their glasses, blowing the conventional kisses. Madame Roland's eyes were suffused, and to her husband, who asked her why she cried, she answered: "I don't know; I cry because I am hurt." She felt then as if half her heart were gone, and that she never would see her elder boy again. The mother's passion and tenderness reigned in spite of all.

JAMES DE MILLE

(Canada, 1837-1880)

CORD AND CREESE (1867)

This story exploited a society which the British Government first tried to exterminate about seventy-five years ago. The Thugs were a sect of assassins who professed to regard the murders they committed as religious acts; but as their victims were usually wealthy persons, they were also looked upon as robbers. The sect flourished in northern India, where many travelers were found evidently strangled in their sleep. Though membership in the society is punishable with imprisonment for life, it is by no means extirpated at the present day.



N the morning of July 21, 1846, Louis Brandon, of the firm of Compton and Brandon, at Sydney, New South Wales, received a letter by the English mail from his aged father, who, feeling himself at the point of death, sought to effect a reconciliation and to make clear some events of the past. He told his son that the great poverty to which they were reduced was due entirely to a man named John Potts, who had come to him with a recommendation from his friend General Despard just a year after that officer's mysterious murder at sea. He heard nothing more of Potts till two years later, when he returned with such glowing accounts of tin mines he had been developing that Mr. Brandon at once took many shares of the stock. The large dividends and increasing values caused him to put so much trust in the man that he refused to listen to the warnings of his friends, and had commanded Louis to apologize or leave for having denounced Potts as a villain; now he mourned the departure of his son. He had lost everything, and Brandon Hall and his estates were in the hands of Potts. He now had suspicions as to the murder of his friend. Potts was with him at the time and was the chief witness against the Malay who was

executed for the murder. A fear haunted him that he should have investigated his friend's murder more closely; and that, because he had not, punishment had been sent to make the same man his ruin also. Reminding his son of his helpless mother, of his brother and sister, he begged him to leave all and come home. He warned him of Potts's hatred of him and urged him to be on his guard, but yet to take vengeance. He had nothing of all his estates to leave his son, but enclosed a coarse paper covered with faded but still legible writing.

The paper had been in the family for centuries and was written by a certain Ralph Brandon, who, when he went down with his ship, *Phœnix*, sent the communication by a sailor. The document said that the owner, surrounded by Spaniards, was about to sink his ship, loaded with treasure, near the island of Santa Cruz, north of San Salvador.

Brandon at once prepared to go to the aid of his family and communicated his plans to the senior partner. Mr. Compton was much grieved at his decision and insisted upon an equal division of the business profits as only a fair recompense for Brandon's efforts. There was a condition attached, which necessitated his telling Brandon some facts from his life. He acknowledged that he had a wife and son. During the son's childhood, they had lived happily in York, but the boy became the victim of evil companions. Three were arrested for burglary, one turned King's evidence, while his son and the other miscreant were condemned to transportation. To pacify the mother, Compton then moved to Australia, and, changing their names, they took their son as a nominal servant, since the Government gave him permission to hire out on account of good conduct. When his term expired the boy again joined his old associates and went to India. The parents followed and found him at last. The companions had given assumed names; one was Clark and the other Potts. "Potts!" cried Brandon. "Yes," said the other, not noticing the surprise of Brandon. "He was in the employ of Colonel Despard at Calcutta and enjoyed much of his confidence." He continued, saying that he was obliged to return to his business, but that his wife, preferring to be near her boy, refused to come with him and remained as a nurse in Colonel Despard's family. Three years later he received a

letter and papers from his wife telling of Colonel Despard's murder on board the *Vishnu*, bound for Manila. A boat had arrived at Manila bringing the crew of the *Vishnu*, Potts, Clark, the Colonel's Malay attendant, and the Captain, an Italian named Cigole. They all swore that the Malay was the murderer and that they caught him just as he was about to leap overboard with his creese in his hand covered with blood. On their testimony the fellow was condemned and executed. They said that a storm had come up, the *Vishnu* had sprung a leak, and they all had had to take to the boat.

After this narrative, Brandon readily agreed to the elder man's condition and promised to help him find his family. His suspicions were roused when he found that the only passenger with himself on the ship bound for England was Cigole, an Italian, who represented himself as a wool merchant. One day during a hurricane, Cigole darted quickly toward Brandon and fell against him, pushing him headlong into the sea, and shouted: "Man overboard!" The Captain thrust out a hen-coop and two wooden pails, but could do nothing. The ship was at the mercy of the hurricane.

With the aid of the hen-coop Brandon, who was a good swimmer, succeeded in reaching the shore. He was on a sand island where he found a cistern of fresh water and some clams along the shore, which sustained him for several weeks. At length there was a terrific storm, which swept the sand from the mound on his island and revealed a long-buried ship. He at once began investigating, but the mold and sand had so worn it away that the parts he touched fell to pieces in his hands. To his astonishment, he made out the name *Vishnu*. In the last room he entered, he discovered lying on a bunk the skeleton of a man. As he prepared to give it decent burial, he found the hand still grasping a bottle tightly corked. The bottle was filled with paper, but before reading this, he noticed on breaking the bottle that there also fell from it a plaited cord with a piece of bronze the size of a marble at one end, carved with the hideous face of a Hindu deity. The manuscript began: "Brig *Vishnu*, Adrift in the Chinese Sea, July 10, 1828. Whoever finds this, let him know that I, Lionel Despard, Colonel of H. M. 37th Regiment, have been the victim of a foul conspiracy per-

formed against me by the Captain and crew of the brig *Vishnu*, and especially by my servant, John Potts." The writer then went on to instruct the finder to bear the contents to his friend, Ralph Brandon, of England. He told how he had been sent into a district in India to put down a band of assassins, members of a society called the Thuggee. They had captured a band of them and found among the number an Englishman and his little boy. The man, who said his name was John Potts, said he had been captured and his life spared only on condition that he would join them. Both he and his son were branded with the name of their god Bowhani in Hindu characters. He said their method of assassination was to throw a cord with a peculiar jerk around the neck of the victim. The weight of bronze at the end swung the cord round and round and the result was inevitable. The motive was purely religious zeal, and the more persons a thug could kill the more of a saint he became.

Great sympathy was felt for Potts, and Colonel Despard engaged him at once as his servant. After three years, he desired to go to England and then it was Despard wrote the letter of introduction. Before his departure, Mrs. Despard died and the Colonel went on this voyage with a crew all of whom he now believed to be hirelings of Potts. The Malay servant was devoted to his master, and Potts tried every device to get him away. One night Colonel Despard was awakened by a tremendous struggle in his cabin between Potts and the Malay. Someone had tried to put the cord about his neck. When he fired, Potts went out dragging the Malay with him and leaving him locked behind. After much noise and trampling above, all became quiet; and when he finally broke out, he found himself alone on the ship. A fire had been started in the cargo of staves, but had not spread, and for three months he had drifted about on those lonely seas. Evidently his life had ended with the wreck of the ship.

Brandon took from Despard's neck a locket containing his wife's miniature and buried the crumbling remains. He then watched more eagerly for rescue; and when one day he saw a ship he waved his coat all day from a frail staff he had made, and at night built a fire by shooting his revolver into the dry staves he had spread in the sun; but the ship went out of sight. How-

ever, another passed that way and he found himself surrounded by friendly faces and was quickly borne on board their vessel. Only two days had passed after his rescue when by certain ominous sounds they knew there were pirates in the vicinity attacking a ship. The Captain at once manned his boat and set out to the relief of his countrymen. The pirates were in possession, but were forced to retire. Brandon held down the leader of the band and was about to kill him when the man spoke in English, saying that he had fought for vengeance, and had killed every Englishman, hoping thereby to kill John Potts, who was the murderer of his brother, Colonel Despard's Malay servant. He drew out his creese and Brandon read carved on it the name John Potts. Brandon took the knife and let the man escape.

The pirates had left only two persons alive, the Hindu cook Cato and a beautiful girl on her way from China to join her father in England, who were taken on board. The girl was a musician of great ability, and talked often to Brandon of her art and of her teacher, Langhetti, whom she loved with great devotion. The girl had no occasion to tell her name for some time and when she did, Brandon, who had become greatly interested in her, was completely overcome. The name was Beatrice Potts, and she was the daughter of his deadly foe. She saw clearly the effect her name had upon him and marveled greatly.

When they were in the latitude of the Guinea coast, a terrific storm assailed them, which shook the ship to its very center. The Captain and the officers were swept overboard. Brandon with great presence of mind took command of the ship and for four days they weathered the storm. Then it became evident that the ship was doomed. Brandon ordered the boats lowered, but all capsized save the one holding Beatrice and himself with the Hindu servant Cato. On the afternoon of the seventh day they reached the coast, but Brandon, overcome by the heat and toil, fell headlong into the water just as he was landing.

While Brandon was lying helpless, the fortunes of his family were being eagerly discussed in a small English town by Courtenay Despard, the young rector, and his friend, Mrs. Thornton. Mrs. Thornton was in receipt of a letter from her brother, Paolo Langhetti, who had gone to Canada on the *Tecumseh*.

He told her of the horrors of the sickness among the emigrants and the discovery of the Brandons, who had once greatly assisted their own father. The mother had died at sea and the son must have died soon after landing. During Langhetti's own temporary illness, Edith Brandon had been buried while in a trance, but he had caused her to be disinterred and she had regained consciousness.

These letters stirred Despard and Mrs. Thornton deeply, and they at once took steps to find the remaining relative of Edith Brandon. A notice of the death of Louis by falling overboard from the ship bound from Sydney was found in an old paper.

Brandon, overcome by the heat, had lain for three weeks in a stupor. Beatrice, thinking him dead, had read his papers and learned of the awful part her wicked father had played in the life of this man and his friends, and on his recovery told him she knew all. Both confessed their love, but recognized the barrier that stood between them. As soon as he was able, Brandon assisted Cato to row the boat to Sierra Leone and from here they took passage to England. Brandon did not desert his charge until he had put her in the carriage for her father's house, which was no other than Brandon Hall.

Brandon then made inquiries concerning his family in the village and learned that his father had died in the almshouse and the family had emigrated to America. He went immediately to Canada, and by means of advertisements found his brother Frank, who agreed to join in the search for the lost treasure, that they might make themselves as powerful as their enemy.

Brandon bought diving armor and learned the art himself. His servant Cato was an experienced pearl-fisher; so having equipped their own ship, they went in search of Santa Cruz and the *Phænix*. When they had decided upon the spot, Cato first went down, but after twelve trials and a desperate encounter with sharks, returned with no news. At length Louis himself, clad in the diving armor, went to the bottom of the sea and searched till what appeared to be a rock in the distance finally proved to be the hull of a ship. To his delight, he found the name, *Phænix*. Going through room after room, he was about

to give up the search for the treasure, convinced that after all the Spaniards had found their booty, when suddenly standing before the grim skeleton, whose seal ring had proved him to be the brave ancestor, he felt the floor giving away and soon his hands grasped the rich metallic bars. Besides the bars of yellow gold, he found caskets of jewels in countless store and could hardly tear himself away to take the news to his brother, who was still pumping down to him the necessary air.

While Brandon was searching for his family and his treasure, Beatrice was accustoming herself to her new home. She found nothing congenial in her surroundings, and even her music was denied her. Potts, eager to advance in society, tried to draw people to his house by giving a ball for his daughter; but no one came. When she sought to go abroad, she found herself a prisoner. Her only companion was an old woman, Mrs. Compton, who lived in constant terror of Potts. The only one who treated her with any respect was Potts's secretary, Phillips, a meek, inoffensive man. When Potts found that society was not to be won by balls, he tried another scheme and opened a bank. This soon drew the patronage he wished and he felt his wealth was fast making him a power in the county. He was encouraged in this belief by a call from an old, gray-bearded man named Smithers, the head of the famous banking-house under which the minor banks of the country flourished. Smithers assured Potts his credit with them was good and encouraged him in many wild investments.

Meanwhile Paolo Langhetti, accompanied always by his charge, Edith Brandon, arrived at Mrs. Thornton's. Under Edith's inspiration, he had written an opera, which he wished to produce in London. He was looking everywhere for his former pupil, Beatrice Potts, who alone, he felt, had the voice to make it a success. The rector told him such a person was then with Potts, but how to get her was a serious problem. Beatrice, little knowing that such good friends were near, now found her life unbearable and resolved to make her escape. As she crept through the darkened house and into the grounds, she came upon the Malay, who was in Potts's service. Mindful of a past kindness, he helped Beatrice over the wall, and by morning she was well on her way from the hated place. Just

as she was quite worn out by her unwonted exercise, she met Despard and Langhetti in a carriage. She fainted with joy at sight of her old teacher, and they determined to save her at any cost. To make explanations unnecessary, she was to pass as Despard's sister; and as soon as possible they put her in Mrs. Thornton's charge. When she recovered sufficiently to take up her music again, she entered heartily into the plans for Langhetti's opera.

Unknown to Langhetti, Frank Brandon, though not yet ready to disclose himself, turned his great fortune to make the production a success. Beatrice's voice did all the rest. One night when the opera was over, Langhetti could not take her home as usual; so, stepping into the only cab standing near, she was soon speeding through the streets. To her surprise she was put down at a strange house and before she could cry out, she found herself in the hands of John Potts. He conveyed her quickly to the Hall, but on the way there Smithers met them at the inn and managed to make Beatrice aware that he was her friend, Louis Brandon; to insure her safety, he had asked Mr. Potts to take into his household his servant Cato.

Potts now took every precaution to make his captive secure, and as a last resort resolved to marry her to his friend, Clark, the escaped convict. On the eve of this event Beatrice was about to end her life with a draught of poison, when Mrs. Compton brought a letter from her son, the secretary, Phillips, telling them both to be ready to escape with Cato that very night. The party were taken to a little cottage opposite the inn, where Brandon met them.

Soon after, Brandon called on Courtenay Despard and giving an assumed name told him of his discovery of the *Vishnu* and gave him his father's letter and his mother's picture. Despard read the manuscript and vowed to avenge his father's wrongs. He told all to Langhetti, and together they came to the conclusion that the stranger could be only Louis Brandon.

Despard now displayed renewed energy in helping Langhetti in his search for Beatrice. While they were deliberating on what plans to pursue, an anonymous letter was handed them telling where she was to be found. As they reached an inn

near the place, they saw Clark. Langhetti rode ahead, but Despard became suspicious of Clark and followed. Clark with his ferocious bulldog had attacked Langhetti and would have killed him, but for Despard's timely arrival. Despard shot the dog and bore Langhetti to the cottage after a struggle with Clark, whom he left bound, the three red scars of the branded convict plainly visible on his back.

At Brandon Hall there was great gloom. There had been a fatal run on the bank and now the dread of settling with Smithers and Co. was facing them, when a stranger was announced. Father and son welcomed him in a somewhat threatening manner, which the stranger never heeded. "Perhaps you, too, have a draft on me," sneered Potts. "Yes," replied the stranger, "and my draft was drawn twenty years ago by Colonel Lionel Despard." He then recalled to Potts the horrible details of his crime, and ordered him to pull up his sleeve to show the Bowhani characters on his arm. "This," he said, "is the draft you will not reject," and he flung at Potts the cord, at the end of which was the metallic ball. "Thug," he cried, "do you know what that is?"

Potts summoned his servants. They gathered in the hall, but not one would lift his hand in behalf of his master.

"Who are you?" cried Potts. "I am Louis Brandon," was the answer.

At the end of an hour, Brandon of Brandon Hall was the master in the home of his ancestors, and John Potts and his son had left.

On the following morning, as Brandon was riding out, he was overtaken by Potts's Malay servant; but Brandon caught him as he was about to throw the cord at his neck. When he had the Malay in his power, he learned that the man believed he was avenging his father's murderer, for Potts had told him Brandon was the one who killed his father, Colonel Despard's servant. Brandon then told him of his encounter with his uncle, Zangorri, and unbuttoning his coat, drew out the Malay creese. The man read the words, "John Potts."

The Malay was convinced; he rode back to the village of Brandon and that night went to the hotel where Potts's son was sleeping. The next morning the father found his son dead

in his bed, and around his neck was a faint line, which might have been made by a cord.

The following day, when Brandon went to the cottage he learned of his sister's existence. Shortly after his arrival all the family were summoned to Langhetti's bedside, as he felt himself to be dying and wished to talk with Mrs. Compton before them all. Being convinced that the master whom she had so long feared was now powerless, she declared that Beatrice was the daughter of Colonel Despard; and Langhetti's surmise as to the markings B. D. on her clothing was at last confirmed.

"Beatrice," said Brandon when he was master of himself, "Beatrice, I am yours and you are mine. It was a lie that kept us apart."

Still Despard's vengeance was not satisfied, but another did the work. Some hours later when he rode along the way he knew Potts to have taken, he came upon a group of men about a prostrate body. Around the neck he could see the cord with the leaden bullet hanging at the end, and on the hilt of the weapon plunged in his heart he saw carved the name—JOHN POTTS. The weapon was a Malay creese.

Louis Brandon did not forget his promise to his former partner, and Mrs. Compton and her son, Philip, were returned to their home.

As Langhetti lay dying at the cottage, Edith Brandon came to him. He played for her daily on his violin till one day her soul went out never to return and soon after he, too, was dead.

Frank Brandon continued to look after the business, and at Brandon Hall, Beatrice, who had so long been a prisoner there, was mistress.

ALFRED DE MUSSET

(France, 1810-1857)

CONFESSEONS OF A CHILD OF THE CENTURY (1836)

This novel was the result of the author's *liaison* and quarrel with George Sand, who also wrote a book on this episode in their lives, entitled *Elle et Lui* ("She and He"). The two were very bitter after the separation, and friends on either side were drawn into the recriminations and accusations in which they indulged. De Musset's story was crowned by the French Academy and has become the most popular of his works.



IN the time of Napoleon, when the men of France were at war, the spirit of the age was one of feverish unrest, and anxious mothers gave birth to an ardent, pale, neurotic generation.

When nineteen years old, I was attacked by the abnormal moral malady of the age, and these memoirs relate to my life during the three years that it lasted.

The attack began as follows. After a masquerade, I was seated at supper with my mistress by my side. I had drunk rather heavily, and my fork having dropped under the table I stooped to pick it up. I saw that the foot of my mistress touched that of a young man. I watched, and saw that their feet remained in the same position during the supper, although the man was talking to another woman all the time.

My mistress was a widow, and lived with an elderly relative. I was to see her home.

"Come, Octave," she said at last, "let us go! Here I am!"

I laughed, and left her there without saying a word. I did not think much about this incident until I was in bed, but then I became very angry, and was seized with desire for revenge.

That young man had been my dearest friend from child-

hood, which made the matter worse. The next day we went to the woods of Vincennes and fought a duel, in which I was wounded in the arm, and a fever followed.

My friend Desgenais, who had been my second, told me that my mistress was unworthy, and made me promise not to see her again. But, notwithstanding my promise, I went to see her as soon as I was able. I abhorred her, but at the same time I idolized her. I reproached her with being false to me, with flirting with my friend—in fact, I was beside myself with jealousy. She was greatly moved at my harsh words, flung herself on the floor and implored my forgiveness. Her hair fell about her shoulders like a halo. She was beautiful. When I left her I wished never to see her again; but in a quarter of an hour I retraced my steps and walked softly up to her room. There I found the woman, her hair perfectly arranged; her face, which had been suffused with tears, was now wreathed with smiles, and her dressing-table was covered with jewels. She was arraying herself for a ball to which my rival was to take her. When I looked at her she compressed her lips and frowned. I turned to leave the room, then suddenly stepped back and slapped her on her beautiful white shoulders. She cried out in terror, and buried her face in her hands.

When I reached home my wound had reopened, and the fever had returned. About midnight I awoke from a restless sleep, and there before me stood my mistress.

“It is I!” she said, as she threw her arms around me.

“What do you want of me?” I cried. “Leave me! I am afraid I shall kill you.”

“Very well, kill me,” she said. “I have deceived you; but I love you and I cannot live without you.”

She looked so beautiful that I took her in my arms.

“Very well,” I said, “but before God, who sees us, by the soul of my father, I swear that I will kill you, and that I will die with you.”

I saw a knife on the table and I placed it under my pillow. “Come, Octave,” she said, as she kissed me, “don’t be foolish. These horrors have unsettled your mind. Give me the knife.”

“Listen to me,” I said. “You have told me that you love me, and I hope that it is true, but I would not take you back as

my mistress, for I hate you as much as I love you. Before God, if you wish to stay here to-night I will kill you in the morning."

Then I became delirious, and she left me. Desgenais said I must find another mistress and so forget her. After he left, I wrote to her that I wished never to see her again. I had no occupation. My days had been spent with my mistress, and now I was turned adrift. I could think only of women, and I did not believe in true love. I was in despair. Though I had written to my mistress that I did not wish to see her again, I passed the nights on a bench under her window; I saw the light in her room; I listened to the sound of her piano; and sometimes I thought I saw a shadow passing to and fro.

One night, while watching there, I saw an intoxicated man. "He has forgotten his sorrows," said I, "let me do likewise." Then I entered the nearest tavern and drank my fill. The next morning I was disgusted with myself and lay in bed looking at a brace of pistols that hung on the wall, when in walked Desgenais. He told me that my mistress had not only two, but three lovers. "One moonlight night," said he, "while they were quarreling and threatening to kill her, down in the street a shadow was seen that resembled you most closely."

"Who says so?"

"Your mistress herself."

"I in the street, bathed in tears of despair, and during that time, that encounter was going on within! Can it be possible, Desgenais?"

"My friend," said Desgenais, "don't take things too seriously. Come to supper with me this evening, and to-morrow morning we will go to the country."

I spent the entire season at Desgenais's house. We had many *festes* which ended in general intoxication and riotous behavior. I took a prominent part in these, wishing to appear *blasé*, but at last I became thoroughly disgusted with that life.

One evening a servant came to me and whispered: "Sir, I have come to inform you that your father is dying."

I set out at once for my father's house, which was some distance from Paris. The doctor met me at the door, and told me that I was too late, and that my father had desired to see me be-

fore he died. I went to his room without delay. As soon as I was alone, I looked on that beloved face, now so motionless.

“What did you wish to say to me, father?” I said. “What was your last thought concerning your child?”

His diary lay open on the table. I knelt before it and read the last sentence he had written. It was this: “Adieu, my son! I love you and I die.”

My father had been greatly worried because I led such a dissipated life; yet in these, the last words he had written, he only wrote how he loved me. I was deeply moved.

Every day I sat by his grave in the village cemetery, and thought of him. I lived quietly in his house and saw no visitors. I tried to read, but had no comprehension of what I read. As I sat in my father’s armchair, a feeble voice seemed to whisper: “Where is the father? It is plainly to be seen that this is an orphan.”

I wandered in the woods almost every day, and then I would return and read his diary, and learn of his devotion to his friends, his appreciation of nature, his sublime love of God. I contrasted this with the dissipated life I had been leading, and I determined to follow in the footsteps of my father. For the first time in my life I was happy.

One evening while I was out walking near the village, I saw a charming young woman crossing a field. A white goat ran up to her. I plucked a branch of wild mulberry for the goat, then I bowed to the lady and passed on.

When I reached home I questioned our old family servant, and learned that the lady I had seen was Madame Pierson, a widow; that she lived quietly with her aunt not far from our estate, and that she spent most of her time doing good among the poor.

I returned at once to the spot where I had met her, and followed the path I had seen her take to the mountains. I had proceeded but a short distance when a thunder-storm came up and I had to seek shelter in a farmhouse. The farmer took me into a lighted room, and there I saw a tall, slender woman with ash-blond hair and large, dark eyes. It was Madame Pierson. She was bending over the farmer’s wife, who was dying. I sat silently by, awestruck. One of the children sat on my knee.

"That is Brigitte la Rose," said the child; "don't you know her?"

Presently the storm passed over, and the farmer's boy was about to see her home, but I offered my escort. When she learned that I was Octave de T—— she said that she had known my father, and allowed me to accompany her. On the way I told her how lonely I was, and she invited me to visit her.

The next morning I was at her house. I found her on the piazza. We talked of literature, music, and art, and she showed me her greenhouse. "This is my little world," she said. "You have seen all I possess, and my domain ends here."

Three months passed, and I called on Madame Pierson almost every day. We read together, walked together, and visited the poor together. When she sang for me I lived in the dream-land of love. O God! of what do men complain? What is there sweeter than love? I had fallen in love with Madame Pierson at first sight, but dared not tell her that I loved her.

One night after I had been at her house, instead of returning home I wandered about in the woods. About midnight I retraced my steps, and saw her standing at her window. She was singing. She saw me.

"Who is there at this hour?" she said. "Is it you, Octave?"

I opened the gate. By the light of the moon I could see her open the door, hesitate, and then walk toward me. I was completely overcome. I could not speak. I knelt and held her hand.

"Listen to me," she said; "I know all, but if it has come to this, Octave, you must go away. My friendship you have won; I wish I had been able to keep yours longer."

She waited a moment, and then went into the house.

I reached home exhausted. My thoughts were confused. I made up my mind to go away—but where?

Madame Pierson then wrote to me that she esteemed me, but that she was several years older than I, and that she did not wish to see me again. "I do not take leave of you with sorrow," she said. "I expect to be gone some time. If, when I return, I find that you have gone away, I shall appreciate your action."

For a week I was ill in bed with a fever. I wrote to Madame

Pierson that I would go away; and I actually set out for Paris, but my resolution failed me, and I told the coachman to drive me to N——, where Madame Pierson was.

As soon as I reached there, I called on her, and told her that I would never breathe another word of love if she would permit me to see her as before.

She gave me a cold reception, told me I had been very imprudent to follow her, and gave me an errand to do for her at a distance, bidding me stay away a month or two.

In three weeks I had returned. I found her looking pale and ill. I, too, had greatly changed.

"All my dream of happiness," said I, "all my hopes, all my ambition are enclosed in the little corner of the earth where you dwell; outside of the air that you breathe there is no life for me."

One day a priest brought me a message from Madame Pierson that she was ill and could not see me that day. I did not believe him. For three weeks I called three times a day, but was always refused admittance. Then she wrote me a letter, in which she said that my frequent calls were causing gossip in the village, and begged me not to come so often.

Once, when I met her in the woods, I could not restrain my tears. She turned pale, and as I was leaving, she said:

"To-morrow I am going to Sainte Luce. Be here with your horse early in the morning, if you have nothing to do, and go with me."

The next morning we rode along in silence for some time, but when we reached the foot of the mountains I felt that a crisis had come. I took her hand.

"Brigitte," I said, "are you weary of my complaints? Do you realize that I love you?"

"Let us return!" she said.

I seized her horse's bridle. "No," I replied, "for I have spoken. If we return I lose you."

I clasped her in my arms and pressed my lips to hers. Her cheeks grew white, her eyes closed, her bridle slipped from her hand, and she sank to the ground.

"God be praised!" I said, "she loves me! She has returned my kiss!"

Two days after this I was Madame Pierson's lover. Then she

showed me her diary. She said she wished me to see what she had written about me. But while I was reading, suddenly she said: "Do not read that!" What secret can she have from me?

I had now known Madame Pierson four months and had no definite knowledge as to who she was. So on my return home I asked my faithful servant whether he knew anything of her, and he told me that she was the ministering angel of the valley, and lived quietly with her aunt, receiving no one but the *cure* and a certain Monsieur Dalens.

Who can this M. Dalens be? Another lover, perhaps! I am determined to find out.

When I next called on Madame Pierson I was extremely jealous, and I asked her about this M. Dalens in such a cruel way that she suddenly placed her hand to her heart and swooned. I was overwhelmed with remorse. I restored her to consciousness, and made her listen to me.

"Alas! alas!" I said, "my dear mistress, if you only knew whom you love! Do not reproach me, but rather pity me. God intended me to be a better man than the one you see before you."

Then she told me that Dalens had loved her, but that she never had cared for him. Then we made peace, and sealed it with a kiss. But even after this, we often had stormy scenes, owing to my uncontrollable emotions.

I had told her about my former mistresses, and one day when she saw me looking sad, she said: "I know you are thinking of the mistress you loved so well. Let me try to be like her. Teach me how to please you always. I am perhaps as pretty as those you mourn; if I have not their skill to divert you, I beg that you will instruct me." Then she would be wildly gay, and dress herself in ball costume. "Am I to your taste?" she would ask. "Which one of your inamoratas do I resemble?"

"Stop!" I would cry. "You resemble but too closely that which you imitate, that which my lips have been vile enough to conjure up for you. Lay aside those flowers and that dress. Do not remind me that I am a prodigal son. I remember the past too well."

One night, when we had lost our way in the woods, we sat

down on a rock to wait for morning. Brigitte threw her arms around me and said:

“Do not think that I do not understand your heart, or that I would reproach you for what you make me suffer. It is not your fault, my friend, if you have not the power to forget your past. You thought that you were entering a new life, and that with me you would forget the woman who had deceived you. I thought I had but to will it, and all that was good in your heart would come to your lips with my first kiss. You, too, believed it, but we were both mistaken. You do not know my life. You do not know that I who speak to you have had an experience as terrible as yours. There is hidden in my heart a fatal story that I wish you to know.”

Then she told me that when very young she had been engaged to be married. The wedding-day had been set, and her lover had told her that consequently they were as good as married, so she had yielded to his entreaties, with the result that a week later he had left his father’s house and gone to Germany with another woman. He wrote that he never should return.

Brigitte’s eyes were full of tears; she could not finish.

All was silent about us; above our heads spread the heavens, resplendent with stars.

One day Brigitte sent for me to come to her.

“My aunt is dead,” she said. “I have lost the only relative I had on earth. I am now alone in the world, and I am going to leave the country.”

“Leave the country if you choose; I will either kill myself or follow you.”

Then she told me that she could no longer endure the gossip about herself and me. In fact, the news had spread that Brigitte was living openly with a libertine from Paris, and that he ill-treated her. But I persuaded her to remain and to pay no attention to these reports; and so we spent many more happy days together, though at times I became madly jealous, without any apparent cause.

One night about one o’clock we sat down to a late supper, and I picked up Brigitte’s diary, which lay on the table. I opened it, with her permission, and read: “This is my last will

and testament." She had written that she would endure everything in the way of jealousy and selfishness so long as I loved her, but that should I leave her she would take poison, though she charged that her death should not be attributed to me. This strange entry closed with the words: "Pray for him!"

On a shelf near by I found a little box containing a bluish powder. I raised it to my lips. Brigitte screamed, and flung herself upon me.

"Brigitte," I said, "bid me farewell. I shall carry this box of poison away with me. You will forget me, and you will live if you wish to save me from becoming a murderer. I shall set out this very night. Give me a last kiss."

"Not yet!" she cried. But I pushed her back and left the room.

Three hours later the coach was at the door and I stepped in to leave the place forever. But Brigitte followed me, threw her arms about me, and entreated me to take her with me. My remonstrances were unavailing.

"Drive on," I said at last to the coachman. We threw ourselves into each other's arms, and the horses set out.

We went to Paris, where we hired an apartment, and from there we intended to go to Geneva, to live in fairyland among the Alps. But letters for Brigitte arrived, and I noticed that after reading them she looked sad; later I saw that she had been crying, and when I showed her our tickets for seats in the carriage to Besançon, she screamed, and sank at my feet.

I told her that I must know what was grieving her, so she showed me the letters. Her relatives had written to her that they knew she was living openly as my mistress, and that she had disgraced the family. After reading these letters, I asked her whether she preferred to remain, or to go away, or whether she wished me to go alone.

"I will do as you please," she said.

I called to see Mr. Smith, the young man who had brought the letters, and talked to him about the journey and other matters. When he heard that Brigitte was ill he could not conceal his grief.

"Pardon me," he said; "I fear I am not well. When I have recovered sufficiently I will return your visit."

Brigitte soon improved in health, and soon Mr. Smith came to see her every day. Although his presence in the house was the cause of great anxiety to me, I was not jealous of him at first; besides, Brigitte was always very reserved in his presence. But why were they both ill and sad? What secret were they hiding from me?

Mr. Smith was a very ordinary kind of man, but he was good and apparently a devoted friend. I often left him alone with Brigitte, and sometimes I would send them to the theater; then I would conceal myself in the auditorium and watch them.

One night on my return I saw that the man had been weeping. After that I was disturbed whenever he came to the house.

This could not last long. Tired of uncertainty, I determined to discover the truth. So one night I ordered the carriage to be at the door to take us away. I said nothing about it to Brigitte; Mr. Smith came to dinner, and the evening was spent pleasantly. But suddenly I announced that we were about to depart at once, that the carriage was waiting at the door. While Brigitte was getting ready, I sat on the sofa watching Mr. Smith, who did not seem troubled or surprised. He held out both his hands to us.

“Bon voyage, my friends!” he said.

A few kind words were said, and then Mr. Smith rose to go. I left the room before him, and then, in jealous rage, I pressed my ear to the keyhole.

“When shall I see you again?” he asked.

“Never,” said Brigitte; “adieu, Henri.”

Once more I was alone with Brigitte, and my heart was troubled. I told her that the change in her had driven me to despair. I asked her the cause, and said that if she preferred to remain I would be resigned.

“Let us go! let us go!” she replied.

“Brigitte,” I asked suddenly, “what secret are you concealing from me? If you love me, what horrible comedy is this you are acting?”

“Let us go, let us go,” she repeated.

“No, on my soul! No, not at present! No, not while there is between us a lie, a mask. I like unhappiness much better than cheerfulness like yours.”

She begged me not to press her further. "I love you, Octave; cease tormenting me," she said. "Let us go away together; the carriage is waiting. *It must be.*"

"*It must be,*" I repeated to myself. "What do you mean by that, Brigitte? Why *must* you love me?"

She wrung her hands in grief. I insisted that she should tell me at last the secret that was oppressing our lives.

"No, I will not speak," she said.

"I have loved long enough in the dark. Yes or no, will you answer me?"

"No."

"As you please; I will wait."

I told the driver we should not depart that night. After a long conversation, during which, however, I could elicit no real information, I accused Brigitte plainly of deceiving me, and of loving another man.

"Who is it?" she inquired.

"Smith."

"What do you mean?" she asked. "What do you wish me to tell you?" She became greatly agitated, and we had a fiercely stormy scene, during which she spoke of her happy life before she had known me, and reproached me bitterly for what I had made her suffer. At last she said: "Oh, Octave! Why have you loved me if it is all to end thus?" and fainted. When she regained consciousness I kissed her tenderly; we were temporarily reconciled, and she slept tranquilly on my breast. But I realized that there was no hope of our living together in peace, and as I did not wish to kill her, there seemed nothing for me to do but to go away. I determined to leave her the next day, and rose to make my final preparations.

I was beside myself with grief. I walked to and fro, not knowing what I did, hoping to find some instrument of death. Then I recoiled in horror. "If I kill myself," I said, "I shall be sleeping underground, and Brigitte will probably take another lover!"

I took up a knife I found on the table. "What will be said if I should kill Brigitte?" I reflected a moment, pointed the knife at her bosom, and drew back the covers to find her heart. Then I saw an ebony crucifix fastened to a chain about her neck.

I drew back; the knife fell to the floor. I leaned once more over this sleeping woman whom I loved, and kissed the crucifix.

“Sleep in peace!” I said, “God watches over you. But while your lips were parted in a smile, you were in greater danger than you have ever known.”

Then I swore never to kill either her or myself.

The first rays of morning light were illuminating the room, and I was going to take a little rest, when I saw a dress on a chair; it fell to the floor, and out of it slipped a piece of paper. It was a letter addressed to Mr. Smith, in which Brigitte told him that her destiny was bound up in mine, and that as I could not live without her, she intended to die for me. The last words were: “I love you; adieu, and pity us.”

When I read this my resolution was taken. The next day was cool and clear, and a young man and a woman were seen in a jeweler’s shop. They chose two similar rings. Then they breakfasted in a private room at the restaurant. The man’s face shone with joy. At times he looked at the woman and wept, smiling through his tears. The woman was pale and thoughtful. They spoke in low tones. The clock struck one. The woman sighed, and said:

“Octave, are you sure of yourself?”

“Yes, my friend, I am resolved. I shall suffer much, a long time, perhaps forever; but we will cure ourselves, you with time, I with God. I do not believe we can forget each other, but I believe that we can forgive; and it is that which I desire, even at the price of separation.”

“Why can we not meet again?” she said.

“No, my friend, I could not see you again without loving you. May he to whom I bequeath you be worthy of you. Smith is a brave, good, and honest man. Let us be friends and part forever.”

The woman wept, then she stood before the mirror and cut off a long lock of her hair, which she gave to her lover. Then they left the restaurant, and were soon lost in the crowd.

Some time after this, a young man rode away from his native town, alone, thanking God that, of the three people who had suffered through his fault, only one remained unhappy.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

(England, 1785-1859)

THE AVENGER

This story was first published in book form in America in 1853, when the author's works were collected by Mr. James T. Fields and issued by the firm of Ticknor and Fields. Like the writer's other works, *The Avenger* had previously appeared in an English periodical. Although De Quincey had been urged to make a collection of his writings, he had excused himself from doing so, and no collection was made until the enterprising American publisher accomplished the task of gathering the scattered writings of which the author himself had lost all track.



HAT series of terrific events by which our quiet city and university in the northeastern quarter of Germany were convulsed during the year 1816, is too memorable to be forgotten or to be left without its own separate record. No tragedy, indeed, among all the sad ones by which the affections of the human heart or of the fireside have been outraged, can better merit a chapter in history than this unparalleled case. And in relating the horrors of that period no one can put in a better claim to be the historian than myself.

I was at the time, and still am, a professor in that city and university which had the melancholy distinction of being its theater. I knew familiarly all the persons who were concerned in this tragedy either as sufferers or as agents, and I was present during the whole course of the mysterious storm which fell upon our quiet city with the strength of a West Indian hurricane and threatened at one time to depopulate it.

In September, 1815, I received a friendly letter from the chief secretary to the Prince of M—, a nobleman connected with the diplomatic service of Russia, introducing to me a young

man who was about to put himself under my instruction in the university. The letter described him as rich and handsome and already far advanced in a military career, although only in his twenty-second year. He was English by birth, being a nephew of the Earl of E——, and heir presumptive to his immense estates. His father and mother were both dead; and there was a rumor current to the effect that the latter had been a gipsy of marvelous beauty, which might account for the somewhat Moorish complexion of the son. Of military honors he had already accumulated an unusual share, as he had been aide-de-camp to a Dutch officer at the battle of Waterloo, and had been decorated for distinctions won on that day. He had served under various banners, but, though he was an Englishman of rank, he did not belong to the English service, being at present in the cavalry of the Imperial Guard of Russia; and the Czar himself had taken an especial interest in him. His devotion to military life had interfered with the cultivation of his mind, and for that reason he wished to put himself under my tutelage for the study of Greek.

After some correspondence on the matter, it was arranged that Mr. Maximilian Wyndham, for this was the new student's name, should take up his residence at my monastic abode for one year. He was to keep a table and an establishment of servants at his own cost; was to have a large suite of apartments, unrestricted use of the library and other privileges not usually accorded. In return he was to pay me the sum of one thousand guineas, and, in acknowledgment of various courtesies granted him, he sent in advance a sum of three hundred guineas to be given in charity to those institutions for the poor that most required it.

The news of the expected arrival of this wonderful young Englishman aroused great excitement in our stagnant town; and every tongue was busied in discussing his probable appearance and character.

When he finally arrived I was at once struck with the fact that the letter had failed to give any adequate idea of the grandeur of his personal appearance, as it transcended anything I had ever previously met with. Indeed, his countenance so expressed the supremacy of beauty and power that my composure

almost left me as I gazed upon him. He bowed, and then raised his eyes to mine; and I was instantly impressed by the profound look of sadness which seemed settled in them, and which seemed so unaccountable in one of his years and station.

Mr. Wyndham was at once warmly received into the best social circles of our town and was universally admired and sought after. He was the recipient of numerous invitations, which he usually accepted courteously; but on all social occasions the profound melancholy which possessed him outweighed the general frankness and kindness of his manner, and seemed to cast a feeling of awe on those about him.

One person only seemed able to penetrate this atmosphere of sadness and not be affected by it, and that was Margaret Liebenheim, whose wondrous beauty and charm seemed to make a complete conquest of the young guardsman at the moment of their first meeting.

Indeed, a rapturous interchange of sympathy appeared instantly to take place between these two young hearts, each finding in the other the realization of its dream. After a very short acquaintance the lovers became engaged, in spite of the opposition of Margaret's aged grandfather; he refused his consent and favored the suit of Ferdinand von Harrelstein, who had loved Margaret with the ardor of his whole soul for many years. Ferdinand was the son of a German baron of good family but small estates, and was a general favorite on account of his amiable temper and agreeable manners. But his great disappointment at seeing Margaret won by another seemed wholly to unbalance his nature; and he became irritable and moody, and given to fits of muttering and wrath, appearing as if he were mentally distraught.

So matters stood among us, when on the night of January twenty-second, 1816, while a large ball was in progress at the residence of one of our wealthy townsmen, the joyous company were suddenly startled by the sound of a piercing shriek. This was followed by a succession of shrieks so blood-curdling that faces blanched and the scene was turned into one of consternation and fear. Suddenly in the midst of the dancers appeared a young rustic girl, who had recently come to live with her uncle, a tradesman, who resided in the neighborhood. The girl was

exhausted with excitement and with the horror of the shock she had sustained; but finally was able, through her weeping, to tell her tragic story. She explained that her uncle's whole family, consisting of himself, two maiden sisters, and an elderly female domestic, had been foully murdered in their home, and no clue remained to show who had perpetrated the horrible deed.

Immediately all was confusion and excitement; ladies fainted, and men rushed out to see if any trace of the murderer could be found. No motive could be assigned for this crime, as no robbery had occurred, and the victims were quiet persons, not known to have any enemies.

Our peaceful town was shaken to its foundation by this unaccountable crime; and the fact that no trace of the assassin could be discovered caused much consternation among our people. Three weeks passed, and the first flutterings of the panic were beginning to subside when suddenly, in the middle of a cold and frosty night, the church-bell pealed a loud alarm.

Another dastardly murder had taken place, and again there was no clue to the mystery; two aged brothers and their two sisters who resided with them, had been the victims; and as before, no robbery had occurred. Wild excitement now prevailed in our quiet town; a mounted patrol was organized at the suggestion of Maximilian, and he and a number of the university students formed a mounted guard which patrolled the street from sunset to sunrise. In spite of this surveillance, however, murder followed murder in horrible succession, until this reign of terror seemed to have reached the acme of its height.

During this period the conduct of the Russian guardsman evoked much criticism among our people: he took reasonable interest in every case and listened to the details with attention, but manifested a coolness almost amounting to carelessness, which to many appeared revolting.

It soon became apparent that these terrible outrages were being committed by a band of assassins, since on one or two occasions eye-witnesses that had escaped the fate of those about them had described the assailants as a band of masked ruffians, who had managed to secrete themselves in the homes which they were to lay waste, and at a given signal had attacked their helpless victims. Added to this report was the startling declaration

that a servant in one of the houses, who had discovered two of the murderers stealing up the stairs, had recognized the academic dress of the students belonging to the university. This sensational charge added to the mystery and horror of that terrible time.

While these strange and unaccountable outrages were taking place another of entirely different nature occurred. The chief jailer of our city, who was in the habit of taking long rides in the forest, was suddenly missed; and it was some months before his body was discovered crucified there in a most brutal manner. Ferdinand von Harrelstein, who was now a ruin of what he once had been, both morally and intellectually, was thought by some to have been guilty of this crime, but his innocence was proved later.

Meantime the marriage of Margaret and Maximilian was supposed to be drawing near, and her friends were looking forward to this happy event, when, suddenly, a thunderbolt descended upon our city. For several months the murderer's hand had been stayed; and encouraged by the thought that the storm had passed over, confidence had been restored and peace and tranquillity had returned to our firesides.

But, alas, this peace was soon to be shattered, for Mr. Liebenheim and his household, with the exception of Margaret, were suddenly felled by the assassin's hand. This atrocious deed renewed the horror, and was followed by a succession of calamities.

Margaret, who was at home at the time of the murder, instead of being away on a visit as she had planned, was found lying in her boudoir in an unconscious condition.

It was some time before she recovered from her swoon, and the following evening the shock was succeeded by the premature birth of a male child which lived only a few hours. But before a breath of scandal could reach her, Maximilian appeared with the family confessor and produced the proofs of his secret marriage with Margaret eight months before.

Upon the night of Mr. Liebenheim's murder Maximilian had been away on a hunting trip; and on his return the following morning he seemed greatly agitated by the news which greeted him, and was convulsed with anxiety regarding Margaret. The

latter lay for several weeks in a condition of insensibility alternating with delirium, during which time Maximilian's grief and anxiety were intense; and then she passed away after a short period of consciousness in the arms of her heart-broken husband.

Maximilian, to the astonishment of everybody, attended the funeral, which was celebrated in the cathedral, and appeared like a pillar of stone, motionless, torpid, frozen. When the ceremony was concluded he strode rapidly homeward and half an hour later I was summoned to his bedroom.

He was in bed, calm and collected, and what he said I remember as if it were but yesterday, though twenty years have passed since then.

"I have not long to live," he declared; and seeing me start, he added: "You fancy I have taken poison; no matter whether I have or not; if I have, the poison is such that no antidote will now avail; or if any would, you well know that some griefs are of a kind that leave no opening to hope. Be assured that whatever I have determined to do is beyond the power of human opposition, and I beg you to listen calmly to me as my time is short."

Maximilian then handed me his will, in which he had committed all his immense property to my discretion, and with it another paper which he said was of even more importance in his life, and which he begged me to read at once and promise to keep the contents secret until three years had passed. He then made me promise that he should be buried in the same grave with his wife; and when I had acceded to his requests he asked me to leave him and return again in three hours.

Feeling extremely uneasy, I returned to him when half that time had elapsed, and finding his form quiet in death realized that he and all his splendid endowments had departed from this world forever. I took up his two testamentary documents and found that the first was a rapid though distinct appropriation of his enormous property, general rules for which were laid down, but the details were left to my discretion. I then took up the second document, and looking for a solution of the profound sadness which had enveloped this gifted and mysterious writer, I seated myself beside his corpse and read the statement which he had committed to my care:

"MARCH 26, 1817.

"My trial is finished: my conscience, my duty, my honor, are liberated; my warfare is accomplished. Margaret, my innocent young wife, I have seen for the last time. Her, the crown that might have been of my earthly felicity, even her, I have sacrificed. Before I go, partly lest the innocent should be brought into question for the acts almost exclusively mine, but still more lest the lesson and the warning which God, by my hand, has written in blood upon your guilty walls, should perish for want of authentic exposition, hear my last dying avowal: that the murders which have desolated so many families within your walls, and made the household hearth no sanctuary and age no charter of protection, are all due originally to my head, if not always to my hand, as the minister of a dreadful retribution.

"That account of my history and my prospects which you received from the Russian diplomatist is essentially correct.

"My father claimed descent from an English family of even higher distinction than that which is assigned in the Russian statement; but his immediate progenitors had been settled in Italy, and so his whole property, large and scattered, came by the progress of the Revolution under French dominion. Many complications arose through this state of affairs; and my father at length under pressure of necessity accepted the place of commissary to the French forces in Italy. This position brought him many enemies and into many difficulties, and while serving in the German campaign he was caught in one of the snares laid for him and thrown into prison in your city. Here he was subjected to most atrocious treatment by your inhuman jailer, and sinking under the torture and degradation, he soon died. Before his death he had sent for his wife and children, who reached him in time for the sad parting.

"My mother, whom he had married when holding a brigadier-general's commission in the Austrian service, was by birth and religion a Jewess, and was of exquisite beauty. Upon reaching your city she was subjected to insults and indignities on account of her nationality, which later took the form of the grossest outrages.

"After my father's death and burial, which had been connected with insults and degradation too outrageous for human patience to endure, my mother, in the fury of her righteous grief, publicly and in court, denounced the conduct of the magistracy.

"She taxed some of them with the vilest proposals to herself, with having used instruments of torture upon my father, and finally of being in collusion with the French military oppressors of the district.

"My heart sank within me when I looked up at the bench, that tribunal of tyrants, all purple with rage; when I looked alternately at them and at my noble mother with her weeping daughters—these so powerless, those so basely vindictive and locally so omnipotent. Willingly would I have sacrificed all my wealth for a simple permission to quit this infernal city with my mother and sisters safe and undishonored. But far other were the intentions of that incensed magistracy. My mother was arrested, charged with some offense equal to petty treason, and sentenced to be twice scourged upon the bare back upon the street at noonday.

"After once enduring the horrible torture and degradation, which she did without uttering a sound, my mother succumbed to the shock of her terrible

experience and died before the second part of her sentence could be executed upon her.

"My two poor sisters were then left to their fate, as I, though but a young boy, was forced to leave them and go to Vienna to sue for their release. After an absence of eight months, caused by delay in securing an audience with the Emperor, I returned to find both sisters dead from the abuse and ill-treatment they had received. They had fallen into the insidious hands of your ruffianly jailer, who, attracted by my elder sister's wondrous beauty, had wreaked his worst vengeance upon her. The misery of my two innocent sisters can better be imagined than described.

"I now vowed before Heaven to avenge the wrongs of my family, and devoted the rest of my life to that end. I entered the Russian service with the view of gaining some appointment on the Polish frontier that might put it in my power to execute my vow of destroying all the magistrates of your city. This course proving unavailing, I secured eight men from an assembly of Jews at Paris, who were hardened by military experience and unsusceptible to pity, and enrolled them with myself as students at the university.

"Then followed the vengeance which for years I had sought. The details of the cases I need not repeat; but all those who suffered were either the guilty magistrates that condemned my mother, or those that turned away with mockery from her son when he supplicated for her pardon. Who I was, what I avenged, and whom, I made every man aware, and every woman, before I punished them.

"It pleased God, however, to place a mighty temptation in my path in the person of Margaret Liebenheim; her devotion to her grandfather, who had been one of the guiltiest toward my mother, made me hesitate to wreak my vengeance upon him. I delayed his punishment till the last, and then might have pardoned him had it not been that one of my agents, a fierce Jew, who had a personal hatred for him, swore he would kill him, and perhaps Margaret too, if I longer hesitated. Accordingly, a night was chosen when I knew Margaret was to be absent; but what was my horror when I saw her flying to her grandfather's rescue! She recognized me as his murderer; but in our parting interview I explained my course to her and a few words righted all misunderstanding between us.

"The fate of the jailer needs no further reference; but had he possessed forty thousand lives my thirst for vengeance would not have been gratified.

"Now then, all is finished, and human nature is avenged. Yet, if you complain of the bloodshed and the terror, think of the wrongs which created my rights; think of the sacrifice by which I gave a tenfold strength to those rights; and ye, victims of dishonor, will be glorified in your deaths; ye will not have suffered in vain, nor died without a monument. Sleep, therefore, sister Berenice—sleep, gentle Mariamne, in peace! And thou, noble mother, let the outrages sown in thy dishonor rise again and blossom in wide harvests of honor for the women of thy afflicted race! Sleep, daughters of Jerusalem, in the sanctity of your sufferings! And, thou, if it be possible, even more beloved daughter of a Christian fold, whose company was too soon denied to him in life, open thy grave to receive him who, in the hour of death, wishes to remember no title which he wore on earth but that of thy chosen and adoring lover,

"MAXIMILIAN."

HENRI JACQUES BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE

(France, 1737-1814)

PAUL AND VIRGINIA (1788)

Although this charming romance is usually published and treated as an independent work, its author, in his own introduction, described it as "only an episode" of his "Studies of Nature," "the application of her laws to the happiness of two unfortunate families." For some time before its publication it lay in his portfolio, and the author had read it to various persons of distinction and culture. They had shed tears over the narrative, but had given it no praise. When it came from the press to the public, however, it obtained an enthusiastic reception. Not only men of science, like Humboldt, but generals like Napoleon were among its admirers. The latter was in the habit of saying, whenever he saw De St. Pierre: "Monsieur Bernardin, when do you mean to give us more Pauls and Virginias and Indian cottages? You ought to give us some every six months." It was translated into the chief European languages; gave rise to idyls and dramatic versions, and received the most undoubted proofs of its popularity in the host of children who thereafter were baptized with the names of its youthful hero and heroine. These names were not accidents. In childhood the author had known a friar named Paul, for whom he had the warmest admiration. In Berlin, he and a German maiden, named Virginia Taubenheim, had been in love with each other, but he was too poor to marry her. Nor were these the only respects in which his writings grew out of his personal experience. Many of the most apparently imaginative passages of *Paul and Virginia* are drawn from actual incidents in his visit to the Isle of France, where he went as a civil engineer about 1767. In reply to many inquiries, De St. Pierre averred both in speech and in print that the families he describes had had an actual existence, and that the narrative was in most respects true. "I have described real places and customs, examples of which may perhaps still be found in some retired spots of the Isle of France or the neighboring Isle of Bourbon, and an actual catastrophe for which I can produce unimpeachable witnesses even in Paris." For one day in Paris, at the Jardin du Roi, he says, a lady, Madame de Bonneud, accosted him, and, having learned that he was the author of *Paul and Virginia*, she told him that the young woman whose mournful fate he had described in the wreck of the *Saint Geran* was

a relative of hers; and, besides giving her testimony to the truth of the catastrophe, Madame de Bonneud added further circumstances adapted, to use De St. Pierre's own words, "to heighten the interest inspired by the death of this sublime victim to modesty."



N the eastern coast of the mountain which rises above Port Louis in the Mauritius, in the center of a secluded valley surrounded by immense rocks, stood, in the early part of the eighteenth century, two cottages, each occupied by a small family, who found happiness in this beautiful nook. In the lower cottage dwelt a peasant woman from Brittany, Margaret by name, and her babe, Paul. Misled by the weakness of a tender heart, Margaret had yielded to the passion of a gentleman in her neighborhood. He had promised to marry her, but when she proved likely to become a mother he inhumanly abandoned her. To conceal the loss of her virtue, Margaret left her native village, purchased an old negro slave, Domingo by name, and began to cultivate a little piece of land in this sequestered spot.

The cottage near by, built soon after this, was occupied by Madame de la Tour, a lady from Normandy. She belonged to a rich and ancient family, but her husband had married her without fortune and in opposition to the will of his relatives, who objected to her because she was descended from parents who had no claim to nobility. Leaving his wife at Port Louis, Monsieur de la Tour sailed to Madagascar on a business venture, caught a fever and died. Madame de la Tour was left a poor widow in a strange land, with no one to aid her except her negro woman, Mary. Seeking some retired shelter where the calm of Nature might hush the tumults of the soul, she happened to come to the same valley where Margaret and her babe were already settled. Margaret hospitably opened to the newcomer her hut, and offered her aid and companionship. Drawn together by similar trials, the two families soon became devoted friends. Another cottage was built for Madame de la Tour, a little farther up the valley. Hardly was it finished before Madame de la Tour gave birth to a girl, who was christened Virginia. Margaret's slave, Domingo, who had already become attracted to Madame de la Tour's negro woman, Mary,

drew the two households still more closely together by marrying her. The two Africans, with cheerful zest and indefatigable industry, cultivated the land of both families, and sold at Port Louis the superfluous produce of the two plantations. Thus the two families found in their retreat neatness, independence, health, and a modest subsistence; all the services and blessings which spring from honest toil and mutual affection. All their possessions were in common and they had but one table, one will, one interest. The two mothers, looking on each other as sisters, delighted in washing their infants in the same bath, putting them to rest in the same cradle, and sometimes they even exchanged the babes at the breast. "My friend," exclaimed Madame de la Tour, "we shall each of us have two children, and each of our children will have two mothers."

While the children were still in their cradles their mothers talked of their marriage, and soothed their own cares and regrets by this happy anticipation of the conjugal felicity and blessings of equality which their more fortunate offspring, far from the cruel prejudices of Europe, would enjoy.

Nothing could exceed the attachment which the two children displayed for each other. They walked together hand in hand, and at night often refused to be separated and were found sleeping in the same cradle, locked in each other's arms. As they grew up, they continued inseparable. When you met one, you would be sure to find the other near by.

When a summer shower began to descend, you might see their two faces laughing under the swelling petticoat that Virginia had pulled up to screen them from the rain. Whenever and wherever Virginia wished to go, to discover new nooks in the forest, or to ask pardon for some poor slave-woman, there Paul was ready to accompany her. If they came to a stream so deep that the girl dared not wade through it, the boy took her up in his arms, and carried her over. If she cut her feet on the sharp stones, Paul made buskins for her out of leaves. When they got lost in the forest depths, Paul kindled a fire by rubbing dry sticks together, burned down a young palm-tree and fed Virginia with the edible head at the top. At twelve he was stronger and more mature than European boys at fifteen, and with all kinds of lovely flowers and fruit-trees had em-

bellished the plantations, where Domingo had raised only what was useful. In the neighboring woods Paul made all sorts of picturesque paths and nooks, greenswards for dancing, and other pleasant meeting-places for the two families, and he baptized them with delightful names such as "Concord," "The Discovery of Friendship," "Virginia's Resting-place." When the rising sun lighted up the points of the rocks that towered above the valley, Margaret and Paul went to the dwelling of Madame de la Tour, and all offered up together their morning prayers and then partook of the first repast, usually on the grass under the grateful shade of a plantain-tree. When night came they all supped together, and the mothers told moving stories of adventure on land or sea; or perhaps Madame de la Tour would read some affecting history from the Bible. When the weather was fine, they went to church at the Shaddock Grove. Invitations from the wealthier members of the community, which they often received, were respectfully declined, but they were always ready to go to the poor and ill with comfort and help. Instead of the conventional gaieties of polite society, the young folks swam in the surf, or danced and enacted pantomimes, often in the manner of the negroes.

With a few exceptions, they had no particular days, some being devoted to pleasure and others to sadness. Every day was to them a holiday, and all which surrounded them one holy temple. The birthdays of their mothers, however, were celebrated in an especial fashion. Virginia made white wheaten cakes for the poor, to whom it was a thing unknown, and Paul carried the cakes about and distributed them, with cordial invitations to visit their homes on the coming birthdays. When the poor whites came, all the household united in entertaining them in the most hospitable fashion possible; for, as they told their guests: "We are happy only when we are seeking the happiness of our guests."

Thus grew up these children of Nature. Neither ambition nor envy disturbed them. "No care had troubled their peace, no intemperance had corrupted their blood; no misplaced passion had depraved their hearts. Their countenances beamed with purity and peace. Love, innocence, and piety were each day unfolding the beauty of their souls. Such in the garden of

Eden appeared our first parents when, coming from the hand of God, they first saw, approached, and conversed together, like brother and sister. Virginia was as gentle, modest, and confiding as Eve; and Paul, like Adam, united the figure of manhood with the simplicity of a child.

When Paul confided to Virginia that the azure of the skies was less charming to him than the blue of her eyes, and that if he only touched her with the tip of his finger his whole frame trembled with pleasure, Virginia would assure him in return that the rays of the sun in the morning, brightening the tops of the rocks, gave her less joy than the sight of his face. And in reply to his question as to why he loved her, she ingenuously answered: "Why! all creatures that are brought up together love one another. Look at our birds! Reared in the same nests, they love as we do; they are always together, as we are."

But new and strange sensations came to agitate the heart of Virginia. She fled her innocent sports and wandered alone in unfrequented paths. At the sight of Paul, she advanced sportively; then was seized with sudden confusion, and her pale cheeks were overspread with blushes. Paul endeavored to soothe her with his embraces, as in former days. But she fled, trembling, to her mother. The caresses of her brother excited too much emotion in her agitated heart. Paul could not comprehend these novel caprices. But the more experienced mother, discerning this strong attachment between the two young people, proposed to Madame de la Tour to unite them in marriage. To the latter, however, the proposal seemed premature, and the young lovers too young and too poor. A commercial trip that might increase Paul's fortune and add to his years was therefore proposed.

But before anything of this sort could be arranged, a letter came from Madame de la Tour's wealthy aunt in France, inviting her and Virginia to come to Paris and let her daughter be educated there, and become the heiress of the aged relative who now feared she might soon pass away. Margaret and Paul warmly protested against this suggestion, declaring that they would so labor for Virginia and her mother that they should never feel any want.

The next day, at sunrise, the Governor of the Colony, Mon-

sieur de la Bourdonnais, appeared at Madame de la Tour's door, and in the most emphatic way told her that she could not, without injustice, deprive her daughter of the noble inheritance that the rich aunt in France promised. The Governor brought with him a great bag of money allotted by the aunt for the preparations for the voyage, and taking Madame de la Tour aside, he informed her that a vessel would soon sail on which would go a lady, related to him, suitable to chaperon Virginia.

To Madame de la Tour it seemed best to provide in this way for the education and comfortable maintenance of her daughter, and at the same time separate her from Paul until he was older and Virginia was better prepared to choose a husband.

Virginia was at first resolved not to leave her mother and the lover who she confessed was so dear. But when the counsels of her mother and the Governor were reënforced by those of the priest, who was her confessor, and who assured her that it was the command of God and her duty to her relatives, Virginia, trembling and weeping, consented to make the sacrifice.

In reply to Paul's excited expostulations and gloomy apprehensions, Virginia, with a heart broken with sobs, assured him that she was going chiefly for his sake, to relieve him from the burden of two infirm families, under which he was bowed down, and that she would live but for him and one day would return to be his wife.

The agitation of the two families over the parting was so great that Madame de la Tour declared that this painful separation should not take place. But in the morning Paul was overwhelmed by the news that in the night the Governor himself had come with a palanquin for Virginia, as the ship was about to weigh anchor; and, in spite of Madame de la Tour's tearful opposition, Virginia, almost dying, was carried away to the ship. From a rocky cone called "The Thumb," Paul, stunned with grief, watched the ship for the greater part of the day, until it was lost in the mists of the horizon.

For several days, the poor young lover wandered about in melancholy despair, now visiting the various resorts where he had walked and sat with his beloved companion; now gathering together and gazing again at everything that had belonged to her. Then he began eagerly to learn to read and write, that

he might correspond with his dear Virginia; and he wished to be instructed in geography and history, that he might have a juster idea of the country to which she had gone.

More than a year and a half passed before Madame de la Tour received the first tidings from her daughter. Virginia had been placed in a great abbey near Paris, where she had masters of all sorts, was waited on by finely dressed maids, clothed in elegant robes, and given the title of Countess. Her aunt had forbidden Virginia to correspond with her mother, and even caused her early letters home to be intercepted. It was only by strategy that after more than a year she had at length been able to send this letter. No one was allowed to see her at the abbey grating except her aunt and an old nobleman, whom the aunt wished her to marry. Though she lived in the midst of affluence, she had not a sou at her disposal, and her aunt had cruelly refused to give the least assistance to Madame de la Tour. The only gifts she was able to send were a few products of her needle and some seeds of the flowers and trees in the abbey park. The seeds were put in a little purse of her own handiwork, embroidered with a P and a V entwined together and formed of Virginia's own hair.

Paul and Madame de la Tour promptly wrote to Virginia in reply to the welcome letter. But for long, long months no further message came.

Paul, sad and depressed, knew not what to do. Often he would talk over the situation with an old friend of the two families, who lived a solitary life in a hermitage in the forest a league and a half away. Paul was eager to embark for France, enter the army, make a fortune, and demand of the aunt Virginia's hand. But his aged counselor warned him of the insuperable obstacles to this in his poverty, low birth, and especially his honesty. For it had come about, said the old man, that the distinctions which should be reserved for virtue could be obtained only by money. To marry a lady in France with rich relatives, such as Virginia had, it was necessary that the suitor also be rich, and able to live without work.

In the fullest and plainest manner the old man disclosed to the ingenuous Paul the political and social corruption and unnatural customs of marriage that existed in France. It was

not possible, the old man told Paul, for one educated according to Nature, as his young friend was, to comprehend this depraved state of society. "You are in a country and a condition in which, in order to live, it is not necessary for you to deceive nor flatter nor debase yourself, as most of those who seek fortune in Europe are obliged to do. You are in a land in which the exercise of no virtue is forbidden to you. Heaven has given you liberty, health, a good conscience, and friends; the kings whose favor you desire are not so happy."

By such sage counsels, in many and lengthy conversations under the papaw-tree, did Paul's wise old friend seek to instruct and console him and lead him to contentment with his lot. But Paul could think only of Virginia; and because no letter had come from her for a long time, he was persuaded she had forgotten him and had taken some rich husband in France.

At length one day a vessel, the *Saint Geran* from France, was signaled, four leagues out at sea, and letters conveyed by it were brought in by the pilot-boat. Among them was a letter from Virginia, who was on board.

She wrote that her aunt had quarreled with her because she would not marry the rich and aged suitor whom the aunt had selected for her niece. Not only had her aunt disinherited Virginia, but she had summarily sent her home on the *Saint Geran*, although it was a time of the year when she would arrive at the Isle of France in the hurricane season. Virginia wrote that she was delighted at the prospect of so soon embracing her beloved family, and had been eager to go ashore in the pilot-boat; but the Captain, on account of the distance and the threatening swell, had not allowed it.

Hardly was the letter read before all the family, transported with joy, cried: "Virginia has arrived!"

Paul and his friend, the old soldier, started for the port. But as they were walking through the woods in the darkness of the night, they were overtaken by a negro messenger who told them that a vessel from France had anchored off the shore three leagues away and was firing guns to obtain help, as the sea was dangerously rough. Paul and his friend turned to the north shore of the island through a suffocating heat and a frightful darkness, occasionally lighted up by flashes of distant lightning.

When morning came, and the increasing hurricane dispelled the fog that for so many hours had shrouded the coast, the ill-fated ship on which Virginia had embarked was clearly seen, its deck crowded with people. The ship was moored by cables between the adjacent Isle of Amber and the mainland, and inside the belt of reefs that encircles the island. In this unfortunate position, driven by the wind and waves, it was impossible for her to get out to the open sea, through the narrow entrance by which, on account of the Captain's mistake, she had entered; nor, on the other hand, was it possible to reach the beach without being wrecked on the intervening reefs of rocks. The whole channel was a sheet of white foam, full of yawning black depths. The hawsers broke, and the *Saint Geran* was dashed on the rocks, half a cable's length from shore. Paul, distracted, precipitated himself into the boiling waves, sometimes swimming, sometimes walking on the rocks. Sometimes he nearly reached the ship; then he was buried under mountains of water and thrown back bleeding on the shore. The crew, despairing of safety, threw themselves into the raging sea, clinging to whatever might help them to float. Then Virginia was seen at the stern of the *Saint Geran*, stretching out her arms toward her lover, whom she recognized by his intrepid and repeated efforts to rescue her. Virginia, with a noble and dignified bearing, now waved her hand to her friends, as if bidding them an eternal farewell. One sailor, however, still remained on deck, anxious to save the poor girl. Already prepared to swim for his life, he stood before Virginia, naked and strong as Hercules. He approached her with respect, knelt at her feet, tried to make her also throw off her clothes; but the modest maiden repelled him and turned away her head. The spectators cried: "Save her! save her!" At that moment a mountain of water, of frightful size and aspect, advanced with a roar upon the vessel. Virginia, seeing death inevitable, pressed one hand to her heart and with the other held her robe about her and raising upward her serene eyes, appeared like an angel ready to take her flight.

It was at first feared that the body of the unfortunate girl never would be recovered. But at length, on the shore of the opposite bay, it was found, half covered with sand. On her cheeks the livid hue of death blended with the blush of virgin

modesty. One hand still held her robe; in the other, pressed against her heart, was the picture of St. Paul, that she had promised her lover never to part with while she lived.

The funeral services were held in the church of Shaddock Grove, attended by a deeply sympathizing throng of the islanders and accompanied with all the honors that the Governor could give.

The young girls of the neighborhood touched her coffin with handkerchiefs and crowns of flowers and invoked her as a saint. Mothers asked of heaven a daughter like Virginia; lovers, a heart as faithful; the poor, a friend as tender; slaves, a mistress as good.

It was three weeks before Paul could walk, and when he regained his physical powers his grief seemed increased. The wise old man, his friend, employed every means to divert his thoughts. But the soul of a lover finds everywhere traces of the beloved object, and there was no other recourse but to address to him the plainest and most serious remonstrances upon his useless grief. His friend pointed out to Paul that his inconsolable sorrow was bringing his mother and Virginia's mother to the grave. Neither Virginia's end nor her present state was a thing for which to grieve, his friend assured him. Death is a benefit to all. Everything changes in this earth, but nothing is lost.

“Without doubt there is some place where virtue receives its recompense. Virginia is now happy. Ah! if from the abode of angels she could communicate with you, she would say, as in her last adieu: ‘O Paul! Life is only a trial. I have been found faithful to the laws of Nature, of love and virtue. Heaven found my probation sufficient. I have escaped forever from poverty and calumny, and from the sight of others’ griefs. Support the trials that are assigned you, that you may heighten the happiness of your Virginia by a love which shall have no end. Oh, my friend, my husband, raise your thoughts toward the infinite, that you may endure the pains of a moment!’”

By such lofty expostulations and many other consolatory counsels did Paul’s gray-haired friend seek to moderate his despair. But it was of no avail. Paul died two months after the fatal shipwreck, with Virginia’s name on his lips. A week

after his death, Margaret saw her own last hour approach with a joy which only the pure-hearted can experience. A month later Madame de la Tour passed on to join her loved ones beyond the veil. As for the unnatural aunt, her very wealth completed her ruin. Endeavoring to save her fortune from falling into the hands of relatives whom she hated, she found herself confined by their orders as a lunatic, and soon died.

Paul was laid by the side of Virginia, and near them their tender mothers and their faithful servants also were buried. "No marble marks the spot of their humble graves." "Their spirits do not need the display that they shunned during their lives. But if they still take an interest in what passes on earth, they no doubt love to wander beneath the roofs of those dwellings, inhabited by industrious virtue, to console unhappy poverty, to cherish in the hearts of lovers unchanging fidelity, a taste for the blessings of Nature, the love of labor, and the fear of riches."

ANNE LOUISE GERMAINE NECKER DE STAËL-HOLSTEIN

(France, 1766-1817)

CORINNE: OR, ITALY (1807)

When this story first appeared it aroused the greatest enthusiasm; a success which so enraged Napoleon, who hated the author, that he himself wrote an unfavorable criticism, which appeared in *Le Moniteur*. The author intended to represent the ideal woman of Italy in the heroine of this romance, and also to embody her own feelings concerning the art and literature of that country. The novel, indeed, served for many years as a guide-book for travelers in Italy, until modern discoveries made it of less value in that respect.



SWALD, LORD NEVIL, a handsome Scotch nobleman of fine mind, good name, and independent fortune, left Edinburgh to spend the winter of 1794 in Italy, hoping to regain his health, which had been impaired through grief for the death of his father.

When visiting in Innsbruck, he became interested in Count d'Erfeuil, a French nobleman of cheerful disposition, who had lost his fortune and was maintaining himself by his musical talents, and invited him to accompany him to Rome. Neither he nor the Count understood Italy or the Italians. The Roman campagna was to them but so much uncultivated land, and historic spots possessed no interest; for travel, instead of diverting Oswald's grief, had redoubled his despondency until he was unable to find solace in nature or art; while the Count, guide-book in hand, compared everything with Paris, even the dome of St. Peter's with that of Les Invalides.

Their first morning in Rome opened by a ringing of bells and firing of cannon; and they found the streets decorated in honor of the poet and *improvisatrice* who was to be crowned with

leaves at the Capitol. Though the fortunate fair one was one of the loveliest women in Rome, nearly twenty-six years old, and apparently noble, besides being wealthy, her history and family were unknown, and she was called by the name under which her first book was published—Corinne.

Wending his way with the triumphal procession, Oswald saw her received at the Capitol by the most distinguished citizens of Rome. After listening to tributes of praise, she improvised upon her lyre an ode to the glory of Italy. Noticing that the Englishman did not applaud, and that he seemed to be in grief, she took up her lyre again, and improvised verses calculated to assuage sorrow. Oswald was enchanted, and applauded vehemently.

The Count also had been at the Capitol, and the next day, unknown to Oswald, he obtained invitations for them both to call upon the fair Corinne. For a fortnight after this, Oswald devoted himself exclusively to her. Corinne, accustomed to the lively and flattering tributes of the Italians, found in Oswald's calmness an elevation of character which enveloped her in a purer, sweeter atmosphere, giving her a happiness she did not seek to define. Finding that he was seeing nothing of Rome, and desirous that he should appreciate Italy and make it his home, she offered to guide him through the principal buildings. Oswald was delighted, and they visited many places of interest, until one morning, just after they had spent two days exploring the Seven Hills, she received a ceremonious note saying that an indisposition would confine him to the house for some days. Corinne's hopes were shattered, and even Count d'Erfeuil, who called occasionally, failed to relieve her anxiety and met her ardent inquiries with imperturbable silence.

Oswald, remembering his father's wish that he marry Lucy Edgarmond, the daughter of his old friend, felt, although he had made no promise, that he could no longer be thrown into the constant companionship of Corinne without succumbing to her charms; and he doubted that his father would approve of anyone who led a life so independent. He first thought of leaving Rome and writing Corinne an explanation; but, not having sufficient resolution, he simply denied himself the pleasure of her society. On the evening of the fourth day of absence from

her, torn by the emotion caused by his self-inflicted punishment, he went to the fountain of Trêve in the heart of Rome. Corinne, unable to sustain the thought of never seeing him again, had also gone thither, and when they unexpectedly discovered each other in the reflection of their profiles in the water, their friendship was renewed.

About this time Lucy Edgarmond's nearest relative called on Oswald, on his way to join his regiment embarking from Naples, and asked the favor of an introduction to Corinne. He was entranced, but announced his intention of leaving the following day, saying that, even at fifty years of age, he would not risk being enslaved by Corinne, adding a homily on the superiority of Englishwomen as wives, and especially of his young cousin Lucy. He alluded also to Oswald's sainted mother and revered father, all of which so affected Oswald that he was seized with a serious attack of the trouble that affected his lungs.

Corinne, upon receiving a line from him to account for his absence, instantly went to see him, and in six days nursed him back to health, exacting a promise that he would not leave Italy without informing her. Thenceforth she endeavored to make his life calm, carefully avoiding explanations, and taking him on pleasant strolls through the galleries and museums. When he told her he was going to Naples she suggested accompanying him, and while there, near the hermitage of St. Salvadore, he told her the story of his life.

He had been educated at home until nearly twenty-one years old, and was then sent to France for six months. There he met Count Raimond and his widowed sister, Madame d'Arbigny. A letter from his father recalled him to Scotland, where he stayed a year, and then was sent to London on business. He had been there only a week when he received a letter from Madame d'Arbigny, saying that her brother had been killed at the Tuileries while defending King Louis XVI, and that he had taken all her fortune, with his own, to settle in England, and asking Oswald whether he had received it or knew to whom he had entrusted it. She entreated him, as she was obliged to flee, and as English people could still travel in France with safety, to come and save her.

Without hesitation, after sending word to his father, Oswald set out for Paris, and there he learned that Corinne was at a provincial town sixty miles away. Later one of her kinsmen told him that her fortress was safe, and that never at any time had she cause for uneasiness, adding that her letter was but a ruse to bring him back to her.

Although Corinne gave Oswald the rights of a husband after he rejoined her, she refused to go to England with him in order that he might implore his father's consent to their union, as she wished to be married in France. His father, hearing of his danger, entreated him to take no important step without his advice.

About this time Oswald fought a duel with one of the relatives of Corinne, who wished to marry her; and out of gratitude for mercy shown by his adversary, this rival handed over to Oswald a packet of letters which Corinne had written to him. After reading these letters, Oswald decided to leave her forever; and, remembering the last letter of his father, full of anxiety for his future, he journeyed night and day toward England, only to find his father had died from grief at his son's prolonged absence, and fear lest he renounce his military career, marry unhappily, and settle in France. Although twenty months had passed since his father's death, Oswald was pursued by remorse and grief.

Corinne had promised to tell him the history of her life upon their return to Naples. As they were landing, Oswald, in saving an old man from drowning, wet the portrait of his father, which he always wore around his neck. Overcome with sorrow that these beloved features should be dimmed, he showed the portrait to Corinne, who volunteered to restore it. In three days she returned him a perfect likeness, which seemed as if done by inspiration. In his gratitude he drew from his finger the ring his father had given his mother, and offered it to Corinne, but she refused it, saying that her work was done not through inspiration; that she had seen his father many times; and, in reply to his astonishment, she sent him the papers she had prepared for his perusal.

From these he learned that Corinne was the daughter of his father's old friend, Lord Edgarmond, whose first wife was a

Roman, and that she was born in Italy; also that Lucy, whom his father had wished him to marry, was her half-sister, Lord Edgarmond having married again in England. Corinne's mother had died when the little girl was ten years old, and she had lived with her aunt until she was fifteen; when, at her death, she went to England. Her father received her with tenderness, but his second wife was a cold, dignified, silent woman who was displeased with her Italian manners. The winters of the northern provincial town were damp and cold, and there were no theaters, music, or pictures, nor any of the things to which Corinne was accustomed in sunny Italy. The conversation of the women was insipid, and the faces, even of the young girls, were immovable as that of an automaton. No one showed any interest in science, art, or literature; and the young girl's only amusement was to teach her little blue-eyed, fair-haired half-sister drawing and Italian. When she was nearly twenty years old, her father wished her to marry Lord Nevil, but his father, when on a visit, was so alarmed by her vivacity that he said his son was too young, being eighteen months her junior. She was then urged to marry her stepmother's eldest brother, a thrifty, rich, well-born and honorable man of no imagination. Her refusal was upheld by her father, though his wife and everyone else upbraided her. When she was about twenty-one, her father died, and, being most unhappy in England, she went to Italy, accompanied by her faithful Thérèse. Her disagreeable stepmother wrote to her that her departure had been accounted for by spreading the report that the voyage had been ordered by the physicians, and that she had died on the passage. Five years after this time she met Lord Nevil in Rome, where she had settled under the name of Corinne. During that time the fame of her talents had spread, and two noblemen, one a German and the other an Italian, had been affianced to her; but she broke both engagements, feeling that neither man could satisfy her soul. Her half-sister, Lucy, as she remembered her, was quiet and gentle, and was twelve years her junior.

Oswald was disturbed by these revelations, and they returned to Rome, to find there an epidemic of fever. Corinne took it, but recovered. Later they went to Venice, where she

was overwhelmed with tributes of praise. While there Oswald was summoned to join his regiment in England, to sail for the West Indies. He promised Corinne to try to restore her to her rank in English society, and should he fail, to return and live with her in Italy. He wished to marry her at once, but she said he must first see his country and his friends.

Once in London, surrounded by old associations, Oswald wished only to live in Scotland with Corinne. He went to Lady Edgarmond, who was then in London, and tried in vain to make her recognize her stepdaughter; then he went to Scotland, where, at Lady Edgarmond's request, he received the letter his father wrote to Lord Edgarmond in regard to the marriage of his son, in which he spoke of Corinne as charming, but as one who would wean his son from England; he urged him to try to bring about a union with Lucy, who was a true Englishwoman and who would constitute his happiness. After reading this letter, Oswald felt that he must either break the heart of Corinne or outrage the memory of his father; and his irritation showed itself in his letters.

Corinne, hearing that his regiment was detained, sailed for England. Upon her arrival, she heard that it was still further delayed, and that Lord Nevil had gone to Scotland, but must shortly return to join it. One evening she saw him unexpectedly at the theater, but he was so engrossed in looking at Lady Edgarmond and Lucy, now a beautiful girl of twenty, that he did not see her. She sent to his house to see whether he were there, but word always came back that he was at Lady Edgarmond's, and finally that he had gone to Scotland. Then Corinne resolved to go to her father's estate in Scotland. Supposing Lady Edgarmond and Lucy to be still in London, she was surprised to find a ball in progress at the castle in Scotland, and to hear that Lord Nevil was leading it with Lucy, the heiress. Hiding in the shadows of the garden, Corinne saw Oswald for a moment on a balcony; and later Lucy looked out of a window and pointed at what she supposed was an apparition of her dead sister. Recovering, she went to their father's tomb, followed by Corinne, and uttered a prayer so sweet and gentle that Corinne resolved to send Oswald the ring he had given her, and to break all ties between them forever. Already

she had been told that he loved Lucy, and that his love was returned; she heard also that he had said only three days before that he would marry Lucy if he were free from entanglements, and Corinne believed it.

Oswald, not having heard from Corinne for several months, believed himself forgotten; and when he received the ring with the words "You are free," he was overcome with emotion. Lady Edgarmond, observing his distraction and knowing that her daughter loved him, and that she herself was suffering from a fatal illness, at last offered to recognize her stepdaughter. Lord Nevil then demanded Lucy's hand and the mother gave her consent, though the instant it was done Oswald was plunged into memories of Corinne, and with difficulty recalled himself to his duty to Lucy.

Corinne read among the society news in the London newspapers that her presence in England, as the daughter of Lord Edgarmond, was recognized by Lady Edgarmond, and then, with the aid of Count d'Erfeuil, who had come to England to see Oswald, she and Thérèse sailed to Italy.

Lord Nevil and Lucy were married immediately, but he soon left England for the West Indies. In four years he returned, and for the first time saw his little daughter, who had dark eyes and hair like Corinne's. Later, after the death of Lady Edgarmond, he and his wife and child went to Italy for his health. Corinne was ill at the villa on the Paventa, which she had taken at the time Oswald left Italy. The child was sent to visit Corinne every day, and toward the end of her illness Lucy also went; but Corinne would not receive Oswald until the day when she summoned them all to hear her improvise for the last time publicly. Oswald fainted from sadness, and Corinne returned home to die. Her former lover followed the funeral procession to Rome, then, after spending some time in seclusion in Tivoli, he returned with his family to England.

ALFRED VICTOR DE VIGNY

(France, 1797-1863)

CINQ-MARS (1826)

Before writing this historical romance its author had published a volume of poems and several dramas, of which *Chatterton*, based on the career of the young English poet, is the most notable, having been produced on the stage with immense applause. But his most famous work is *Cinq-Mars*, which was crowned by the Academy. It adheres closely to historic fact as to the course of the conspiracy of the Marquis de Cinq-Mars, and gives what is regarded as the most masterly portrait in fiction of the great Cardinal Richelieu, the minister of Louis XIII, who saved the monarchy and broke the power of the French nobility.



THE first scene of the brief, stormy career of Cinq-Mars opens at the stately château of Chaumont, near the famous château of Chambard, in the province of Touraine. Chaumont was the seat of the family of the late Maréchal d'Effiat, dead six months. Marie de Gonzaga, Duchess of Mantua, with her Italian retainers, had also retired at Chaumont at that time for reasons of state. This, too, was the birthplace and home of Henri d'Effiat, Marquis of Cinq-Mars, a name taken from a family estate. All the morning a certain subdued bustle had been evident at the château. The Maréchale d'Effiat, the stately mother of Cinq-Mars, was dressed in deeper mourning than usual, and her eyes were moist with tears. Word had been received that the King had summoned Cinq-Mars to the court, being interested in what he had learned of the capacity of this noble youth of seventeen. News of this nature, usually received with joy as the precursor of position and power, had quite the opposite effect on the widowed mother. Intrigue was rife. The air was tainted with suspicion. No one in the circles of the great knew the intentions of the Cardinal Duc de Rich-

lieu, who practically ruled the weak monarch and through him the nation. No one knew what dark purposes might be concealed under the velvet-lined, far-reaching policy of the inexorable Prime Minister. Therefore, the Maréchale d'Effiat wept with forebodings when she saw the royal messenger enter the gates of her castle with a mandate for her son. But no pleas on her part would avail, while the rest of the family and guests saw in this simple incident a first step up the ladder of fame. The message admitted of no delay. Immediate preparations were therefore made for departure. The horses were saddled, and old Grandchamp, a lifelong, faithful servitor of the house, who, with the death of his old master, supposed his active duties were closed, now found himself the one selected to accompany his new and younger master on a journey full of possibilities and results not to be foreseen. A troop of mounted servants attended them.

The entire family were at last assembled at dinner, a formal, stately function. Marie de Gonzaga, her eyes red with weeping, came in last but one, followed by Cinq-Mars. She glanced significantly toward him, while he turned pale in return.

The hour came for the departure of Cinq-Mars. The Maréchale rose from the table in tears. Everyone rose with her. She took two steps, and sank into another chair. All gathered anxiously around her.

“Pardon, my friends! It is foolish of me—but I am weak at present. We were thirteen at table! and you, my dear Duchess, were the cause of it. Farewell, my child; give me your forehead to kiss, and may God guide you. Be worthy of your name and of your father!”

Then, smiling through her tears, she pushed her son from her, and said: “Come, let us see you on horseback, fair sir!”

Cinq-Mars set off at a gallop, with old Grandchamp following close after.

“Oh, heavens!” cried the young Princess, retiring from the window.

“What is the matter?” said the mother.

“Nothing, nothing!” said Monsieur de Launay, a secret agent of Richelieu. “Your son's horse merely stumbled under the gateway; but he soon pulled him up.”

"Another ominous presage!" gasped the Marquise, retiring to her apartments.

After night set in Cinq-Mars returned on his tracks, and under the gloom of the wood which grew on that side of the château, this youth, with the ambitions and maturity of manhood, climbed by the vines which clung to the western tower and reached a window where a dim light was burning. At a given signal, the window was opened and Marie de Gonzaga appeared. Although his superior in rank, she discerned his precocious talents and loved him with all the fervor of her Italian blood. There the lovers conferred and plighted their love with eternal vows, which, in his case, at least, were doomed to aid in shaping his destiny. Under the guise of marblelike apathy or self-control, he carried a passion, a tumult of emotions and ambitions unchangeable, resolute until death, while suspected by few. And then they parted, she to hope and despair, he to plan, plot, and meet with unsurpassed heroism what destiny had in store for him.

Proceeding south toward Perpignan, then besieged by the King and the Cardinal Duke, Cinq-Mars arrived in five days at Loudun, where he met the Abbé Quillet, his faithful preceptor, who was very suspicious as to the designs of the Cardinal on Cinq-Mars, and gave him some really sincere counsel as to how he should conduct himself in the new and difficult circumstances into which he was about to enter. Cinq-Mars was thus placed on his guard. But his eyes were still further opened by a dreadful tragedy that occurred at Loudun. At the instigation of Richelieu, a monk named Urbain Grandier, of high character but somewhat independent spirit, was under accusation of witchcraft, and various other equally unfounded charges. Grandier was at any rate obnoxious to the Cardinal, who, by his fierce, unscrupulous instrument, Laubardemont, and especially by the artful methods of the notorious Capuchin monk, Father Joseph, the right-hand assistant of his master, and for that reason often called his Gray Eminence, caused the death of Grandier at the stake. The execution occurred at night, in the midst of a dreadful thunder-storm. An immense throng surrounded the scene of horror, expressing its indignation in various ways that alarmed the authorities; for, notwith-

standing the credulous and superstitious nature of the people in those days, this tragedy was generally regarded as purely a question of politics undoubtedly selfish and personal. The niece of the presiding Judge, Laubardemont, one of the nuns accused of complicity with the slaughtered victim, became from that day a raving maniac, who lived to bring much tribulation on her diabolical uncle.

Now Cinq-Mars, by being at Loudun at that very time, was driven by the rush of the crowd through the dark, narrow streets to the square where this bloody scene was to be enacted. He saw it all with rising indignation, and unable longer to control his rage, led the mob to fall on the tribunal and the troops, drove them in terror to fly, and attempted, when it was too late, to rescue the innocent being roasting at the stake. It is from such events, altogether unforeseen and unexpected, that one's destiny is often irrevocably shaped. Up to that day Cinq-Mars had apparently been indifferent to the policy and character of the Cardinal Duke, who, however, had his eye on him with a view to using his talents for his own purposes, because nothing had yet occurred to suggest other than liking and respect on the part of the young Marquis of Cinq-Mars. But from that hour the young noble, who had learned enough to know who was behind this tragedy, was the bitter enemy of the terrible Cardinal; while, on the other hand, some of the Cardinal's minions, who had recognized Cinq-Mars, secretly reported the facts to their master. Richelieu saw that instead of an ally he had brought to the court one who needed close watching; and the man who was closely watched by the Cardinal Duke and his chief lieutenant, Father Joseph, walked thenceforth in the shadow of the scaffold.

The court happened at that time to be in camp with the army besieging Perpignan, on the Spanish border. The siege had lasted long; it would be terminated only as might suit the plans of the Cardinal. In the mean time fighting was going on and men were killed and wounded to keep up the show for the diplomats, to whom soldiers were pawns. In one of these actions Cinq-Mars displayed notable courage and skill and received a ball in his leg that he made light of, but which aroused the friendly concern of King Louis XIII himself, who early took a

great liking to the singularly mature young Marquis from Touraine, and soon after gave him the honorary position of Grand Ecuyer, or head squire of the realm. Henceforth Cinq-Mars was usually called Monsieur le Grand. Richelieu submitted to this action of Louis without displaying open opposition, but still kept a jealous watch on the ambitious *protégé* of the King.

At Perpignan Cinq-Mars also met his friend, De Thou, the son of the great jurist of that name. The youths had studied together, and a very warm friendship had sprung up between them which lasted to the close of life. This would appear singular if we did not know that friendship is usually between opposites rather than between those who resemble each other. The one was precocious, ambitious, mysterious, reserved, and inspired by overwhelming passion. De Thou, somewhat the elder, was primarily a student, happier among his books than in camp, although, like all gentlemen of the time, not without knowledge and practise of arms. The most remarkable trait of De Thou, unsurpassed either in romance or history, was his high sense of real, not conventional, honor, joined to his amazing capacity for friendship. For leadership in this field of ethical activity the name of François Auguste de Thou ranks with the immortals whom Destiny has crowned with unfading laurel. The less known of the two friends, he was still the greater of the two.

In one respect, De Thou perhaps gave to his friend counsel which, good in itself, was untimely or at least injurious to the interests of Cinq-Mars at that particular juncture of events. He urged him to employ every effort to influence the King, who had made him a confidential favorite, to banish the Cardinal Duke and liberate France from the tyranny that was deluging the country with the blood of those who had built up the power and splendor of the kingdom. In a general way the advice may have been just, but it was imprudent, as such a course was sure to be discovered and followed with the destruction of Cinq-Mars, owing to the weakness of the King. This advice was also needless; for Cinq-Mars finally admitted to his friend that he had already formed such a purpose. But he refrained on this occasion from revealing even to De Thou the nature of the methods he proposed for carrying out his plans.

Cinq-Mars returned to Paris with the court. Months went by, but the friends rarely met. Each was occupied with his own pursuits. De Thou was so deeply immersed in his professional studies that he knew next to nothing of what kept Cinq-Mars absent for such long intervals. Nor did he suspect that he himself had a mortal enemy in the Cardinal Duke, who was simply abiding his time. If he had but known, the good De Thou might perhaps have avoided the stern decree of Fate. He forgot that in his book the elder De Thou, his father, had published words not agreeable to the cruel Cardinal.

“Do you see that man?” said Richelieu one day to Father Joseph, pointing to the young counselor De Thou. “Well, his father put my name in his book, and I will write the name of the son in my book.”

Marie de Gonzaga, Duchess of Mantua, had left the château of Chaumont, and was now the guest of Anne of Austria, Queen of France. Months, nearly two years in fact, had passed since the Duchess and her young lover had plighted their love in the tower window of Chaumont. He, in the mean time, had been busy with affairs of tremendous character besides the duty of being the favorite of the King.

About this time a violent riot occurred near the Louvre, in the middle of the night, incited by whom it was difficult to tell. But many shots were fired, although few were hurt, and it ended with an irruption of the rabble from all quarters, and cries for the success of Cinq-Mars, called Monsieur le Grand.

The Queen and her ladies were greatly alarmed, while many gentlemen of high rank, more or less mixed up with the tumult, gathered in the palace, some for refuge and others apparently to talk about the causes of the *émeute*.

In their confusion and fear the Queen and the Duchess entered into confidential conversation, and, as happens sometimes on such occasions, made mutual confessions and divulged important secrets that not only compromised them in a trust that either might betray, but actually contributed to hasten plans hardly yet ripe for action. The Queen out of a secret casket produced letters from the recently assassinated Duke of Buckingham, and avowed her affection for him, while the Duchess, when the question of her proposed marriage to the King of

Poland was broached, disclosed for the first time the fact that she was formally affianced to Cinq-Mars, the ceremony having been performed before the Abbé Quillot, then considered as binding as marriage.

Later Cinq-Mars himself appeared with other gentlemen. Monsieur the Duc d'Orleans, brother to the King, was in an adjoining apartment. All present were known to each other as sworn enemies to Richelieu the Cardinal Duke, and anxious for his fall. But not all present knew that a conspiracy had actually been formed to produce such a result. The Queen listened with qualified approval; but when the point was reached where it was divulged that a secret treaty with Spain was being negotiated, whereby seventeen thousand Spanish troops would aid the conspirators, the Queen stepped proudly back. Although born in Spain, she was Queen of France; and no Spanish troops should step foot with her consent on the soil of her adopted land. But she added that, while no longer of their number, she would not betray the conspirators.

De Thou, who had come in with the other gentleman, now heard of the conspiracy for the first time, and was deeply moved that his friend Cinq-Mars should take such advantage as to make him a confidant in a scheme that might cost him his life. But he, too, promised, in the name of friendship, to stand by Cinq-Mars, whatever might be the cost, although he clearly saw the ultimate doom. As a patriot he was bound to disclose the whole affair to the Government, while as a friend he could hold his peace and probably die. He chose the latter, purely out of friendship, although resolute in avoiding any further participation with the conspirators.

The result was inevitable. Father Joseph traced every step of the conspiracy. Laubardemont, another of the instruments of Richelieu already mentioned, traced to the passes of the Pyrenees the messenger who was carrying the signed treaty in a hollow stick shaped like a smuggler's staff. The bearer of the treaty was the son of Laubardemont, in the service of Cinq-Mars; and to get that treaty the father killed the son in a terrific night storm on the mountains. That dreadful tragedy sealed the doom of Cinq-Mars and De Thou! The treaty was essential to justify the Cardinal Duke with the King in demanding

the death of Cinq-Mars, De Thou, and Gaston, the very brother of the King, and to force the latter, as it were, to grant the demand. That consent was wrenched from Louis by the tremendous will of the Cardinal Duke, who actually resigned his exalted post, and only resumed it when the weak King, unable to conduct his dominion alone, agreed to give Richelieu the heads of his victims. But, ere the tribunal had closed its bloody session, Monsieur, the King's brother, dishonorably saved his life and accepted banishment by promising to turn state's evidence.

Arrested at Narbonne, Cinq-Mars and De Thou were drawn down the Loire in a barge behind the one which contained the consumptive Cardinal Duke and his miserable puppet King. At Lyons the victims were brought up for their perfunctory trial, and proceeded thence to the scaffold. Cinq-Mars suffered first; and the heroic martyr to friendship, De Thou, kissed the blood of his friend as he laid his own head on the block.

After this grim tragedy Marie de Gonzaga, to marry whom her lover confessed he had undertaken such a desperate undertaking, became Queen of Poland.

CHARLES JOHN HUFFHAM DICKENS

(England, 1812-1870)

POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB (1837)

Dickens was twenty-five years old when he wrote the *Pickwick Papers*. It was his second work of large dimensions, and it established him at once as the foremost humorist of the time. The work has a much deeper significance, however, than is to be found in its humor, for it marks the beginning of an era in English literature. It was the first of a long series of works of fiction expressing the life and manners of the middle and lower classes. Dickens wrote this work to order, and it is evident that he did not himself perceive its possibilities in the beginning. It consisted of twenty self-dependent and fairly complete instalments, each written just in time to meet the demands of the press, but all unified by the presence of Mr. Pickwick as hero or *deus ex machina* of the separate adventures. Another unifying figure is Mr. Alfred Jingle, the pursuit and regeneration of whom make the only complete long story in the book. Sir Henry Irving used to play "Alfred Jingle" in a comedy of that name, and in the United States an American actor organized a company that played a comic opera called *Mr. Pickwick*. The *Adventures* begin in May, 1827, and cover a period of about two years. The scenes are in London and various English towns within easy coaching distance of the metropolis.



SAMUEL PICKWICK, ESQUIRE, had attained one of the dizziest pinnacles of fame by the writing of a profound paper on "The Source of the Hampstead Ponds, with some Observations on the Theory of Tittlebats," when his gigantic intellect conceived and gave birth to an idea that justified, nay, rendered inevitable, his elevation to the ranks of the Immortals. This stupendous project was no less than an extension of his researches, and thus of his contributions to human knowledge, by a series of journeys to regions remote from London and little within the ken of civilization. He proposed to the club of which he was the founder and perpetual president that he and three other Pickwickians should make these journeys at such peril to them-



selves as might be, and at their own expense both for travel and the postage on their reports to the organization. The club at a general meeting passed a formal vote acknowledging the correctness of the economic principles involved in the president's proposal, in accordance with which, a day or two later, Mr. Pickwick, accompanied by Mr. Tracy Tupman, Mr. Nathaniel Winkle, and Mr. Augustus Snodgrass, took coach from the Golden Cross for Rochester.

Unhappily, Mr. Pickwick's insatiate thirst for knowledge and his stern adherence to scientific methods for the attainment of accuracy plunged him into a perilous adventure before the journey was begun; for he conscientiously took notes of some observations on horses uttered by his cabman on the way to the Golden Cross, and the cabman misinterpreted this action as the vile tactics of an informer. So, when Mr. Pickwick emerged from the cab and joined his friends, the cabman pitched into them. He knocked Mr. Pickwick's spectacles off and punched his nose, landed on Mr. Snodgrass's eye, butted heavily into Mr. Tupman's capacious abdomen, and batted the whole temporary supply of breath out of Mr. Winkle's body. Naturally enough a mob gathered, each precious member eager to have a share in the mix-up; and the Pickwickians, taken by surprise and vastly outnumbered, might have been then and there deterred from contributing to the cause of science but for the timely interposition of a gentleman in a shabby green coat, who emerged from the coffee-room, elbowed through the crowd, convinced the cabman and his satellites that there had been a mistake, and hustled the bewildered Pickwickians into the shelter of the inn. There he promptly ordered brandy and water for all, at Mr. Pickwick's expense, and lightly brushed aside that great man's expressions of gratitude for his timely interference. This was Mr. Alfred Jingle. As he also was going to Rochester, the Pickwickians arranged to sit with him on the coach, and for many days they saw much of him.

Indeed, the versatile and loquacious Mr. Jingle was the main cause of some of their most exciting adventures. For example, there was a ball at Rochester which Mr. Jingle and Mr. Tupman wished to attend; but Mr. Jingle's luggage had gone mysteriously astray, and he had no clothes suitable for the occasion.

This difficulty was resolved by the fact that Mr. Winkle was very drunk at the moment, and it was an easy matter, therefore, to borrow Mr. Winkle's evening-clothes. Clad in these, Mr. Jingle was a festive figure at the ball and succeeded in offending a military officer to such extent that a challenge to a duel was forthcoming on the following morning. At that time Mr. Jingle had gone on his way; and the offender was identified by his clothes as Mr. Winkle, whereby that young gentleman found himself in a plight of the gravest character. Of course, after no end of negotiations and misunderstandings, Mr. Winkle was exonerated, and nobody's blood was shed.

It was doubtless the happy ending of this episode that prevented the Pickwickians from perceiving the rascally character of their traveling-companion; but on the very next occasion when they came across him he displayed his true colors unmistakably. Mr. Pickwick and his friends were the guests of Mr. Wardle, a fine country gentleman. Mr. Tupman was paying decorous court to Miss Wardle, the elderly sister of his host, when Jingle, a much more dashing fellow, persuaded her to elope with him. Mr. Pickwick felt it duty bound to join in the pursuit. Jingle reached London first, but Mr. Wardle and Mr. Pickwick, accompanied by a lawyer, patiently made the rounds of several popular inns, coming eventually to the White Hart, where they asked questions of a sharp-featured young man who was cleaning boots in the yard. He identified their quarry by the boots, and for a sovereign conducted them to a room, which they entered just as Jingle was displaying his recently acquired license to marry. There was a painful scene; but Jingle proved amenable to argument in the shape of money, and relinquished his claims to the lady for one hundred and twenty pounds.

This episode satisfactorily terminated, Mr. Pickwick retired to his rooms in Goswell Street for a short time. He had been favorably impressed by the "Boots" at the White Hart, and contemplated engaging him as his servant. Such was his kindly nature that he could not venture to bring an extra person into the house without consulting the convenience of his landlady, Mrs. Bardell, a widow with one small son. He introduced the subject to her with his characteristic delicacy, ani-

madverting on the presumably slight extra work it would be to care for two persons instead of one, dwelling pleasantly on the companionship that would be afforded to her son, and so forth, all of which was perfectly clear to the benevolent Pickwick, but to Mrs. Bardell was nothing short of preliminary to a proposal of marriage. Taking it thus, and being already greatly pre-disposed to her lodger, she was so overwhelmed by joy that she could not wait for the definite announcement of Mr. Pickwick's intentions, but precipitated herself into his astonished arms, where she promptly fainted. In this embarrassing, mortifying, and dreadfully compromising situation his friends found him; for Messrs. Tupman, Snodgrass, and Winkle had the misfortune to enter before he could so much as lay his lovely burden on a chair.

Sam Weller, the "Boots" of the White Hart, was also in the house, come to see what it was that Mr. Pickwick wanted of him. That gentleman explained; and Sam gladly accepted the proffered place; but Mrs. Bardell could not be persuaded that this had been the sole purpose of her lodger's misleading words; and when at last she did understand that Mr. Pickwick had no thought of marrying her, she astounded him by entering suit for breach of promise. Investigation showed that she was in earnest, or rather that her lawyers were; for they had undertaken to prosecute for a contingent fee, believing that the worthy Pickwick would settle rather than face the ordeal of a trial. Mr. Pickwick would not be bled, and, pending the calling of the case, such was his admirably philosophical nature, he resumed his travels with undisturbed serenity.

The Pickwickians, attended now by Sam Weller, went to Eatanswill for the purpose of observing an election at short range. The distinguished visitors were seized upon by Mrs. Leo Hunter, who invited them to attend a fancy-dress party. Mr. Pickwick accepted on condition that he be not required to put on anything except those dignified habiliments with which he graced all assemblages of a public or formal nature. Mr. Tupman announced that he should go to the party as a bandit.

"You don't mean to say," said Mr. Pickwick, gazing with solemn sternness at his friend, "that it is your intention to put yourself into a green velvet jacket with a two-inch tail?"

"Such is my intention, sir," replied Mr. Tupman warmly. "And why not, sir?"

"Because, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, considerably excited, "you are too old, sir."

"Too old!" exclaimed Mr. Tupman.

"And if any further ground of objection be wanting, you are too fat, sir."

"Sir," said Mr. Tupman, his face suffused with a crimson glow, "this is an insult."

"Sir," replied Mr. Pickwick, "it is not half the insult to you that your appearance in my presence in a green velvet jacket with a two-inch tail would be to me."

"Sir," said Mr. Tupman, "you're a fellow."

"Sir," said Mr. Pickwick, "you're another."

Mr. Tupman advanced a step or two, and glared at Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Pickwick returned the glare, concentrated into a focus by means of his spectacles, and breathed a bold defiance. There was a fearful pause.

"My attachment to your person, sir," said Mr. Tupman, in a voice tremulous with emotion, and tucking up his wristbands meanwhile, "is great, very great; but upon that person I must take summary vengeance."

"Come on, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick. Stimulated by the exciting nature of the dialogue, the heroic man actually threw himself into a paralytic attitude, confidently supposed by Messrs. Snodgrass and Winkle to have been intended as a posture of defense.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Snodgrass, rushing between the two at the imminent hazard of receiving an application on the temple from each. "What! Mr. Pickwick, with the eyes of the world upon you! Mr. Tupman! who, in common with us all, derives a luster from his undying fame! For shame, gentlemen, for shame!"

The unwonted lines which momentary passion had ruled on Mr. Pickwick's clear and open brow gradually melted away, as his young friend spoke, like the marks of a black lead-pencil beneath the softening influence of india-rubber.

"I have been hasty," said Mr. Pickwick, "very hasty. Tupman, your hand."

The dark shadow passed from Mr. Tupman's face as he warmly grasped the hand of his friend. "I have been hasty, too," said he.

"No," interrupted Mr. Pickwick, "the fault was mine. You will wear the green velvet jacket?"

"No, no," replied Mr. Tupman.

"To oblige me, you will," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Well, well, I will," said Mr. Tupman.

So Messrs. Tupman, Snodgrass, and Winkle went to the party in fancy dress, which was much against Mr. Pickwick's judgment, but a credit to the amiability of his character. They were enjoying themselves there when a familiar voice caused Mr. Pickwick to start violently. A person introduced as Captain FitzMarshall was entering the crowded rooms; and, although he was now fashionably dressed, all the Pickwickians recognized him as Alfred Jingle. He fled the house as soon as he saw Mr. Pickwick's indignant countenance; and nothing would do but Mr. Pickwick must pursue him to apprise his intended victims of his reprehensible conduct. So, having learned that "FitzMarshall" was staying at the Angel, Bury St. Edmunds, Mr. Pickwick posted off to that establishment to circumvent such rascality as might be under way.

It seemed that Jingle had risen to the lofty height of traveling with a servant, Job Trotter, with whom Sam Weller quickly got on good terms. Job pretended to be ashamed of his master, and confessed that he was actually about to elope with a young lady student at a seminary on the outskirts of the town. This was too horrible to contemplate. Encouraged by Mr. Pickwick's money, Job indicated how the elopement might be frustrated. In accordance with his instructions, Mr. Pickwick repaired at night to the school, and Sam Weller helped him over the garden-wall. At half-past eleven he knocked at a rear door. According to arrangements, Job should then have appeared; but a female servant opened it, and there followed a hysterical outcry that spread from one end of the establishment to the other. A man on the premises! and a man who insisted on remaining to explain himself; who bawled at the top of his lungs over the feminine clamor, that he must see the lady of the house. After much excitement, the lady abbess consented to

hold converse with him if he would consent to be incarcerated. Mr. Pickwick felt in honor bound to submit to the terms imposed, and stepped into a closet, the door of which was then securely bolted. The conversation that followed developed the annoying fact that the distinguished gentleman and his shrewd servant had been hoaxed by Job Trotter. Neither "Captain FitzMarshall" nor Alfred Jingle had ever been heard of by anybody in the establishment, and Mr. Pickwick had to stay in the closet till two servants brought Sam Weller from the hotel to identify and vouch for him.

While Mr. Pickwick was thus engaged, Jingle slipped out of town; but his indomitable adversary was not defeated. He was merely repulsed momentarily, and he continued to pursue the malefactor with undiminished ardor. Some time passed, however, before he again found the trail; and meanwhile there were other adventures. Among them was a shooting party at Mr. Wardle's. The younger Pickwickians took eagerly to the guns and banged away at the birds to the imminent peril of themselves; but Mr. Pickwick contented himself with the pleasure of being in the open air, which gave him a robust appetite, so that, when luncheon was spread from a barrow on which it had been brought to the field, he ate most heartily. Likewise he drank freely of some excellent cold punch, so freely that, at the end of the luncheon, having tried vainly to remember the words of a song that he felt compelled to sing, he fell into the barrow and fast asleep immediately. As it was impossible to arouse him, the party left him there for one more hour of shooting.

It happened that the sportsmen in their enthusiasm had wandered from Mr. Wardle's ground to the estate of an irascible neighbor; and this neighbor, as ill luck would have it, came that way and found Mr. Pickwick asleep in the barrow. "Poachers!" cried the irascible man. "Who are you, fellow?" and he prodded Mr. Pickwick's rotund abdomen with a cudgel.

"Cold punch," murmured Mr. Pickwick, and went to sleep again.

That was all they could get from him; and, in great wrath, the owner of the ground ordered his servants to wheel the barrow, with Mr. Pickwick in it, to the pound. There, at evening,

Sam Weller found him, just awakened, a prey to bewilderment and the jeers of small boys and loafers of a larger growth. Sam cuffed the boys, smote such men as he could reach, and carried his master off without process of law, thus bringing to a triumphant conclusion what otherwise might have been a very mortifying adventure.

A clue to Jingle's whereabouts was supplied eventually by Sam Weller's father, a venerable coachman, whom Mr. Pickwick and Sam encountered in a public house where they had paused for refreshment.

"How's mother-in-law?" asked Sam, alluding to his father's second wife.

"Vy, I'll tell you what, Sammy," said the elder Weller solemnly, "there never was a nicer woman as a widder than that 'ere second wentur' o' mine, and all I can say is that she was such an uncommon pleasant widder it's a great pity she ever changed her condition. I've done it once too often, Sammy. Take example by your father, Sammy, my boy, and be merry careful o' widders all your life."

Mr. Pickwick, interested by these observations, joined in the conversation, which, as conversations will, presently swung clear away from its original course and brought up with an account of how Sam had been fooled by Job Trotter. Old Weller was much concerned on account of his son's discomfiture, but he was sure, from the description, that he had carried Jingle and Job on his coach a few days previously to Ipswich. That was quite enough, and off to Ipswich went Mr. Pickwick as fast as coach-horses could drag him.

The clue was a good one. It was discovered speedily that Jingle had won the confidence of Mr. Lupkin, the local magistrate; but as this information came late at night, Mr. Pickwick postponed seeing Mr. Lupkin until the next day. When he was about to go to bed he found that he had left his watch below stairs, and went down to get it. Returning, he lost his way in the maze of passages, but at last thought he recognized his chamber, entered, and began to disrobe. His night-cap was already settled on his head when a middle-aged lady came calmly in and began to take down her hair preparatory to retiring. Horrified and alarmed, Mr. Pickwick coughed. The lady,

though infinitely startled, was good enough not to scream or faint; and presently, with many profuse apologies, Mr. Pickwick gathered up his raiment and shambled awkwardly from the room. To his great joy, Sam was passing.

“Sam,” said Mr. Pickwick, “where’s my room?”

Silently, though his face almost cracked with unuttered questions, Sam piloted his master to the long-sought apartment.

“Sam,” said Mr. Pickwick, as he got into bed, “I have made a most extraordinary mistake. If I were to stay in this house for six months I never again would trust myself about it alone.”

“That’s the very prudentest resolution you could come to, sir,” said Sam. “You rayther want somebody to look arter you, sir, ven your judgment goes out a-wisitin’.”

“What do you mean, Sam?” Mr. Pickwick asked; but Sam somewhat unceremoniously said “Good night,” and left the room, shaking his head and thinking profound thoughts.

Next morning, a chance acquaintance of his journey begged Mr. Pickwick’s permission to introduce his *fiancée*, and led him forthwith into the presence of the lady of the midnight adventure. Both were sadly embarrassed, and delicacy forbade either to explain; whereupon the lady’s intended became suspicious to such a degree that he insulted Mr. Pickwick, and there were high words ending in a demand for satisfaction on one side, and a retort that it might be had and welcome on the other. The lady in the case, dreadfully alarmed for her intended, posted off to the authorities and gave warning that a duel was in prospect. In consequence of this action, Mr. Pickwick was arrested and haled before the magistrate. Mr. Lupkin purposed to deal most severely with him; but Mr. Pickwick’s gigantic intellect perceived how to wrest advantage from misfortune, and, by exposing the rascality of Jingle he brought about not only that impostor’s speedy departure from Ipswich, but his own discharge from court.

This was highly satisfactory, but not so the court proceedings in London which followed soon thereafter. His friends had to give evidence against him, for all had seen Mrs. Bardell in their leader’s arms; and the jurors were so impressed that they brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, with costs. Mr. Pickwick thereupon arose in the might of his character and

vowed he would never pay. Never! The whole proceeding was an outrage on justice, a conspiracy on the part of pettifogging lawyers, and they should never benefit from it. Never! For some months he continued to travel, and his own lawyer thought that enjoyment of freedom would make him yield, but when the time finally came, and he had to choose between paying damages and costs or going to prison, he chose prison and was locked up in the Fleet.

Many weeks were passed there, during which Mr. Pickwick bore his own burden with philosophical tranquillity, and lightened the burdens of such a number of his fellow-prisoners by buying food for them, and by other acts of benevolence, so that he became beloved by all. He had not been long in durance before he found that Jingle was also a prisoner. Jingle was broken in health and spirits. His swindling had run its normal course, and now he was on the actual verge of starvation. In this instance Mr. Pickwick's magnanimity shone most brilliantly. He provided his former adversary with food and clothing, encouraged him to hope for new opportunities to live honestly, and when he was certain that Jingle was truly repentant, he actually paid the fellow's debts and obtained him employment in one of the West Indian colonies.

This matter reached its head just about the time when Mrs. Bardell's lawyers, despairing of getting their costs, had her also locked up in the Fleet. That broke Mr. Pickwick's obstinate will. He could not bear the thought of a woman condemned to such a fate; and for the sake of humanity generally, not so much for Mrs. Bardell in particular, and not at all for himself, he finally paid the costs and was released.

After that he devoted some time to straightening out sundry entanglements of his fellow-Pickwickians, who had been plunging into matrimony while bereft of his daily guidance; and when all these things were satisfactorily accomplished, he retired to a pretty villa in Dulwich to pass the rest of his days in quiet.

OLIVER TWIST (1838)

The greater part of this story was published in 1837-1838, in *Bentley's Magazine*, then edited by Dickens, with illustrations by George Cruikshank; and it was afterward brought out by Bentley in three volumes. Cruikshank is reported to have said that before it was written he had made drawings illustrating the life of London thieves, with portraits of Fagin, Bill Sikes, the Artful Dodger, and perhaps others; that Dickens, seeing these, had asked permission to use the idea in a story he was then writing, which he changed accordingly. Perhaps he had originally intended only to expose the abuses in the poor-laws and the workhouse system, as now in the first part. He says he believed it would be a service to society to show the life of criminals as it really is—their skulking path through dirt and squalor with “the great, black, ghastly gallows closing the prospect.” The original of Fang was one A. S. Laing, senior magistrate of Hatton Garden Police Court, noted for his arrogant and brutal manner toward witnesses and others that came before his court. The likeness was so unmistakable that Laing was removed from his office by the Home Secretary.



WHEN a puny, nameless baby was born, not an hour before its young mother died, in the workhouse of a certain town where Mr. Bumble filled the responsible office of beadle, it was named according to the original alphabetical system devised by that gentleman, a system which called out from an admiring subordinate the remark that he was “quite a literary character.” The workhouse baby last preceding had been Swubble, and it was now the turn of a T; and so little Oliver became Twist.

A reward of ten pounds, afterward increased to twenty, failing to discover anything of his parentage, he was “farmed” at a branch workhouse, where he underwent a course of starvation and ill usage with a score or more other young offenders against the poor-laws until he was nine years old, when he was returned to his birthplace. His career there was cut short by an outrageous offense on his part. The boys in the workhouse, made desperate by the meager allowance of one porringer of thin gruel at a meal, cast lots to determine who should ask for more, and the lot fell upon Oliver.

His bold demand for more was reported by the scandalized officials to the Board, which, scandalized no less, ordered the boy into confinement and caused a notice to be posted offering five pounds to anyone that would take him off the parish.

As a result he was given into the keeping of an undertaker, whose professional genius soon saw possibilities in the boy's beautiful face and sad expression. To have for children's funerals a mute "in proportion" was Mr. Sowerberry's original inspiration; and as an unusually virulent epidemic of measles was about at the time, little Oliver headed many a mournful procession in a hatband reaching to his knees, arousing the intense admiration and emotion of onlooking mothers.

Sowerberry was not unkind to his young apprentice, but he had an older one, a coarse and brutal charity boy, Noah Claypole, who bullied Oliver from the first and became more cruel from jealousy when Oliver was promoted to the beautiful garments of the mourner.

Oliver bore his ill treatment with meekness until one occasion when Noah threw out insulting taunts about his mother. This roused the boy's spirit, and he promptly knocked the bully down. Noah's cowardly cries summoned the servant, Charlotte, his sweetheart, and Mrs. Sowerberry; and Oliver was beaten and scratched by the three and then thrown into the dust-cellar.

Early the next morning he crept out before dawn and set out for London. At the little town of Barnet he was accosted by a strange-looking and strangely dressed, swaggering and slangy boy of about his own age, who, finding that he had no place to go, offered to take him to a benevolent old gentleman, a friend of his own, who would give him lodgings "for nothink, and never ask for the change." He gave his name as Jack Dawkins, but said he was known among his intimate friends as the Artful Dodger.

Accepting the offer, Oliver was taken to London that night and through filthy slums to a house near Field Lane, where he was introduced to his future benefactor, Mr. Fagin.

The old gentleman, his young friend Jack, and another boy, Charley Bates, were quite a puzzle to Oliver. The boys

seemed to be very skilful workmen, sometimes bringing in pocket-books they had made and lined and sometimes silk handkerchiefs they had made and marked; but the old gentleman was not pleased with the marking, and taught Oliver to take out the marks. Then their games were so funny; the merry old gentleman would put a watch in his waistcoat pocket, a pin in his shirt-bosom, and other things in his coat and trousers-pockets, and then pretend to go staring into shop-windows like an old countryman; the two boys would follow him, and while one was distracting his attention the other would relieve him of these various articles.

An understanding of the puzzle came suddenly to Oliver one day when he had permission to go out with the boys. They came across an old gentleman quite absorbed in a book he had picked up at a book-stall; and Oliver to his horror saw the Dodger draw a handkerchief from the old man's pocket, which he handed to Charley; and then both disappeared around the corner. In an instant Oliver understood; and in his fright and confusion he ran away as fast as he could.

Just then the gentleman missed his handkerchief and naturally inferred that the running boy was the thief. Shouting "Stop thief!" he made after Oliver; the two boys, who had hidden around the corner, seeing how matters stood, joined in the cry and pursuit, and soon a mob was in full chase.

Felled at last by a blow, Oliver lay on the pavement, whence a police officer took him before a magistrate, Mr. Fang. Nothing was found upon him, and the gentleman, Mr. Brownlow, said he was not at all sure of the boy's guilt; but Fang, after bullying Mr. Brownlow, had just committed the boy to hard labor for three months when the bookseller appeared and cleared him. He had seen the robbery committed by another boy, but could not get to court sooner, as he had had no one to leave in charge of the stall.

Finding that Oliver was ill from excitement and fright, Mr. Brownlow took him in a coach to his own home at Pentonville, where he was tenderly cared for by the housekeeper, Mrs. Bedwin, during the fever which held him for many days. While he was recovering he noticed the portrait of a young lady that had great attraction for him; and Mr. Brownlow called the

housekeeper's attention to a strong resemblance between it and Oliver himself.

When he was well enough, Mr. Brownlow asked him for the story of his life and promised to befriend him. Oliver was about to comply when they were interrupted by a visitor, Mr. Grimwig; and before he had gone, Mr. Brownlow sent Oliver to the bookseller with some books to return and five pounds to pay for some he had kept.

Meantime Fagin had been much disturbed and very angry at the loss of Oliver; and it had been agreed that Nancy, a clever girl who lived with a brutal burglar, Bill Sikes, a confederate in villainy with Fagin, should try to get the boy back. She had traced him to Pentonville, and meeting him now as he was on his way with the books and money, claimed him as her runaway brother. With the help of Sikes she held him fast, the bystanders believing her story, and advising them to punish the young rascal well—advice which Sikes had anticipated by many heavy blows. Threatening the child that at the least cry Sikes's dog Bull's-eye would be at his throat, they dragged him back to Fagin, where he was quickly relieved of the books and money and the clothes Mr. Brownlow had given him.

An attempt of Oliver to run away was quickly foiled; but Fagin's intention to beat him for it was interfered with by Nancy, the owner of the only conscience among them, which conscience was already accusing her for the part she had played. And thereafter, at much risk to herself, she did what she could to befriend Oliver.

Mr. Brownlow's advertisement of five guineas reward for the discovery of Oliver Twist, or anything that would throw light on his past, was seen by Mr. Bumble, who answered in person. Inferring from a remark of Mr. Grimwig that an unfavorable report would be most acceptable, he told them that Oliver was the treacherous and ungrateful son of low and vicious parents; that he had run away from his employer after a bloody and cowardly attack upon an unoffending lad. When Mr. Brownlow paid the reward with the remark that he would gladly have given twice as much for a good account of the boy, Mr. Bumble saw his mistake.

After keeping Oliver a close prisoner for some time and

trying to get him committed to some act that would give a tight hold upon him by working upon his fears and his ignorance, Fagin delivered him to Sikes and one Toby Crackit to help in a burglary they were planning, where a boy was needed who could be put through a small window, the only one left unlocked in the house to be robbed.

This was done. Sikes put Oliver into the window with orders to go to the street-door and unbolt it for them, warning him that he would be covered all the way by the pistol in the burglar's hand.

Oliver was resolved that even if he died in the attempt he would try to dart up the stairs and alarm the family. But as he advanced Sikes called: "Back!" There was a noise, a cry, two men appeared at the head of the stairs—a flash, a report; Oliver staggered back, was caught by Sikes and pulled through the window.

"They've hit him! Damnation, how the boy bleeds!" said Sikes.

Oliver heard the ringing of a bell and the noise of shouting and felt himself carried away rapidly, then knew no more what was happening. The burglars found themselves hard pressed, dropped him in a ditch and fled. The pursuers—Giles, the butler, Brittles, the boy of all work, and a traveling tinker—called back the dogs and returned to the house.

In the course of the forenoon Oliver came to himself, rose feebly, and staggering to the road reached the house; recognizing it, his first impulse was to fly; but he was too weak to go farther; so he climbed the steps, knocked faintly and sank on the porch, where he was found by the servants and was carried into the hall.

Hearing the excited talk below, a young lady came to the top of the stairs to inquire the cause. Giles told her they had one of the thieves, wounded; and added with great complacency: "I shot him, Miss, and Brittles held the light."

The young lady, who was the adopted daughter of Mrs. Maylie, the owner of the house, ordered them to carry the burglar to the butler's room and send for a constable and a doctor.

Mr. Losberne, the doctor, having bound up the wounded arm, took Mrs. Maylie and Rose to look at the desperate house-

breaker. Surprised and touched at sight of the delicate boy, Rose begged that he might not be sent to a prison, which would be the grave of all chances of amendment—charitably surmising that he might have been driven by want and ill treatment to herd with criminals; and the doctor, though not so sure of his innocence, promised to do his best to save the boy if upon examination he proved not to be “a thorough bad one”; if otherwise, he was to be left to his fate.

When Oliver regained consciousness he told his miserable story so simply as to convince them of its truth. The doctor then talked to Giles and Brittles till they were bewildered and scared into acknowledging that they could not swear that Oliver was the boy they had seen in the house; and the Bow Street officers whom they had summoned in their excitement were led to believe that he was a child who had been injured by a spring-gun in some boyish trespass on a neighbor’s grounds; this was corroborated by the fact that the fellow-pistol to the one Giles had fired was found to have no loading but gunpowder and paper, the doctor having secretly drawn the ball.

So Oliver was left with the Maylies, the doctor and Mrs. Maylie giving bail for his appearance at court if he should be wanted.

His great anxiety was to set himself right with Mr. Brownlow; and as soon as he was well enough the doctor took him to Pentonville, only to find that Mr. Brownlow had gone to the West Indies six weeks before with the housekeeper and Mr. Grimwig.

Sitting one warm evening over his books—for Rose was teaching him—Oliver fell into a light slumber, and while half conscious heard voices, first the familiar one of Fagin, who said: “It is he, sure enough.”

“He!” another voice answered. “Could I mistake him? If a crowd of devils were to put themselves into his exact shape, and he stood amongst them, there is something that would tell me how to point him out. If you buried him fifty feet deep and took me across his grave I should know it if there wasn’t a mark above it, I should!”

He spoke with such venom that Oliver awoke and saw at the window the face of Fagin and that of another man whom

he had seen once before glaring at him in the inn-yard at "The Three Cripples." He called for help, but the men could not be found.

Meantime, Mr. Bumble had married the matron of the workhouse and become the nominal head of that institution—only nominal, to his mortification and sorrow. There he was visited by Monks, the man Oliver had seen, who asked for the old woman that had been nurse to Oliver's mother. She was dead; but Bumble remembered that his wife had had an interview with her on her death-bed, at her request. He therefore told Monks that he thought he could bring someone that could give him intelligence of her, and made an appointment to meet him the next evening at an obscure address by the waterside.

Mrs. Bumble's information, which she gave to Monks only after bargaining for a payment of twenty-five pounds, was that the old woman had told her that Oliver's mother had given into her care for the boy a little gold locket containing two locks of hair and a wedding-ring with the name "Agnes" inside and a date within a year before her death. These the old woman had pawned; but she had kept the ticket and with this Mrs. Bumble had redeemed the trinkets, which she now gave to Monks.

He opened a trap in the floor beneath which the water, swollen from recent rains, was rushing turbidly, and dropped the little packet into it.

Although Fagin and Sikes cherished a deadly hatred for each other, they were held together by a bond of crime. About this time Bill was recovering from an illness in which he had been faithfully tended by his brutally ill-treated slave, Nancy. When Fagin came to see him he demanded some money, which Fagin promised and Bill sent Nancy home with him to get it. Suspecting that some plot against Oliver was on foot, she concealed herself where she could overhear Monks's confidence to Fagin, and learned what had been done with Oliver's property.

The next night, having given Bill a dose of laudanum, she went to Rose Maylie, confessed her part in entrapping Oliver and told what she knew; how Monks had expressed bitter hatred for the boy, declaring that if he could take Oliver's life without endangering his own neck he would; but, as he couldn't, he

would be on the watch for every opportunity to lay a snare for his young brother.

“His brother!” said Rose.

“Those were his words. And he said you would give thousands of pounds, if you had them, to know who your two-legged spaniel was.”

Protesting that it was too late for her to follow Rose’s advice to leave Sikes and lead a better life, and exacting a promise that he should not be betrayed, Nance made an appointment to be on London Bridge every Sunday evening from eleven to twelve, where Oliver’s friends might find her if necessary.

Noah Claypole, having taken secret leave of Mr. Sowerberry, went to London with his wife, Charlotte, and some of Mr. Sowerberry’s money, and drifted to “The Three Cripples,” a low inn frequented by Fagin and his intimates. There he met Fagin; they soon understood each other, and Noah put himself under Fagin’s direction, only stipulating that his work should be light and not dangerous. It was decided that he should take the “kinchin lay,” that is, look out for children going on errands with sixpences or shillings, take their money, knock them down, and walk off as if nothing more was the matter than a child fallen down.

The next Sunday night Nancy was prevented from keeping her promise to be at the bridge by the obstinacy of Bill, who locked her up on suspicion when he saw her preparing to go.

Fagin, who was present, conceived the idea that she had wearied of the burglar’s abuse and had formed an attachment to someone else. When she went to the door to let him out, he hinted to her that he could show her a safe and easy way to rid herself of Sikes, hoping thus to satisfy his hatred and be free of a dangerous confederate. But she received the hint coldly; and his next plan was to have her watched and by threatening to reveal her infidelity to Sikes secure her compliance.

He therefore employed Claypole to shadow her, the result being that the spy heard and reported an interview the next Sunday night between Nancy and Rose and Mr. Brownlow, who had now returned to London, and was trying with the Maylies and Mr. Losberne to discover the facts about Oliver. In this interview, having received a promise that nothing should

be done against Sikes or Fagin, Nance told them where Monks could be found and by what marks they might recognize him—marks that caused Mr. Brownlow to start and acknowledge that he believed he knew him.

Fagin, maddened at the setback to his schemes, for he had a heavy stake on Monks's success in ruining Oliver, and distrustful of the pledges not to give him up to the law, formed a plan to revenge himself on both Sikes and Nancy.

He told Sikes that Nance had given him laudanum two weeks before, and that she had met people with whom she was plotting to give him up. As he had foreseen, Sikes rushed home in a rage, murdered the girl most brutally and then took flight. After wandering about in the country, he went back to his old haunt, London, to find that Fagin had been taken, and that his own crime had been too atrocious for even his old companions to tolerate him. Charley Bates himself gave the alarm that brought not only the police but a furious mob in pursuit. Sikes took refuge upon the roof with a rope, by which he hoped to let himself down into a ditch at the back of the house. But as he was slipping the noose over his head, intending to draw it beneath his armpits, the dead eyes of his victim, which had pursued him all the way, came up before him in a vision. He screamed, staggered, lost his balance, and fell over the parapet. The noose ran up with his weight, tightened about his neck, and left him hanging, strangled, five-and-thirty feet below.

The information Nance had given, together with Mr. Brownlow's previous knowledge, sufficed to clear up the mystery of Oliver's origin and the cause of the pursuit of him by Monks.

Many years before, Mr. Brownlow's betrothed had died on the eve of their marriage. His intimate friend, her brother, named Leeford, had been driven by ambitious relatives, while he was a mere boy, into a distasteful marriage with a woman ten years his senior. Monks, or Edward Leeford, was the child of this marriage; he had shared his mother's gay life in Paris after she had separated from her husband.

Some years later, Leeford had met Agnes Fleming and they had become passionately attached to each other, the girl not knowing that he could not be free to redeem his promise of

marriage, as he told her some secret mystery prevented his doing at once. Leeford was called to Rome, where a rich kinsman had died, leaving him his property; there he was seized with mortal illness and died the day after the arrival of his wife, who hastened from Paris when she heard of his inheritance. His will, which she destroyed, left annuities to her and Edward, and the bulk of the estate to Agnes and her expected child.

On his way to Rome, Leeford had visited Brownlow and told him of his troubles and his intention to leave the country with Agnes; and had left with him a picture of her, the one whose resemblance to Oliver had given Mr. Brownlow his first suspicion of the truth. When he had gone to find her after Leeford's death, he had found that the whole family had disappeared.

Mr. Brownlow had a hold on Monks through the knowledge of his crimes and forced him to reveal the facts that made the story complete. His mother had written to the father of Agnes, giving him the truth with every aggravation her hatred could add. Mr. Fleming had taken up his residence in Wales under an assumed name. Agnes had left her home, and after a fruitless search for her, her father had died believing she had destroyed herself. He left a little daughter, who was rescued from a wretched existence and adopted by Mrs. Maylie. This was no other than Rose.

Monks had promised his dying mother to hunt down the child of Agnes, to do all he could to plunge it into crime, dragging it, if possible, to the very foot of the gallows. This he had sought to do with the help of Fagin.

The Artful Dodger had been caught, convicted, and transported some time before. Fagin was brought to trial and executed. Charley Bates took warning and reformed. The Leeford property had been so reduced by the dissipations of Edward and his mother that only six thousand pounds remained. Mr. Brownlow divided it between the sons, hoping that Edward might make good use of it and begin a better life; but he fell into his old courses, and finally died in prison.

Rose was married to Harry Maylie, whom she had steadfastly refused, lest the cloud upon her origin should bring a blight upon his career; and Oliver became the adopted son of Mr. Brownlow.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY (1839)

Issued originally in monthly shilling numbers, with illustrations by "Phiz" (Hablot Knight Browne), this novel was brought out on its completion in volume form, with a portrait of the author after a painting by Macclise, and a dedication to William C. Macready, the English actor. Its purpose was to expose the abuses in the cheap private board-schools—the mercenary character of their management, the coarseness and ignorance of many of the teachers, and the neglect of real education. It had the effect of drawing public attention to these abuses and doing away with some of the worst of them. The character of Mrs. Nickleby is said to have been drawn from that of the author's mother, and the originals of the Cheeryble Brothers to have been the Brothers Grant, cotton-spinners and calico printers near Manchester.



RALPH NICKLEBY, money-lender, was right in lamenting the fatal tendency for getting poor, the most distinguishing characteristic of his brother Nicholas. Nicholas died after losing the family estate in Devonshire by speculation, and his simple-minded widow, with her children, Nicholas, about nineteen, and Kate, about sixteen, went to London. "There, I knew it!" said Ralph, when he received the news.

"Knew what?" asked Newman Noggs, from the little closet where he kept the books that showed the results of old Ralph's villainies.

Newman had been a gentleman once; now he was a shabby person with a red nose and an overwhelming thirst. He had begun by borrowing money from Ralph Nickleby, and had borrowed many thousands of pounds at usurious interest; at length even his request for one pound was refused; but Ralph happened to want a clerk who would work cheap—so Newman Noggs received that office instead of the pound.

When Newman asked, "Knew what?" old Ralph replied that that brother of his down in Devonshire being dead, he, Ralph, would be expected to "feed a great, hearty woman and two growing children." Then in high ill-humor the money-

lender sought the modest apartments over Miss La Creevy's miniature shop, where his brother's wife had taken refuge.

"Mine was no common loss," said the widow, after the first words of greeting had passed.

"It was no uncommon one, ma'am," replied Ralph. "Husbands die every day."

"And brothers, too, it would seem," said young Nicholas.

"Yes, sir, and puppies likewise," growled the uncle.

As he looked at Nicholas and the boy looked at him, it was evident that two antipathetic natures gazed at each other. Still, when Ralph proposed that Nicholas take a place he thought he could procure for him as teacher in Mr. Wackford Squeers's academy, Dotheboys Hall, in Yorkshire, "where young gentlemen and young noblemen were educated and generally done for," and when he further offered Kate a place in Mrs. Mantalini's dressmaking establishment, the young man thought he might have judged his uncle harshly, and wrung the old money-lender's hand in an excess of joy and gratitude.

Nicholas found Squeers not prepossessing. He had but one eye, which was greenish, and resembled in shape a fanlight over a door. The blank side of his face was much wrinkled and puckered up. His hair was flat and shiny, except where it was brushed straight up from a low, protruding forehead. He was short of stature, rough of voice and coarse of manner, as well as dirty in dress.

Old Ralph and Squeers greeted each other in a way that showed they had done business together before and that, somehow, either by his knowledge of Squeers's methods of education or of his past, the money-lender had power over the schoolmaster.

As the coach was about to start, Newman Noggs handed Nicholas a letter, intimating that Ralph, who was saying a few earnest words to Squeers, was not to know of it. "I know the world," said Noggs in his epistle. "Your father did not, or he would not have done me a kindness when there was no hope of return. If you should ever want shelter in London, I live at the sign of the Crown in Silver Street, Golden Square."

It was a winter's night, with the snow lying white over a wild country, when Nicholas was ushered into the cheerless house of Dotheboys Hall. A large, bony woman, half a head taller

than Squeers, seized the schoolmaster by the throat and gave him two loud kisses. This was Mrs. Squeers. "How is my Squeery?" she inquired playfully, in a deep, hoarse voice. The rest of the Squeers family was made up of Master Wackford Squeers, Jr., a boy of ten, who bullied the other boys and took their clothes away from them for his own use when they happened to have any worth taking, and Miss Fanny Squeers, about sixteen. Miss Fanny at once began to make eyes at Nicholas, for he dined with the family that night. But Nicholas was more interested in the appearance of a youth called Smike, who waited on the table and appeared to be a common drudge.

Smike, though approaching twenty, and tall for his age, wore a skeleton suit, such as is usually put on little boys, which, though absurdly short for his frame, was abundantly wide enough for his attenuated form. Around his neck was a tattered child's frill, half concealed by a man's neck-cloth.

"Well, Smike, what is it?" asked Squeers, seeing that the strange creature showed a desire to speak to him.

"Is there—has there," hesitatingly began Smike, "anything—been heard—about me?"

"No!" roared Squeers. "Nor ain't likely to be either. Pretty thing, ain't it, that you should have been here all these years and no money paid for you after the first six? Get out!"

The next morning Nicholas found that the schoolroom was squalid, dirty, miserable to the last degree; but the pupils—the young noblemen! Pale, haggard faces, lank and bony figures, children with the countenances of old men, deformities with irons on their limbs, boys of stunted growth, and others whose long, meager legs would scarcely bear their stooping bodies, all were crowded together—the harelip, the blear eye, deformity, neglect, cruelty, and horrible endurance. Little faces were there that should have been handsome and instead were those of sullen and vicious-faced boys brooding like malefactors in a jail! And yet this dreadful scene had its ludicrous features, for Mrs. Squeers was stationed at one end of the room, where she was feeding out brimstone and treacle to each boy in turn. "Medicates 'em," said Squeers. "Rot!" said Mrs. Squeers. "It takes away their appetites, and that's good for us. It purifies their blood, and I hope that's good for them."

Every day Nicholas grew more desperate at the scenes of oppression. At last Smike, whom he had taken under his special protection, so far as he could, ran away and was brought back to be treated with such exaggeration of cruelty that Nicholas could bear it no longer. In the presence of the whole school he cast off all self-control, thrashed Squeers savagely, and departed with Smike.

After he had trudged some miles with the poor, half-witted boy through the wintry country lanes, resolved to walk to London, he began to realize that he had done a hasty thing. He had but two shillings in his pocket, and the way was long. But relief appeared in the shape of John Browdie, a hale young Yorkshire farmer, with whom Nicholas had become acquainted during his stay at Dotheboys Hall, and who had recently married "Tildy Price, a friendly enemy of Fanny Squeers."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the big fellow. "Giv' us thy hond, yoongster. Beaten the schoolmaster, hast thee? Dang it, I love thee for it," and then honest John insisted on lending Nicholas sufficient money for his trip to London.

Arrived there, Nicholas sought Newman Noggs, and in his quarters found a refuge for himself and his charge. Newman told him that Ralph Nickleby had given Kate and her mother quarters in a half-ruinous, deserted house of his, and that Kate was still working for Madame Mantalini.

The next morning, after Nicholas arrived at the new home of his mother and sister, he found there Ralph, who had received a letter from Miss Squeers, her "pa" being still too ill to write, in which Nicholas was accused not only of having beaten the schoolmaster within an inch of his life, but also of having abducted Smike and stolen a ruby ring from Mrs. Squeers.

Ralph had just read this letter, and Kate and her mother were in tears when Nicholas entered. "It is a lie!" he shouted. "I did thrash Squeers, and he deserved it. I have rescued from his cruelty a poor, half-witted boy. But there has been no theft, as you well know."

"Oh, dear!" sobbed poor, simple-minded Mrs. Nickleby, "I don't know what to think. Nicholas is so violent and his uncle has so much composure. But I suppose we can go to the workhouse or the refuge for the destitute, or Magdalen Hospital."

Kate indignantly disclaimed belief in the accusations, but Ralph sternly said that if Nicholas would go away he would see that his mother and sister did not want. If he stayed, all his help would be withdrawn at once.

Nicholas departed. At first he tried giving French lessons to the Miss Kenwigses, the four daughters of Newman Noggs's landlord, but that was hardly remunerative enough to support himself and Smike. He tried other things and at last resolved to go down into the country, where competition was less keen. There he fell in with a strolling company, and became an actor, under the tuition of the Crummles family. Smike was drilled into playing a walking part, and for a time Nicholas prospered.

But Newman Noggs had promised to let Nicholas know should his presence in London be required.

The storm broke suddenly. A letter from Newman warned him that there was wrong in Ralph's treatment of Kate, and Nicholas hastened to London at once.

He left Smike at Newman's lodgings and went out for a walk, planning to be back there by the time Noggs should arrive home. But he was hungry. He saw a restaurant, "a rather expensive place," he thought—but went in and called for refreshments.

It was a highly decorated place, and highly decorated men, evidently of the ornate and sporting class, were sitting about, talking loudly. Suddenly, in a box behind him, a man shouted: "Here's to the little Nickleby—pretty little Kate. We'll give the first glass of the fresh magnum to her."

"She's a true Nickleby," said another. "She's a true niece of her Uncle Ralph's. She hangs back, the jade, to be more sought after!"

"Yes, infernal cunning," simpered two other voices. "Right you are, Sir Mulberry."

Nicholas sprang from his seat and approached the group. "I would have a word with you, sir," he said to the man addressed as Sir Mulberry.

"Upon my word, I don't know you," said the Baronet, eyeing Nicholas insolently. Nicholas threw his card on the table, saying: "That is my name. My business you can guess."

"Here, you, sir!" cried Sir Mulberry to a waiter. "Throw this card in the fire."

"Give me your name," shouted Nicholas. "You cannot escape me."

For reply the stranger coolly adjusted his neck-cloth, walked out of the place and entered a waiting cabriolet. "Let go her head," said he to the groom.

Nicholas sprang on the step and seized the reins. The mare was high-spirited and plunged violently, and the groom released his hold of the frightened animal's head. Sir Mulberry brought his whip down violently on Nicholas. It was broken in the struggle, and Nicholas, gaining possession of the heavy end, laid open the Baronet's face from the eye to the lip.

It was all done in a second, and then Nicholas lay stunned on the pavement, while the runaway mare went wildly careering up the sidewalk, dragging the cabriolet from side to side, until there came a loud cry, the smashing of a heavy body, and Sir Mulberry Hawk was picked out of the ruins, nearly dead, and disfigured for life.

As soon as Nicholas recovered he returned to Noggs's quarters, told hastily what had happened, and learned the name of the man whom he had assaulted and why Newman had recalled him to London.

Ralph Nickleby, for his own purposes, had introduced to Kate young Lord Verisopht and Sir Mulberry Hawk, two rakes to whom he loaned money at fat rates. The young lord was a simple fellow, and Ralph and Sir Mulberry were plucking him, the money-lender incidentally winding his toils around Sir Mulberry.

The old rascal was using the innocent charms of Kate to bind the two men closer to him. He had said, when their attentions to his niece had been particularly outrageous: "Phoo! What of it? The girl can take care of herself. No real harm will come to her."

Kate had tried in vain to escape from the persecutions of her uncle's clients, and had become terrified at the toils in which she felt herself becoming enmeshed, when Newman had summoned Nicholas to London.

The Mantalini establishment having failed when Ralph

stopped lending it money, the girl was now companion to a certain lady of fashion, Mrs. Wititterly. Nicholas went there early the next morning. "I have been so unhappy, dear brother," sobbed Kate, when she saw him. "Oh, take me away."

He took her away immediately, and, getting his mother, told her that none of them could any longer inhabit Ralph Nickleby's house, and bestowed them in the lodgings over little Miss La Creevy's miniature shop.

And now behold Nicholas with his mother and sister and Smike to support, only a few pounds left, no employment, and no friends able to help him.

Again he began the search for employment. One day, as he stood looking at the cards in the window of an employment agency, he noticed an old gentleman also regarding them. He was such an open-hearted, kind-appearing old gentleman that Nicholas ventured to ask whether he knew of any employment for a young man. Something about him so inspired confidence that the first thing Nicholas knew he had revealed his entire story.

The old gentleman was Charles Cheeryble, and before the interview ended Nicholas had obtained a place as clerk to the brothers Charles and Ned, whose old clerk, Tim Linkinwater, was getting along in years, and, as Brother Charles said, they did need assistance, though they would not have him think so for the world, Tim was such a terrible fellow if he took a notion.

There was a little house at Bow belonging to the Cheeryble brothers, which they let to Nicholas for a nominal rent. There Smike tended the garden and worshiped Kate, as a devotee might worship a saint.

Frank Cheeryble, nephew of the brothers, came out to see the family at Bow, and it was not difficult to perceive what an impression Kate made on him.

There was content and comfort in the little cottage now. The poor Nicklebys were happy. The rich Nickleby was lonely and unhappy and planning revenge on his kind.

And now Nicholas awoke to the fact that he had a heart. It fluttered in the presence of a certain young woman—Madeline Bray, who lived with her selfish invalid father, a debtor in the "Rule of the King's Bench Prison."

The Cheeryble brothers were assisting the gentle Madeline by buying little sketches that she made, pretending in their delicate way that they were bought for a firm of print-sellers of which Nicholas was the agent. Nicholas went on this business often to the home of Madeline, and when he saw the patient, high-bred girl he somehow always forgot that he was in the confines of a debtor's "limits." It seemed to him as if the scene were Italy, the hour sunset, and the place a stately terrace.

One day in the street Smike was brought up with a sudden jerk, felt his leg grasped, and heard a boy's voice shout: "Hooray! Here he is, fathér!"

Smike was a prisoner; but John Browdie, who was in London with Squeers, let him out of the room the schoolmaster had locked him in, and he returned to the Bow cottage.

An attempt was made by Squeers, aided by Ralph Nickleby, to regain possession of Smike by the use of forged documents to prove that he was the son of one Snawley; but they were promptly turned out by Nicholas.

A few days later, Nicholas learned from Newman that his uncle had arranged a marriage between old Arthur Gride, a money-lender, and Madeline Bray, by working on her love for her father and on his selfishness.

Nicholas sought Madeline and remonstrated.

"You say you have a duty to perform," said Madeline, "and so have I. And with the help of heaven I will perform mine."

"Say rather with the help of devils," cried Nicholas.

"I must not hear this," said Madeline. "My father's health, perhaps his life, depends upon my obedience. He was talking as you came in, with his old smile, of the freedom which would soon be his. Oh, pity me—and leave me."

Her tears fell fast. After more fruitless expostulation Nicholas departed. Promptly at the appointed hour next day old Arthur Gride, chattering and grinning, came in a coach with Ralph Nickleby to claim his victim. Bray himself met them as they came into the house.

"She was very ill last night," said he, "but she is calmer now. She will be down presently." Then, drawing Ralph aside, he whispered: "This seems a cruel thing, after all, doesn't it?"

"No," said Ralph.

"Look at that man," repeated Bray, "that soulless old rascal. It is cruel, by all that's bad and treacherous."

Leaving the two aged rascals alone, Bray went to fetch his daughter. Soon they heard the rustling of a woman's dress in the hall and the step of a man. Springing up to receive the bride and her father, vast was their astonishment to see Nicholas and Kate confronting them.

The altercation that followed was interrupted by the sound of a fall in the room above. Mr. Bray was dead of heart disease. That night Madeline became an inmate of the cottage at Bow, under Kate's care, by direction of Cheeryble brothers.

Smike's health was failing rapidly, and by a physician's advice Nicholas took him to Devonshire for a change of climate. One day, when Nicholas had left Smike alone in the garden, he returned to find him in a state of agitation, believing he had seen the man that took him to Squeers.

Ralph Nickleby, having learned that some papers of value had been stolen from Arthur Gride by his former housekeeper, Peg Sliderskew, engaged Squeers to recover them for him, hoping to get a hold on Gride by means of them. But Noggs and Frank Cheeryble discovered the scheme and caused the arrest of Squeers just as he was receiving the papers from Peg.

When Squeers was searched, one of the papers was found to be a will leaving a large fortune to Madeline Bray. It had been concealed by Gride, who had once been an agent of her uncle.

When Ralph heard of the arrest of Squeers, he hurried to see him, and told him all would be well if he would hold his tongue. But Squeers had decided that Ralph was on the losing side, and refused to have anything more to do with his schemes; and Ralph found himself deserted by Snawley and Gride as well. In this extremity he sought the Cheerybles and found with them Newman Noggs, who confronted him with the evidence of his misdeeds.

Ralph's angry reply was interrupted by one of the brothers, who said:

"And we have some awful news for you—personal news, Mr. Nickleby; your son is dead."

“I have no son,” said Ralph.

The door opened, and a man appeared who gazed at Ralph with a fixed eye.

“You know me, Ralph Nickleby,” said the stranger.

Ralph could not speak.

“This man,” continued the stranger, “was secretly married and had one son. When his wife died he employed me to bring the son to London, where he was kept for a time in a garret of his father’s house. Then I was told to place him in a school in Yorkshire. Out of revenge—for this man had ruined me—I reported to him that the boy had died on the way, and forged a death-certificate. But, in reality, I did place him in a Yorkshire school, under the name of Smike. A while ago I thought that I might exact money from this man by revealing to him that his son still lived. I found, however, that the boy had been taken from the school. I traced him out, but he died a few days after I had found him, and the young man who rescued him from the school is on his way back to London. He will be here to-morrow.”

Ralph arose from his chair, still outwardly calm. “A lie,” he said; “a blackmailing scheme.”

“But,” said one of the brothers, “the other charges? If you would leave the country now?”

“Come and see me to-morrow and it shall be arranged,” said Ralph, and he named the hour at which they were to wait upon him. “I will leave the country,” said the money-lender; “yes, I will leave it.”

When they kept the appointment with the money-lender the next day they found him hanging to a beam in the attic of his house.

When Frank Cheeryble married Kate Nickleby there was a double wedding, for Nicholas married Madeline Bray on the same day. The Nicklebys refused to make any claim for the estate left by Ralph, and so the money for which the money-lender had toiled all his days was swept into the coffers of the state.

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